WINONA ECHOES

ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE WINONA BIBLE CONFERENCE

1922

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Notable Addresses Delivered
at the Twenty-Eighth Annual

BIBLE CONFERENCE

WINONA LAKE, INDIANA
AUGUST, 1922

Published by Authority of

WINONA PUBLISHING SOCIETY

WB22
W731
#12,596

Invocation and Opening Remarks

By REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF, D. D.

Great, gracious and merciful Christ—Christ of the Manger, Christ of Gethsemane, of the Cross and of the Throne—have we not read in the Revelation of Thy Spirit how that on the Transfiguration Mount the favored Disciples, whom Thou didst take with Thee, opened their eyes and saw no man save Jesus only. May it be so, blessed Son of Man, during the hallowed hours of these mountain-top experiences of this Conference.

O God, may spiritual eyes be opened to behold only Him, the vision of whose face touches body, soul, and spirit with transfiguring power, until beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changing into His own image from character unto character and from glory unto glory.

And do Thou, O Holy Spirit of our God and His Christ, let the touch of thy finger be upon every speaker. Take Thou this Conference into Thine own charge, and may Father, Son and Holy Spirit only be glorified. Amen.

This is the hour in which the Winona Bible Conference is the more formally opened. We dwell in the midst of hallowed memories as we walk along the paths and sit beneath the trees and gather in the auditoriums of the Winona Assembly and Bible Conference grounds. The years that have come and gone, for now nearly three decades, have been like white-winged messengers from God. They have brought with them spiritual privilege, enjoyment and blessings of the highest possible type. They have taken with them back to God, as they have gone, the glad offering of tens of thousands of grateful hearts—offerings of thanksgiving for blessings received and of vows for better and holier lives.

And now we are entering upon the Twenty-eighth Conference, and we have been praying, and surely we have been expecting if we have been praying, that the very windows of heaven shall open and let down upon us in copious showers the blessing we so much covet.

This is a Bible conference. Winona is built upon the Bible, and the institution stands for the Bible, not as the fallible word of man,

but as the infallible word of God. The unhappy feature in the great controversy which is going on to-day concerning "the Fundamentals of faith once delivered to the saints" is not that now and then some notorious unbeliever of the world hurls his shafts of his unholy criticism against these great and necessary truths, but it is that in the Church herself the seeds of uncertainty are being sown by those who stand to minister in the things of this Word. To such preachers Winona is not looking for service.

A preacher of a certain type, with whom it is no longer "to the law and to the testimony," but rather to the court of human opinion, and what they choose to call "the consensus of modern scholarship"—this preacher said to me, "Winona is too much out of date"; and I replied that I would rather be out of date than out of harmony with the abiding and eternal Word of God. "But, oh," he said, "you are not liberal enough." But listen; I believe in being liberal; I despise bigotry of thought, but I am not so much afraid of being illiberal as I am of being untrue, and when they tell us that we no longer have any such thing as an infallible Bible, then I believe in taking issue, and it is for the defense of such a Bible that the Winona Bible Conference stands.

But I must make way for the preacher of the morning. I deeply appreciate the confidence of the management in desiring me to give direction to this year's Conference. I am neither unmindful of the honor nor insensible to the responsibility involved in such a position. I wish you would make this your Conference. No one knows better than myself my own insufficiency, but if you will support me with your prayers, and know that at all times I crave your sympathetic suggestions as to what ought to be, we will do our best together to the end that this Conference shall greatly honor God, and if it shall do this, it must be a deeply spiritual one and one that shall ring true to the faith of our great Leader whose Spirit, after all, must be the Director of every worthy enterprise if it is to have the blessing of God rest upon it.

Modern Problems of Womanhood

By MAUDE M. ALDRICH

The ideals of a nation can rise no higher than the ideals of its womanhood. In every sphere of life the influence of noble womanhood is a power for good and an inspiration to man to be his best. From youth to age woman is a character molder, and a noble woman is always an ideal builder. As a mother she molds and shapes, with undying power, the thoughts and ideals of little children and thereby shapes the destinies of men and nations. As a potential mother, in the school room, in the Sunday School and on the lecture platform she awakens and inspires children and young people with ideals which live again in the transformed lives of men and women. As a wife she is often a determining influence and an inspiration in the life of the man she marries. As a great ship is pulled out to sea by the little tug-boat at its side, so many a noble woman is the little tug-boat by the side of some great man that pilots him out on the ocean of noble endeavor.

As long as the womanhood of a nation stands for that which is pure and noble, the ideals of the nation will remain untarnished. On the other hand, when the womanhood of a nation thinks cheaply, lives carelessly, and becomes lax in standard and ideals, the manhood of a nation finds no challenge to be its best. I shall never forget the words of a high school superintendent who said to me, "You know Miss Aldrich, some folks say it's no worse for a girl to smoke cigarettes and to be careless in her standards than it is for a boy, and I suppose in a way that's true, but somehow when a girl or a woman cheapens herself like that, it just makes a man feel like there wasn't anything worth living for." The hopelessness in his words was reflected in his voice and his expression, but I could find no words of consolation for a nation of cheap girls and women means a nation without real homes, wives or mothers. There is an emptiness in the life of a people just as soon as there is an emptiness in the heart of its womanhood.

Then what shall we say of America to-day? No thinking woman can overlook the evidence of peril on every hand, in our own beloved

nation. What an emptiness is revealed in the soul of American girls and women when a girl or woman must do the latest thing, and wear the latest style, no matter what the latest is. What a farce we make of mature womanhood, which should be deemed an honor, when mature women try to make themselves look like teen age girls. No comment need be made upon their failure, we have all seen it with mingled amusement and disgust. What a reflection upon womanhood when one can no longer differentiate the woman of the underworld, by her garb, from nine-tenths of the pure, clean but thoughtless American girls. What a tremendous reflection upon the life of to-day when two girls in one of our large cities confess they have no social life; that they do not even go to the school parties, because the parties are all dances and the boys will not dance with girls unless they leave their corsets off. We are carrying physical attraction yea, purely physical attraction to a mad extreme. It dominates the dance, the love scenes on the screen and also on the legitimate stage; it is the central theme of a large number of popular stories and certainly it dominates woman's dress of to-day. When skirts have been shortened until they no longer call attention to the person, flesh colored stockings with dark skirts become the latest. When girls, for mountain climbing wear knickerbockers (a bit unnecessarily) why girls with no mountains to climb put on "knickers" to sit on a restaurant counter with a pop bottle between their legs: and that in no distant city! What's the trouble? A pitiful emptiness of heart and soul life. An utter disregard on the part of the girl, for the sacredness of her person, and an amazing ignorance of the fact that a woman's real and enduring charm is, and must always remain the charm of personality.

When I was in the fruit growing country of Washington State I was told that some of the girls put on coveralls to pick apples, and then in the evening promenaded the streets in georgette waists, coveralls, silk sockings and pumps. Is it any wonder that we have lost the old chivalry of man for woman? Some would say, that is because of woman's entrance into the business and political world. That is only a superficial answer, the truth lies much deeper; namely, in the failure of woman to carry with her, into her enlarged sphere of endeavor, untarnished ideals of womanhood, wifehood and motherhood. We have been training on the physical basis for fine physical machines, we have been training on the intellectual basis for well furnished minds, but we have left out the heart and soul of womanhood. We have been knocking at the doors of opportunity for an enlarged sphere of endeavor but too often we have lost sight of the real mission of woman, that of building the homes of to-day and laying more secure the foundations of the homes of to-morrow. Thus we have lost the

old chivalry of man toward woman, and we have built no new chivalry to take its place because we have lost sight of the sacredness of the person of a girl and the sacredness of the calling of wifehood and motherhood.

Many thoughtful women of to-day are much concerned about the problems of woman's dress. Just what is the trouble and what is to be done? No sensible or thoughtful person would wish to return to the exceedingly full, long skirts or high collars of other days. The trouble with woman's dress in recent years is that it has gone from one extreme to another and each extreme in some way especially designed to call attention to her person. We seem to have forgotten that the real charm of a woman is the soul that finds expression in her face and shines out of her eyes. The charm of personality, for personality is the sum total of what a girl is in heart and soul. The question of a woman's dress is the question of whether it is designed to call attention to her person or whether it somehow seems to add to the attraction of her personality. How may a girl's dress add to the attraction of her personality, some one may ask. Many a time I have seen a girl (or woman) down the street ahead of me and she was so modestly, thoughtfully and harmoniously attired that somehow I felt I would like to get where I could look into the face and eyes of that girl because it seemed to me there must be something wonderful in her personality. That dress didn't call attention to the dress itself, and it didn't call attention to the girl's person; it may have been only a gingham dress but somehow it made you feel like you would like to know the girl: in other words it was an expression of and it added to her charm of personality. Personality should be the foundation of a girl's friendships and the cornerstone of her home. Certainly she should make a wholesome, happy, pleasing physical appeal, but she should be loved and sought for what she is in heart and soul.

However, a girl does not make the appeal of person alone by careless dress, she also makes the appeal of person by careless conduct. However, we need to recognize at once that if a girl walks down the street as close as she can to a young man and is perhaps otherwise indiscreet in her conduct, or if she dances the latest dances in the latest style, that is no sign at all that there is necessarily anything vitally wrong in that girl's character. The chances are that girl is only thoughtless and ignorant of the vital forces that are awakening within her. Many a time, after talking to girls on social ideals, I have had a girl come to me and say, "Miss Aldrich, no one ever talked to me about these things before. I didn't think." How is a girl going to begin all over again? When a girl's conduct is careless, it is not a time for condemnation. It is time for some con-

secrated christian woman, who can still remember the days when she was a teen age girl, to tell that careless, thoughtless girl the story of the sacredness of life and to inspire her with the beauty and glory of a pure, untainted womanhood.

However, there is the other side of the question. Girls sometimes come to me and say, "Miss Aldrich, we are standing by our ideals. We don't sit up late hours, or allow privileges and familiarities and therefore we go home from the parties alone. Boys no longer care for girls with ideals." Of course I assure those girls that any boy who is worth while, when he gets ready to get married wants to marry the girl who has lived her life by the highest ideals. What a reflection upon the standard of our young men. What right has the boy who has cheapened his life or yet worse, poisoned body, mind and soul with sin, to require of his bride a pure, clean life? What right has he to ask a pure, sweet girl to pay with him, perchance, the price of his wrong doing? What are we going to do to change these things? I talked one night to a bunch of boys who had been going with careless girls and letting the girls with ideals go home alone. What was the result? Some of those seventeen, eighteen and nineteen year old boys came to me with tears in their eyes and comments like these: "That's the frankest and the plainest talk I ever heard, thank you." "I'll try to live it, Miss Aldrich, that's the only way I can really express my thanks." Yet that talk could not be termed a talk on sex questions, it was only a talk on social ideals and fair play. Do you not see that both our boys and girls are thoughtless and careless because, for the most part, they are uninstructed in physiological facts, social ideals and in spiritual truths.

Women of America, it is no little task we face. The dress, the dance, the movies and the score of other factors in the life of young America to-day, together with the carelessness with which thousands of parents permit their young folks to go their own way uninstructed and unprotected, present a challenge to christian womanhood. If we would meet the challenge we have no time to follow after the things of the world; the things of the kingdom demand our immediate attention. In every walk of life we must leave the imprint of the heart and soul of womanhood. We have not kept pace socially and spiritually with our physical and intellectual training or with our enlarged opportunities. The foundation of the home can no longer remain the purely physical attraction of the dark ages: we are living in a new day when to wholesome physical attraction must be added intellectual and spiritual comradeship. We must write into the hearts of little children, boys and girls alike, the sacredness of the person, the purity and holiness of the origin of life and with it all so high

an ideal of the home that our young people may know that not only must it be a place of intellectual companionship but that it cannot be home in the sweetest, purest sense until it is organized around the family altar. What place will you fill in meeting the need of the hour? In the words of Mordecai to Queen Esther, "Who knoweth whether thou art come into the kingdom for such a time as this?"

What is the Matter

By BISHOP WILLIAM M. BELL, D.D.

"Strongholds of Satan." "Good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

Taken as a whole mankind has suffered more deeply in the last few years than in any previous period of earth's history. Civilization is yet amateurish and given to bungling. The adolescence of the race is being protracted with a wholly unnecessary persistence. It is time to locate guilt, confess private and public sins, genuinely repent and genuinely reform. God is ready to regenerate our souls and vitalize the social order. In our study let us begin where we ought to begin.

I. IN THE AREA OF RELIGION

Religion and Christianity are not synonomous terms. False religions have been preying on humanity through past ages and they continue to do so with a persistence worthy of a better cause. Because a man is religious it does not follow that he is a Christian. Beyond all question religion and ecclesiasticism exist apart from Christianity. Let us have the truth about this for it is the truth alone that can bring us to emancipation. History attests the fact that powerful ecclesiastical organizations may exist, so wanting in real Christianity as to make reform imperative. Because man is in spiritual adolescence he is fond of form and empty ritualism. More is the pity but it is true. Christ cleansing the Temple is a scene that must frequently be re-enacted if ecclesiastical organizations are to function in holy and adapted vitality.

This also is the matter in the area of religion that the simplest form of Christian service, individual evangelization, is inadequately and poorly done. The ratio of conversions in this country as compared with church members is appallingly low. Year in and year out about 40 percent of our Protestant congregations report no conversions at all. The average layman has little or no expectation that he will lead souls to Christ and the Church. He dismisses all care and plan for this item and passes it on to the minister. All this registers in the 50 percent of our American population who are not identified with any religious organization, Protestant, Catholic, or Hebrew. In all history no such challenging parish ever lay alongside the Christian groups of any country. These millions of non-Christian, or at least non-churched people, are accessible to any loving and rational approach and under a government that throws

no restraints against evangelistic activity. Yet in the face of all this the church members of the United States are very poor evangelists or soul winners. Our church members are not well organized for this specific task of securing converts. Every local church of small or large numbers should be immediately organized into groups for promoting revivals, and as a trained faculty for soul winning, be thrown into the task of interviewing every resident in every parish in our whole country. Let the groups be organized so that two by two lists for prayer and effort shall be placed in the hands of each two that the work be carried forward with military precision and worthy fidelity. The workers need to enter upon the definite task expecting and working with a view to immediate conversions. If the work of the pastors could be parallelled by such a barrage of lay effort it does not require a guess as to what would be the results. The pastor should hold occasional meetings to check up on all this work and meet any special cases with adapted effort. Definite prayers and efforts for these assigned prospect and constituent lists could but be telling and fruitful.

The full and thorough Christianization of our complex social order is more remote and difficult than the work of evangelization. When the churches become as numerous and as influential as they are in this country they have decisive obligation to Christianize all the forms and aspects of civilization. Industry, business, finance, education, politics, civil government, all are to become the highways of Christian devotion and control. These all are at bottom clamoring for the passion and vision of Jesus ere they create great Saharas of suffering, protest and hate. The commercial zone is the last to yield to the mandates of Christ the Lord. He has been denied sovereignty here far too long already. It has come to pass in America that evangelization and Christianization with us are interacting and either may retard the other. This is not well understood. With the massing of large percentages of our population in various industrial pursuits, in which managements have a dominant drive for gain, living conditions for the workers, the growing passion for life fulfillment, all become competitive forces until our entire social structure feels the strain. A tendency to think of the Church as the chosen institution of the capitalistic class, for those of independent fortune and leisure, readily become prevalent, with the result that the wage earners in increasing numbers abandon the churches and go their isolated and weary way. In the contentions that rise, the Church, which with all its faults is the most democratic institution on earth today, is likely to fall under censure and suspicion from the capitalistic class so that the result may easily be a mongrel and intimidated type of Christian-

ity within the churches with resultant impairment of church efficiency. The masses of our people do not discriminate in their thinking between Christianity and the existing ecclesiastical organizations and so the whole situation reacts in a serious handicap on the evangelistic triumphs of Christianity. The race suffers and Christ is disappointed. It will be sane and constructive if capital shall refuse to exert its great power to restrain the growing social interest that is pervading the churches. We are in a period where poverty and protest and discontent are increasingly dangerous to all classes, the rich included. Let the wage earners and the capitalists both agree to such modifications of attitude and action as the tempers and teachings of Jesus require. With the spirit of conciliation, mutuality, and fused interest, we may witness a new world order and such a forging ahead in the social order as the race has long and wearily awaited. God speed it.

As churchmen let us make no mistake in frankly noting the real conditions in our churches, both the favorable and the unfavorable. As to the nature and tasks of real Christianity in this age many churches are unaroused, unregenerate, unorganized, and unmobilized. These are strong and rugged words, and they tell the truth in such a way as to call out the deepest solicitude and interest of Christians of every connection. In some churches there is a manifest difficulty to call off those who bear the church name from an ardent pursuit of the pleasures and passions of an unconverted world. In other localities we confess the existence of a deadly satisfaction with the present state and condition. Satisfaction is deadly when it is badly based. With hundreds of congregations reporting no conversions for a year at a time, we may well raise the question as to whether instead of being satisfied with the present evangelistic efficiency we should the rather be deeply penitent and of holy passion for better things. It is clear that we need a deeper insight as to what the present religious and ecclesiastical status really is. Higher standards all through are imperative. This because a deepening efficiency is impossible only as higher standards are taken to heart. Entrenched evils are all about the churches to-day with such form and persistence as to call for siege attack. Merely desultory, poorly organized, and unrelated work will not win in the United States to-day. Many of our church members are poorly informed. They themselves and the masses that environ them are for most part under-educated. The growing interest in education in the United States heartens us all. But as compared to our absorption in subordinate matters our devotion to education and provision for its universal prevalence is superficial and inadequate. The responsibilities furthermore that rest upon

all church members to-day make it clear that if the present emergency in civilization shall be well met, the task of changing an untrained church membership into a trained one must be earnestly undertaken. What avails it if we have eyes that see not and tne ears that hear not?

We speak it in pain. There are scores wrecked of evil to a few who are rescued and directed by the Church. This is a situation that need not obtain. There are Christian base lines of power and success. We may find them if we shall study Christ and the Book, and dedicate ourselves to Him. Incidentally our Christian forces are often poorly related. Many of our cities disclose churches spending energy in maneuvering against one another. Competitions are promoted as if the securing of the dominance of a chosen sect was the all important thing. Protestantism today needs mutual understanding and an immediate working unity. Church people need to be open minded to even unvarnished and disturbing facts. All that is wrong in the present status must be attacked in love, knowledge, skill and courage. We must afford a readiness to pay the cost of service and victory, and this readiness must be the outstanding and fixed temper of all Christian people. The church must resist the temptation to intimidate and destroy unselfish, brave and progressive leadership. No community can the more certainly seal its doom than by repudiating and throwing down the sort of leadership which alone can bring to pass the adequate status. We have a deadly aptness for slight exactions and low ideals. There are sixty millions of unconverted Americans and these constitute America's home parish. In New York City only 30 percent of the population are identified with any form of religion. It seems clear therefore that the age needs the standard of a pure and a powerful church; of a holy religion; of a regenerate soul; of victory over sin and evil nature. We must have more than admirable civic and social forces. We have a long way to go to complete our desirable conquests and developments; but there is a force that undergirds our hopes and tasks. We need Optimism, but it must not be the superficial kind. With unsparing genuineness we must investigate until we have the facts, for whitewashing evil does not lessen its deadly power. We must beware of spineless and over-amiable dissent. This is to say that when our resistances and advocacies are born of the leadership of Jesus Christ we must have the courage to deliver Christian energy on the firing line. Every soul of us needs immersion in the glows of prophetic fire and passion. The age needs prophets of tears, who move forward without fears.

IN THE WORLD AREA.

Passing in our attention from the religious area for which the

Churches themselves are immediately responsible, we pass to a view of the world situation. Modern civilization has had two generations of German materialism, rationalism, and militarism. Civilization is breaking now abruptly with this whole equation. The German Empire, with tempers of like sort in other nations, constituted the most menacing and absolute despotism the world has ever witnessed. On the other hand the Bolsheviki have shown themselves both intolerant and autocratic. It surely is not accidental that these two opposites of a real and efficient democracy should now propose to become allies. As between the Prussian fiasco by which the vote of one Junker equalled the vote of 60,000 of the common people, and the Bolsheviki, America will have neither. We have been trained under better concepts and we must be loyal to our real American content. The world is witnessing a remarkable revival of national consciousness, while at the same time the development of the International and World consciousness is being forwarded in a mighty way. The all but startling spread of the facilities for inter-communication between different parts of the world is making a profound impression on the age. Transit quickening and travel facility of every sort is breaking down the world's isolations, and hastening the consummations of world fellowship and the cosmopolitan mind. Everywhere we observe the presence of crisis, presaging change and re-adjustment. Every institution that would worthily survive must hold itself ready for fresh and adapted mobilization. In some areas there are tendencies towards social disruption. But there is a stabilizing movement toward true democracy. There is, furthermore, a deepening conviction that efficient democracy imperatively demands high-grade citizenship. If democracy must afford a leadership from within itself, rather than a leadership imposed from without itself, it must accept the obligation, and pass it to every individual citizen, in behalf of intellectual and moral achievements of a high order.

IN THE AMERICAN AREA.

What, that is especially American, should have the attention of our whole citizenship in these challenging days? We are all agreed probably that there are weaknesses of democracy under which we are all now suffering. We have excessive individualism in people of high official positions, as well as in those in the lower walks of life, who are tempted to radicalism and anarchy. Individualism is excessive whenever it is obvious to the law of service to others and when it suffers development overmuch of individual rights and pleasures. We have all but a national affliction in the form of a lack of respect for constituted authority. Let those who embody authority and who create its legislative decrees beware of an authority that is not

grounded in eternal justice and a passion for the general welfare. Then when constituted authority has spoken with justice, consideration, compassion and care, let Americans of every class meet the acid test of loyal conformity. We have the over-disciplined life of the poor. The poor in whom the restraints from abstinence and self-denial have worn the threads of life bare and attenuated. We have the under-disciplined poor as well as those who are over-disciplined. The millions of poor people in our country must become the objects of immediate concern. It ought not to require two generations to all but eliminate the poverty line among our people.

Our civilization is also tested by the undisciplined life of the rich. The responsibilities of individual wealth were never as great as they are to-day. Wealth when consecrated to Christ and humanity is a great power for good. When it is controlled by one who lacks the discipline which Christ enjoins, it provokes by its unwarranted waste and extravagance, heated protest and schools of evil influence. We are suffering from the general omission of restraint in behalf of work, training and discipline. The war has demoralized us. Far too readily we yield ourselves to the slogans and class consciousness and narrow appeal. We need a deepening piety and a birth from above in behalf of Christian ideals and American patriotism. The income tax returns show half a million American families as possessing more than they can ever possibly need. There are six and one-half million families living in comfortable and typical American conditions. There are fifteen million families living seriously below the American middle class standard. These facts are to be reckoned with and no superficial reckoning will meet the case. Everybody must feel the call to increased production, hearty industry, the elimination of extravagance and waste. We must needs be students of equitable distribution. There is no right to life and the pursuit of happiness in the absence of approved industry and moral character. We must learn how to relate our total resources to total need and advancing and general competence. We must standardize with appreciation for the American worker, his modicum of the necessities of life. Capital must abandon unjust and brutal expectations. We must seriously seek to reduce discontent and injustice to the minimum. We must train against extravagance, and place a limit on luxury. We must dismiss temptations to anarchy and end fictitious capitalization. Revolution must be avoided by steady movements towards social righteousness and human emancipation. We must forestall and eliminate internal strife and the dry war. We must go up against war with colossal and courageous persistence.

The Father Who Believed Jesus

By FRANCES L. BENNETT

During the past week what has been our key word? "Believe." What has been our memory verse? "Acts 16:31: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house'." All the promises in God's Word are true, are they not? We may trust them, as the chorus we so often sing says:

"I read it in God's Word,
And I believe it, yes, I believe it;
Fully believe it;
I read it in God's Word,
And I believe it,
And that is all I have to do."

In our story this morning we will see how a father heard the Lord Jesus speak and believing His Word how his heart was comforted, his soul blessed, and a little daughter given back from the dead.

I wonder if there are any girls twelve years of age in the meeting this morning? Yes, I knew there were. During the wonderful ministry of our Lord Jesus, at the time in which He walked the streets of Palestine and met its people, told them about His Father's love and care, wrought His wonderful miracles, there lived a little girl just as old as these who have raised their hands this morning. For twelve happy years she had brought joy, gladness, sunshine, comfort, as well as work, trouble, anxiety, and care to the mother and father who so tenderly loved her.

One day, however, this little daughter became very, very ill. The restless little feet were still, the merry little voice was hushed, the father and mother were helpless as they watched over the feverish body of their little girl. I think the doctor must have gone first to the father, whose name was Jarius, and told him that his little girl was not going to live. What a deep sorrow filled his heart.

Perhaps it was then that Jarius remembered the Lord Jesus whose fame was then abroad throughout the whole land. Why couldn't this wonder working, miracle working Son of God heal his little girl? He may have remembered that people had told him that this very same Jesus had entered into Peter's wife's mother's home when she

was in a wild, raging fever and stepping up to her bedside, "He just touched her hand and the fever left her and she arose and ministered unto Him." Could not this one come and touch his little daughter and cause this fever which was burning up her young life to depart from her? He may have remembered too that a blind man had cried unto this blessed Healer and that the Christ had touched his eyes also and he who had never seen looked up into the face of his deliverer. Why should he not go and seek for Jesus? Why should he not go and ask Him to come into his home, this home of need and of sickness and touch his dear child and make her better.

In those days there were no telegraphs but urgent and important messages were sent by swift runners, men of strength and of speed and of great endurance. But Jarius did not call a runner or trust this message with his most reliable and trustworthy servant but he, himself, went out to seek Jesus. Where was He. How could he find Him? As he was searching he saw a great throng of people gathered together. What was the meaning of this crowd? What was the attraction? Who had gathered such a mighty lot of folk together? Perhaps Jesus. It was truly so. The people had come from all the villages round about bringing their sick and needy ones. Some of them had come because they had heart sorrows which only God could heal and they knew He brought a message from the Father who loved them, who cared for them, who would help them. No doubt in that great throng of people there were some who came just for curiosity to see what they could see; to watch the Master in His work among the people, not wanting to miss any excitement.

How Jarius' heart must have beaten as he came near and pressed his way until he was right up to Jesus' side and falling at His feet cried out in his sorrow: "Master!" "My little daughter, the only little girl I have, is in my home lying at the point of death. I pray Thee, come lay Thy hands upon her that she may be healed." And then I think Jarius just believed Jesus could do it as he looked up in His face, for he said: "And she shall live." Did Jesus say "No" to him? Indeed, did He ever turn anyone away who was in trouble and asked Him for help? Never! Jesus turned to go with him and the people still followed Him and pressed about Him. It was so hard for Jarius and the Master to free themselves from the crowd and hasten to the dying child.

In the many who were pressing about them at this time was a very poor woman. She had been a great sufferer just as many years as the little daughter of Jarius was old. This poor woman had been very ill. She had gone to many physicians and had paid out a great amount of money seeking for healing, only to be disap-

pointed and to grow worse and worse. She had spent all that she had and to-day as she listened to the words of Jarius perhaps a hope stole into her heart and she may have said to herself: "Could not this one who is going into this home of death to lay His hand upon this little girl and make her well, could not this one also heal me?" I think she was a very timid woman. She was afraid to speak to the Master, perhaps, with all the people there, so she said to herself: "I think if I could only get near enough to Him so that I might touch the hem of His garment I too might be healed." As she thus thought the great crowd began to move as the Master and Jarius were seeking their way out. "Oh, but He is moving away. I may never be as near to Him again. This is my opportunity, if I but dared. Yes, I will. I will touch His garment." Quietly she stole up behind Him. Silently, timidly, she put forth her hand, I think, only to draw it back again, hardly daring to touch and yet longing to do so. At last, still weak, still sick, still discouraged she said, "Yes, I will do it." And putting forth her hand she touched just the hem of His garment. The disease departed, the weakness left her, she stood upright, she breathed without pain. She walked without weakness, she was healed, this happy, happy woman.

But what means this hush that has stolen over the crowd? Who is speaking? It is Jesus. What is it that He is saying? "Someone hath touched me." One of the disciples spoke up and said: "Master, you say someone hath touched you. Why, we are all pressing against you. This jostling crowd is all about us. How sayest Thou that someone hath touched me?" "Ah," said Jesus, "I know someone hath touched me with the touch of faith. Someone hath believed in me. Power hath left me and hath healed some trusting heart." Then was the woman afraid, and she came trembling to the Master's feet, and falling down before Him told Him in the presence of all the people why she had touched Him and how she was healed. Do you think that Jesus scolded her? Ah, no. He wanted to give her more than she had already received and said unto her: "Daughter, be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole."

In Romans 10:9 and 10 it says: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." What two things did this woman do? First, she believed Jesus in her heart, that He could heal her, and having believed she publicly told others that Jesus not only could heal but that He had healed, for He had healed her. So, having believed and so having confessed Jesus, He said: "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

While Jesus yet spake there came running in the distance a messenger. He was bearing a very important message for someone in this multitude. Who do you think it was? None other than Jarius. It was a servant from his home and going up to his master said: "Thy daughter is dead, why troublest thou the Master any further." The Lord Jesus, knowing what he would do, turned to Jarius and said: "Be not afraid, only believe." Don't you think Jarius must have thought, why did not the people make a way for us, why had this woman hindered us? If we only could have gone home immediately, perhaps we could have reached the little girl in time, but now she is dead. What was it that Jesus had said unto him? "Be not afraid, only believe." I think with Jesus by his side and Jesus' words ringing in his heart as he journeyed toward the need in his home there came unto him hope. Could not this one who healed this woman even now bring back life to the little girl. I sometimes think I would like to have heard what the Lord Jesus and Jarius talked about on their journey. I think Jarius forgot his sorrow in companionship with his Lord. He was reminded, however, as he drew nearer the house that death was there.

In those days friends did not send flowers as we do to express our sympathy for sorrowing ones, but rather, friends would come to the home where death had entered to weep and to wail and to mourn with the family. The louder they cried the more they expressed their sympathy. Many times, as perhaps in this case, they would even hire strangers to join them in their loud crying.

Into the midst of just such a tumult as this came the Lord Jesus. He hushed the crying mourners and quietly said: "Do not weep, for she is not dead but sleepeth." They laughed Him to scorn knowing that she was dead.

What did this little girl lack as she lay there? She lacked life. She couldn't see, she couldn't speak, she couldn't walk, she couldn't eat. She was dead and they knew it. She had no life.

Jesus sent the people away because they did not really believe on Him and He never did any great miracle when the people had unbelief in their hearts. He took Jarius, the little girl's mother, Peter, James and John, the three whom He had asked to come with Him, into the room where lay the silent body of this darling child, so still, so quiet. How sad were the parents' hearts, but Jesus was there. Death cannot abide before Him. He went up to this little dead body, took the hand in His very own and spoke, I think very quietly and gently, saying: "Little girl, wake up." Do you think she could hear if she were really dead? Could she hear her father speak? Could she hear her mother speak? No. Why? She was dead. Do

you think that she could hear the Lord Jesus Christ speak then? Yes, she could. Because even the dead can hear the voice of God and live, and Jesus was God. Immediately she awakened. Life came back to her. She arose and walked and all who looked upon her were amazed, astonished. I think that her mother was so surprised and bewildered that she couldn't believe that which she really looked upon. She didn't know what to say or what to do. The Master turned to her and said: "Now give your little girl something to eat." Happy mother to again have the joy of providing for her living child. Happy little girl to receive from the hand of Jesus the wonderful gift of life. Happy father to have his faith rewarded. He had asked and received. He had sought and it had been given unto him.

The Lord Jesus is just the same today. He is here in this room and if we listen we can hear Him speak. He saith unto us: "I am come that YE might have life." But someone might say: "No one is dead in this room. We can all hear. We can all play. We can all speak. Do we need life given unto us who live?" How is it that Jesus said: "I am come that YE might have life"?

In 1st John 5:12, the Word of God says: "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.' '

It might be possible for a boy or girl to be here this morning breathing, hearing me speak, thinking of what I am saying, looking right up into my face, and yet not be truly alive because they have never let Jesus Christ come into their little hearts to live. The blessed Lord Jesus is in our midst this morning. He loves you. He is calling to each one of you as if there were not another boy or girl here. He knows you by your name and he speaks and says: "My child, let me come into your heart. Take from me the gift I am holding out to you, the gift of everlasting life."

May we bow our heads and pray, quietly listening to His voice and in simple faith say:

"Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee;
Oh, come to my heart Lord Jesus, come,
There is room in my heart for Thee."

Lepers as I Saw Them

By REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF, D.D.

I am here because I saw the Lepers and because I rejoice in having just a little part in the work my great-souled friend, William M. Danner, is doing in his endeavor to rid the world of leprosy.

I jumped out of bed in a Chicago hotel one morning last August, took a goodbye kiss and a "bon voyage" from the one woman in the world, turned a back handspring, metaphorically speaking, over the towering crags and the snow-tipped mountains of the Canadian Rockies and landed on the Empress of Asia at Vancouver, a mighty three-stacker, five decker, 30,000 tonner leviathian of the deep and after eleven days sailing over a sea as smooth as a Hoosier pond, stepped out on the shores of the land of Nippon, the Island of Japan.

We were made as welcome as Marmion in Norham's castle. Such courtesy I never saw.

Christian work in Japan is hard because of the peculiar type of the Japanese mind and because of their own national religion, Shintoism, the worship of their ancestors.

But when I saw 20,000 cunning, curious, kimono kids shouting for Jesus and parading the streets of Tokyo with waving Christian banners, I knew that something had been doing, and I said a fervent, "God bless the Missionaries in Japan."

Over in China the conditions are pathetic. Poor John Chinaman, he's hardly had a dog's chance. Most of the other nations have walked in and carved out a slice for themselves. No wonder China doesn't like England. No wonder she doesn't like Japan. And no wonder she likes the United States.

Do you remember the Boxer Rebellion? You remember the old Empress Dowager, "Tzustze," I think her name was—"Susie" is easier for me. Well, she was some shrewd girl. She was a wonder in statesmanship—or stateswomanship. But I never could understand her fool notions and her fool action concerning us "foreign devils" as she called us. She thought she could kill all the Americans and the English and French and German and the rest of them and get away with it. And she commenced to put it across. She had 2,000 heads already cut off when the guns of Uncle Sam and John Bull and the rest of them commenced to thunder at her gates. And then came the time

for this thing we call indemnity. And every other nation but the United States bled her to the limit. And what did we do? We said, "China, our indemnity bill is so many millions. But, China, take one-third of it and build a fine college in Peking and call it 'Indemnity College'; take another third of it and give without charge an education to worthy young Chinese men and women; then, China, when they have graduated from the 'Indemnity College,' take the other third and send them to the United States for the best education the best universities in the world can furnish."

And, Sirs, you take it from me, some day before long, when these finely educated young Chinese go back to their native land and take part in the republican government of that wonderful people, China will be heard from around the world. Where is there another nation under God's shining sun that has been one-tenth as magnanimous and gracious and unselfish and brotherly in her relation with other powers as has been the land whose flag is full of stripes and stars.

Over in India the situation is saddening. This is the place of Asceticism and Superstition, the place where Fanaticism runs riot through the land. There are 4,000,000 Indians who still worship Buddha. They have all sorts of fool notions about him. I went into one temple known as the Temple of the Tooth, where one of Buddha's teeth is supposed to be preserved. They have temples for every thing. In one village there is a Temple of the Bedbug. They have nothing especially against the bed-bug, but they despise the way he gets his living, and they think by worshipping him they can make him a bit more modest in his demands. This tooth of Buddha's, by the way, is three inches long and two inches wide. Some month he must have had. I saw a marble slab which bore the impress of Buddha's foot, three feet long and two feet wide. I saw a sleeping figure of Buddha, 34 feet long, and a fine, intelligent-looking young Indian assured me that Buddha was actually that long when he lived on this earth.

Most of the Indians are Hindu and it is among them the Asceticism rules in all its crude, crass and pathetic glory. Asceticism is the desire to get rid of the body so the soul can hold uninterrupted communion with God. There are so-called "Holy Men" who go about the land stark naked, save for the merest fragment of a loin cloth. These men sit in broiling sun all day—a sun so hot that it means death to the foreigner unless most careful precaution is taken. They build a fire around them to warm it up a little, rub their bodies with ashes and pour oil over themselves to make it all the filthier. With us, cleanliness is next to godliness; with them, filth is next to holiness. These men are supposed to be so holy that other Hindus will drink the water in which they have washed their filthy feet.

Some lie on beds of spikes; some run knives or daggers through their cheeks from side to side; some have finger nails four inches long that grow through the palms of their hands. I saw one man travelling nine miles from a sacred river to the Temple of the goddess Kali. I called him a human measuring worm; he came all the way stretching his length on the road, making a mark with his outstretched hand and then rising and walking to the mark, he would stretch out again, and so he came all he way measuring his length through the dirt and dust and filth of the road.

As I looked upon these poor slaves of ignorance and superstition, I felt pity for them in my heart; and I felt a pity, too, although of another kind, for a religion that had had such a hold on 200,000,000 of people for centuries, beginning before the birth of Christ, and had done no more for the soul than Hinduism has done for the Hindu. And yet there are those who talk about Comparative Religion, as though the religion of Christ is a comparative one. It will stand comparison all right, but when you compare it you will find it is not a comparative religion at all, but that it is the superlative religion.

Well, you say, what has all this to do with lepers? But we haven't come to the lepers yet. Come along with me and we will find them pretty soon. We went over into Korea. It seems almost like the miracle of missions. They are crying out to God now especially because the hand of Japan is hard upon them. Personally I don't think Japan has any more right to Korea than you would have to come out to the place where I live and lay hold on my yard and say it is yours.

At Seoul a great revival was on. The preacher's name was Kim Iktu. And he was some preacher—I called him the Korean Moody. He certainly did put over the right sort of talk and they didn't need to appoint a committee either to interpret what he was saying. Of course I couldn't understand, but the fellow with me put me wise. Kim Iktu stood on a high platform just outside the church door, and on the ground under a huge awning sat about 4,000 Koreans all dressed in white. That's the custom—to sit on the floor and on the ground—a chair is a curiosity. And white—you know that is their sign of mourning. With us, it is black. But over there everything seems reversed.

The teeth on their saw point upward while ours point downward, and so they do most of the sawing with the upward pull instead of, as we do, with the downward push. They pull the plane toward them; we push it from us. They push the drawing knife from them; we pull it toward us. They peel a potato away from them; we peel it toward us. They mount a horse on his right side; we mount him on his left side. We lead a horse into the stall head first; they push him in backwards—but they don't tie him by the tail. They turn to the left

and pass vehicles, street cars and pedestrians on their right; we turn out to the right and pass them on their left. The lines in their books run down the page; ours run across. Their foot notes are at the top; ours are at the bottom. They turn a screw to the left and unscrew to the right; we do it just the other way. They wear white for mourning; we wear black. They take off their shoes when they enter the house; we take off our hats. They shake their own hands in greeting; we shake each other's. Their best room is in the rear of the house; ours is in front. Our hens cackle after they lay the egg; and one of the unsophisticated tourists was made to believe the hens over there cackle before they lay the egg. It is quite a convenient arrangement; for when the hen cackles she can be brought into the house to lay her egg and immediately released when the performance is over. They mourn three years for the dead and of course hardly get through mourning for one until another one has gone and so they are in white practically all the time—in fact, it has become their national dress color.

Every once in a while the preacher would turn and talk toward the inside of the church and I asked why, and my interpreter said, "Oh, there are 2,000 inside the church," an audience of nearly 6,000. And then you ought to have seen him take the collection—not for himself, but for the spread of the Gospel in Korea. Before the baskets were passed, he had the ushers bring the larger gifts up to the platform and he called them out while every time the audience cheered. And into the collection that night went 141 silver rings, 64 gold rings and nearly 200 hair-pins. Don't laugh at the hair-pins—they are not the kind you throw in. A Korean woman has only one hair-pin. It is about five inches long, as thick as a lead-pencil and is solid silver, and a gift like that means something, especially to a Korean woman. They threw in their bracelets, their ear-rings. The folks over there are long on jewelry. They wear it everywhere—in their ear, in their noses, around their necks, on their fingers, and their toes—yes, I have seen men with a silver ring on every toe—and bracelets from the wrists to the elbow and from the ankle—well, it looks like gold and silver snakes had wound themselves about their limbs. One woman (they said she was a bad one) put all her jewelry in the collection that night. And besides all this, the equivalent of more than $1,000.00 of our money was added to it. It would be a good thing, pastors, just for the sake of our collection plates, if our members could take a trip and see how those poor folk over there give out of the abundance of their poverty. You would be surprised to know how many church members over here will go the whole year through and never give a sou markee to support the work. For heaven's sake, if you are going

to keep that sort of a thing up, the next time the collection plate comes round, take something out—it's for the heathen anyway.

Well, word came that they wanted me down at Kwangju—a great revival was on, and they wanted me to preach. Of course I had to preach through an interpreter. I would say one sentence and sometimes two or three, and then he would put it into Korean for the people.

But I must give you at least one day's program of the revival. It started at five o'clock in the morning. I started down toward the church and I saw the Korean folk slipping down the hillside, through the fields and along the lanes, looking like spectres in their white robes, and when I arrived at the church I found 900 of them on their faces before God. They pray in a strange way. The women are on one side and the men on the other. They all lean forward and in some cases their foreheads touch the floor. They all pray at the same time, each one prayed a different prayer and each one prayed out loud. You say, "Could there be any inspiration in a scene like that?" Well, I could not understand a word they said, but as I stood there by the pulpit, listened and looked, the tears coursed down my cheeks, and I knew that God was in the place. I heard one word over and over again, and I said to my interpreter, "What does that word mean?" and he said it means "earnestly, earnestly," and there prostrated on the floor they earnestly, earnestly cried to God to save Korea and bring the people to know Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour.

One cultured young woman from our Southland asked me if I did not want to see her Sunday School, and I started with her at eight o'clock. Down the hill, through the fields of grain, under wire fences she led the way to a Korean village, and in a room that held perhaps fifty people were some thirty-five or forty Korean boys and girls. She conducted a Sunday School just like you do here. Other missionaries were doing the same thing in other villages and then all went back again to Kwangju to the Union Sunday School, and at ten o'clock we had a Sunday School of more than twelve hundred scholars. Preaching in the morning, then again in the afternoon and once more at night, and the day was over.

There's a young surgeon there by the name of Wilson—Dr. R. M. Wilson—he's a great soul, and on Monday morning after we had been to the schools, he said, "You've seen everything else now, don't you want to see the lepers?"

And I said, "Lepers! Can we see them."

He said, "Yes, I want you to."

I said, "Is there not danger?"

He said, "No, not much, if you don't touch them."

And so we went out to the Leper Hospital and home, about a mile from town, and the lepers were lined up to meet us. There were 328 of them, the gladest, jolliest, happiest bunch of folk I have ever seen; all of them dressed in spotless white. You could hardly tell they were lepers, except where the fingers and hands had been eaten off and the features disfigured by the disease before the hospital got hold of them. They were old and young—some fine looking young men and some real handsome young women. We held a little service for them—and say, you could ask them almost any Bible question and they would put you to shame by the knowledge they had of the Bible. They laughed heartily at every funny thing you told them. And then they sang for us, they played some of their games for us, the young men ran races for us, and then they lined up along the road to bid us good-bye as we started back to town.

And lo, and behold! We had hardly gotten more than a hundred feet away until I saw there crouching down on the ground in the ditch by the roadside forty-two lepers, the most loathsome, wretched, decomposing, polluting sight that human eyes could ever witness. Their bodies were swollen and the putrid flesh was oozing out through the abrasions of the skin. The fingers of some had been eaten off and from some the whole hand had gone. Their eyelids eaten away, the lips rotted off and big, nauseating sores all over their bodies. The flesh on one poor fellow's leg from his knee down was actually falling away. And they begged to be taken into 'heaven." That's what they call the Leper Home and Hospital. And no wonder, when they saw their brother and sister lepers lined up along the road in the clean white garments, all so happy and many of them well on the way to recovery—you know they can apparently cure the leprosy now—I'll tell you about it a little later.

It was cold. I had on my overcoat and was chilled to the bone. It was in the evening—they had on practically nothing—just a light old rag that covered only a part of their body. Some of them had a little piece of matting they had gotten somewhere, that they would try to sleep under. And when I thought of the comfort that we people have, and some of you, luxury, and then looked on these poor, shivering, leprosy-eaten wretches, I couldn't understand why things are so unequally balanced in this world and its comforts so unequally divided. It's somebody's fault—not God's. If that had been a social disease and they were in that condition because of their own devilish and rotten life, I would have pitied them anyhow, but when I realized that this thing had come upon them not through any fault of theirs—it's hard to tell where the leprosy germ comes from and how it gets hold of a fellow—and then realized that they were my brothers and sisters

—I say, when I thought of you folk over here with your comfort and sometimes your luxury,—well, I was standing by the side of a big tree and I turned a bit to one side—and—I just cried.

And then one of the lepers from the hospital crowd stepped out and interceded for his suffering fellows by the roadside. He pulled his sleeve up and said, "Look here, I was one time worse than the worst one in that crowd, worse than that man with the flesh falling from his leg. Now look. Find one sore spot if you can"; and on all his arm there was not an ulcer to be seen. His flesh seemed pure and clean like yours. And he said, "Take pity on them and give them a chance, and make new people out of them as has been done with me."

And I said to Doctor Wilson, "Why don't you take them in?"

He said, "I can't. The appropriation given by the Mission to Lepers only allows me for 300, and I have now 328—twenty-eight more than the allowance will cover, and I have gone to the limit personally, and I haven't another cent."

I said, "What will it cost?"

He said, "Five dollars a month will clean and clothe, feed and cure, and make good Christians out of every one of them."

I never wanted money so much in all my life. But what could I do? I did just exactly what you would have done if you had been in my place. I said, "Doctor, take them in and in some way I'll get the money,"—and now I've got forty-two lepers on my hands. Praise the Lord. I might bequeath three or four of them to you. If you ever have sixty dollars you can spare, or if a bunch of you can go together and give it or raise it, for heaven's sake, let me send it over there for you to take care for a whole year of one of these lepers.

But I didn't come here to ask you to help me take care of my lepers. You notice I said, "My lepers." I am glad I got them. You can have one if you want. There's more. Or you can have one of mine. But listen—forty-two is only a drop in the bucket. There are 2,000,000 lepers in the world, and I have come to tell you that if you will take care of your share of the 1,999,958, I will take care of the forty-two. And if we each do our share in this great task and other Christians help proportionately, we will ultimately rid this world of leprosy.

You know, friends, I can see that possibility—the big possibility of ridding the world of leprosy forever, looming up before us.

The first thing to do is to get them all together—to get them in groups in the various Leper Homes and Hospitals throughout the world—to get them away from other people—that is, Segregation. That in itself would almost do the business; for if we kept them there until they died the rest of the situation could be easily cared for; and for the following reason:

Leprosy comes from a Lepra bacillus. It is contagious by prolonged contact. But keep them away from other people and part of the problem is solved. It's contagious—but not very contagious. You might expose yourself to it 10,000 times and come away unharmed, and if a Lepra Bacillus did meet up with you, the incubation period is so long that sometimes ten or twenty years go by before a single symptom of the disease appears. And so segregation not only solves that very largely, but the few new cases that might appear can, with our present-day precaution and therapeutical preparedness, easily be cared for.

They have tried this thing to a large extent in the Philippines and in ten years the record shows a decrease in lepers cases from 9,000 to 5,000, a decrease of almost fifty per cent, for the old cases die, very few new ones appear, for the reason just mentioned. And there is another reason, and a very fine one, too, and that is, leprosy is not hereditary. Ninety per cent of the children taken away from their leper parents do not develop the disease. Of course the parents in many cases give them up unwillingly, but one of the first things done in the Leper Hospitals is to examine the child, perhaps a baby, still clinging to its mother's breast, and where, if it remains in contact with its mother, it may fall a victim to all the horrible suffering that leprosy entails, but if it is found as yet untainted, it is taken away and placed for a time among the untainted children, educated, and in after years, when able to care for itself, is given back again to the world. I tell you, my friends, one of the saddest things in the world is to see a sweet little babe or a bright young life in the midst of loathsome, flesh-corroded lepers and to know that it is slowly but surely entering upon the same horrible living death, like the martyrs of old tied to stakes in the midst of the waves, watching death creeping in upon them inch by inch.

But here's another thing to encourage you to work for segregation. It seems now that leprosy can be cured. Then let us get them together, cure what we can, give care in life and Christian burial to the rest when death comes, and then take the cases that may arise here and there outside in the incipient stage when most easily cured, and the whole hideous thing will be put out of commission.

They have discovered a remedy called Chaulmoogra oil. As the great-hearted William M. Danner says, "It's hard to spell, harder to pronounce and hardest to take; most of them would about as lief have the leprosy."

In the hospitals and asylums they inject it with a hypodermic syringe—and that's not so bad. And you say, "Does it do the business?"

Well, what do you think of this? A short time ago down in the Kalihi Leper Hospital, Honolulu, sixty-four lepers, after some three or four years of proper care and treatment, were examined most thoroughly by a number of expert physicians and they agreed that there was no reason why these cases should be held any longer in the hospital and they told them to send for their relatives and then go home with them. My, what a day and what a time that was! The relatives came, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and husbands and wives, and as they lined up on the outside of the fence, the gates were swung open and sixty-four, who had once been forbidden the kiss and the embrace of loved ones, rushed out into the arms and fell sobbing for joy upon the necks of those to whom they had been almost worse than dead for so many years. And then what do you suppose they did? They sang, "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." Think of that!

Isn't that better than getting rid of them as we have some of them to our eternal disgrace. Isn't that better than driving a poor leper into a cabin up on the mountain-side and then later calling him to the door, shooting him and burning his body with the cabin. That's what they did in one state.

Isn't that better than penning him up in a freight car and sending him out of one state into another and then back again because he wasn't a citizen in either, and back and forth for thirteen days until the poor fellow died and ended the story. That's what they did in another state.

Isn't that better than taking a white man with a few leper spots on his body and chucking him into a pest house with an Oriental half eaten up with the leprosy and the hideous awfulness of it was so great that he broke away and ran like a maddened animal, hiding in swamps and woods and the outskirts of villages until God only knows where he is now. That's what they did in another state.

But I am not pleading for the handful of lepers we have in the United States, but for the whole 2,000,000 of them in almost every country under the sun. Let us save them. Not because the foul disease will spread to us if we don't, but for their own sakes. I tell you it stirs my soul and melts my heart when I read something like this from a missionary in Korea:

"Today I refused admission to two lepers. They had been taken to my door on the backs of two men who were total strangers to them. They had found them helpless on the roadside, and took pity on them, and though they were themselves cleanly clad and the lepers in a filthy condition, they carried them on their backs to me in the hope that I would take them in." "And mind you," he says, "these men

were heathen (better than we are in some respects, aren't they?) and I, the Christian missionary, had to refuse admission because the little asylum was already crowded and I had no room and no money, and what could I do?" Well, I'll tell you what he can do; he can take $100.00 of God's money that you've got, if you'll give it to him, and build some more room and buy some more food and heal them and save them if you will let him do it.

When I think of what I have seen, and think of the missionaries living over there among the lepers and heathen conditions, I feel humiliated because of the little I have done. Among other fine things about Mrs. Biederwolf is this, that she doesn't object to my carrying around with me the photograph of another woman alongside of her own. And I always have them both with me. This other woman is a Miss Reed—Miss Mary Reed—you don't know her story. Listen and I'll tell it to you. She went as a missionary to India. After five years she came back for some treatment in the hospital, and just as she was getting her strength back again she discovered a little discoloring of the skin on one of her fingers and a spot in her cheek, and she noticed that all feeling and sensation seemed to have gone from the places. She became suspicious and told her physician, who told her to go to New York to a noted skin specialist. After examination he confirmed her suspicion and said it was leprosy. "Then, Doctor," said the girl, without a quiver in her voice, "I shall go back to India at once and work for the lepers." She returned home and bounding in the house said, "Mother, I have decided to go back to India and I want you to let me go right away, and, mother, I have a very strange request to make—let me go without kissing you good-bye. That would be so much easier than the way I went before." And on Wednesday morning Mary's train pulled out of the station and she stood on the back platform waving a cheerful good-bye. At Bombay, of course, it became known and she thought she had better break the news to her parents and so wrote and said, "Yes, Mother, I am a leper and I am to be working for the lepers; but I am trying to do God's will with a song and not with a sigh."

Do you know that that cultured young woman has been heard to say since that time that she has thanked God a thousand times that she was a leper because she has thus been able to enter into their lives and do for the lepers there in India what otherwise she never could have done?

I have never seen the girl, but her's is the only picture of a woman besides that of my wife that I carry with me. Do you know why? So that when I want to feel a bit more ashamed for the little I am doing for God and humanity and to get a little more inspiration for

the work, I take her picture, look at it and say, "God bless you, Mary Reed," and promise God to get on the job a little more myself.

I have told you the story of the lepers as I saw them. We are here today not so much for your money as for your interest and your prayers. I have one or two other causes that rest upon me in this country, but I have found myself saying a good many times, if I were out from under these, I would like to put myself under the job, alongside of a few devoted men like William M. Danner, and give myself to this so-much-needed, this gruesome, yet fascinating and beautiful task of saving the lepers we now have and ridding the world of the curse of leprosy forever. Study a little about the lepers and you will find yourself praying for them and you will give yourself in service for them.

Back to Bethel

By REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BIEDERWOLF, D. D.

"Arise and let us go back to Bethel."—Genesis 35: 1.

I sometimes find myself thinking that God has allowed us to look a little more closely at the lives of some of the Old Testament saints because He knew that there would be so many others like them in the world.

This is especially true of Jacob, and I think that God would have us understand that if He could forgive the mistakes of Jacob and do for him eventually all that God did do, that some of us should not despair because we have failed and suffered defeat and are somewhat disappointed in our Christian experience and may perhaps be sitting here today with the fragments of shattered ideals strewn about our feet.

If there are those of us here today who have been untrue and have gotten away from God, I want that we shall take a look through Jacob's experience, at the way God deals with His erring children, and go with Jacob back to Bethel today.

Jacob had taken an unkind and unfair advantage of his hungry brother and gotten his birthright away from him, and then found it convenient because of his brother's anger to take a hasty departure with the intent of going over to his uncle Laban.

It was the first night out. Jacob is alone, and lonely enough to be sure; he ends his first day's journey in the midst of a barren waste, strewn with boulders and while the stars shine down upon him, and the night winds moan about him, he makes as best he can his bed and lies down to sleep. And as he slept he dreamed and the stones about him seemed to pile themselves one upon another until they reached in form like a ladder from his pillow up into the starry heavens above him; and up and down the ladder there trooped the angels of God to show him that even the wilderness was a gateway to heaven if he would have it so; and from the top of the ladder he heard the voice of God, and in the morning as he awoke he remembered the vision and recalled the voice of God promising to be with him, and Jacob made a vow unto God that henceforth he would do the will of God and that he would be all that God would have him be.

This is the first instance, I think, in the Bible of a man making

a vow to God; and Oh, the pity of it, that it was so soon forgotten! And I wonder how many of us now just at this point must begin to read Jacob's experience into our own.

He stayed with his uncle Laban for twenty years, but while he was there this man who had been given a vision of angels had stooped to do things that were not worthy of a son of God. He had borne out again the reputation of his name. You know the name "Jacob" means "Supplanter," "Swindler," "Deceiver." And yet these same angels of God came to his rescue and escorted him from the land.

Then God brought him on his way as far as the river Jabbok and there you will remember Jacob had his midnight wrestle. There his name was changed and God called him back into princeliness. "Thy name shall be called—no more Jacob—but Israel"—a Prince of God.

The angel of the Lord had called him back and lifted him up to a higher experience. And then, to think of the very next day! He met Esau and Esau forgave him, fell on his neck and kissed him and then, instead of trusting God and going on home, he deceived his brother again and turning to one side he hurried away toward Shechem and there this man to whom God was waiting to give the whole land bought a parcel of ground for a hundred pieces of money and became a freeholder among the uncircumcised enemies of God! And how he got into trouble there and had to flee.

And then, Dinah, you know—the poor child—went out to see the daughters of the land; and you know the whole sad story and its sequel and how Jacob's name was "made to stink among the inhabitants of the land." And then God came once more and said, "Jacob, arise and go back to Bethel and dwell there." And Jacob was glad to go. He had to go somewhere, and where was there a place like Bethel where God had met him, and promised to be with him, and where the angels had come and gone.

Then Jacob said unto his household and to all that were with him, "Put away the strange gods that are among you, and be clean, and change your garments, and let us arise and go back to Bethel, and I will make there an altar unto God who answered me in the days of my distress and was with me in the way which I went."

And now which one of us here has not seen in all this something of his own life.

If we were to rise up just now, one after the other, everyone who has made some solemn covenant with God—and many of us more than once—and who knows that the vow has not been realized in his life; everyone who has responded to the call of the princely life of Christ Jesus, and then has run away from it—if every such one should rise

now and make confession of it there would not be many of us to remain silent on this hillside today.

But here's the thing of chief concern just now. Perhaps some of us have gone away, some of us farther than others, and we have not yet come back, But Oh,

"If thou could'st in vision see
Thyself, the man God meant;
Thou never more could'st be
The man thou art, content."

Oh, that God could speak through me today and in some way show us where we are living. Oh, that I could compare the angel-visioned hours of Bethel that may be yours today with the Shechem-life, you would not need an angel voice to say to you, "Arise and go back to Bethel," but you would say, "Great, glorious Christ, let this be Bethel for me today."

Gregory Mantle has called attention to five things that happened when Jacob got back to Bethel.

1. **There was the Old Protection.** His life during the days of his disobedience had been in constant peril. He had to leave Shechem lest his enemies, as he said, "gather themselves together against me and slay me." But as he journeyed "back to Bethel" the "terror of God," it says, "was upon the cities round about and they did not pursue." The Old Protection! "I am with thee and will keep thee in all the places whither thou goest," said the Lord.

Never mind about your enemies, about the things that harass, about the things you dread, get back to Bethel and "God will take care of you."

"I know not where His islands
May lift their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Arise, and go back to Bethel.

2. **There was the old Pillar.** Thirty years before Jacob had raised a pillar there to commemorate his vision and his vow. What memories that old moss-covered stone must have brought back, and here on this spot, using doubtless the same old stone, he built an altar and worshipped God.

Oh, what a glory must have been in his soul! What a joy must have thrilled in his breast! Have you been saying,

"Where is the joy that once I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?"

It is just where you left it. Arise and go back to Bethel.

3. **There was the old Princeliness.** You remember why God

changed Jacob's name that night when He wrestled with him at Jabbok's Ford and called him a "Prince of God." But Jacob had proven himself unworthy and had not lived as one with a name like that ought to live.

And if you could but hear the unspoken language of many a heart on this hillside now it would be saying, "I too have been unworthy of the name. And some you are in distress because of it. But listen! and you will hear the voice of God saying, "I will make you a Prince again; Arise and go back to Bethel."

4. **There was the old Promise.** It was here at Bethel that God had first promised to Jacob and to his seed after him all the blessings, all the privileges and all the high prerogatives of the Birthright. And now that Jacob has come back the old Promise is renewed with an emphasis and a freshness surpassing even that of its first utterance.

Think of the birth-right of a child of God! The blessings, the high privileges which are his through the grace given unto him in the Lord Jesus Christ! Of all that God meant that you and I should be in the way of purity of heart and peace of soul and power for service! And then think of how far short we have fallen and of how sad are the words, "It might have been." But God can remedy all this. If there is any place where the words of the poet are true—those words which say, "we always may be what we might have been," it is in the experience of the Christian. And what God had planned for you and me may yet be true if we will only get back. Arise and go back to Bethel.

5. **And then there was the old Prayer-life.** It says in verse thirteen that God talked with Jacob there.

A little child crawled into its father's lap and said, "Papa, is God dead?"

"Why do you ask such a question, child?"

"Because," said the little one, "I don't hear you talking to Him any more like you used to." And the man's head dropped upon his breast.

Listen, "Is God dead; is God dying out of your life?" There is no power in your prayer. Perhaps you don't pray because you feel you have no right to pray; because you feel that God will not talk with you as He talked with Jacob.

If you were back to Bethel it would be different. Why not arise and go back today?

The Bethel life is the life of Peace, of Purity, and Power. It is the place where the victorious life is lived. But what I would have you know this morning is that the journey is not without its price. There's something that must be left behind and there's a getting ready

for the journey. Do you remember the little grave that Jacob dug under the oak at Shechem and what he buried there? Perhaps you and I should dig a grave this morning. Listen, when God said, "Arise and go back to Bethel," Jacob said, "Put away the strange gods that are among you and be clean and change your garments and let us arise and go up to Bethel."

First, **"Put away the strange gods!"** These are the little idols that Rachel had stolen from Laban. It seems strange that Jacob could have tolerated such things; but not any stranger than the toleration of that thing in your life or mine that has robbed us of power and kept us away from God.

An idol is something that takes the place of God; something that you may have put before God in your life.

It is sad to think of a man who has been mightily used of God but whose usefulness seems now to be almost wholly gone. But if such an one is here today he will bear witness out of a bitter experience, if not audibly, then in the secret place of his own soul, that all this has come about together with the decay of his inner life just in proportion as his heart became fixed upon some idol-love that crowded Christ to one side.

You have been ambitious for yourself and loved reputation and prominence more than God. There has been a certain indulgence fastened upon your heart, into the lawfulness of which you have reasoned yourself by plausible arguments, though all the time the Spirit of God has been whispering "Better not." You have been putting something else before God.

You know Jacob buried his idols under the oak at Shechem. They were harmless little things in themselves—little golden images and ear-rings with idol images stamped upon them—why not keep them but not worship them?

I think Jacob knew human nature too well, and then I think he wanted even to forget the past. He felt the time had come when his surrender must be complete.

We always have a burial service in our evangelistic meetings. Why not dig that grave just now and put forever away the thing that stands between the soul and the revelation of God's glory in it?

Second. **Be clean.** This meant to wash the body, but it was a token of the cleansing of the heart. How can we go back to Bethel, back to the place of blessing and expect to carry with us in our heart some known sin as we go?

Recently a boy died of diptheria in a Minnesota village. The family moved from the house and had the whole house sulphurized with the exception of one small closet that had not been used. Some

weeks after moving back into the house the mother took a shawl out of this closet and wrapped it around the remaining child and went on a visit to some friends. Diptheria broke out in the family visited and carried off three of that family before it ceased its deadly work. Sin is a deadly thing no matter how small it is and no consecration is complete that does not offer to God the whole heart for his cleansing power, every nook and corner. And if you would go back to Bethel today, then say, and say it now,

"Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee completely to dwell in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

Third. **Change your garments.** The polluted one will no longer do, and we are not going very far astray if we would see in this putting on of new garments the sign of a complete sanctification; and I use that word now in its original significance of that which is set apart and dedicated wholly to the will of God. This at least must be true when we say "Good-bye" to Shechem for the place where the angels come and go.

And perhaps just here you have failed, what has seemed to be God's will you have not wanted for yourself and you say, "No," and God has been waiting all these months, maybe years, for you to say "Yes." Say it today. Say it now, and let God choose for you where you will go and how you will spend your life.

Put away the idols; be clean; change your garments and go back to the place where God dwells. Are you discouraged just a bit? Listen, He knows.

The Lord said to Jacob when he got there, "I am El Shaddai. I am God Almighty! I am God All-sufficient! You can reckon on me, Jacob, and I will make you fruitful and multiply you." Arise and go back to Bethel and see if God will not do that for you today.

Tampering with the Main Spring

By HON. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

When the mainspring is broken, a watch ceases to be useful as a timekeeper. A handsome case may make it still an ornament, and the parts may have a market value, but it cannot serve the purpose of a watch. There is that in each human life that corresponds to the mainspring of a watch—that which is absolutely necessary if the life is to be what it should be, a real life and not a mere existence. That necessary thing is a belief in God. Religion is defined as the relation between God and man, and Tolstoy has described morality as the outward expression of this inward relationship.

If it be true, as I believe it is, that morality is dependent upon religion, then religion is not only the most practical thing in the world, but the first essential. Without religion, viz., a sense of dependence upon God and reverence for Him, one can play a part in both the physical and the intellectual world, but he cannot live up to the possibilities which God has placed within the reach of each human being. A belief in God is fundamental; upon it rest the influences that control life.

The Winona Bible Conference is one of the greatest institutions of its kind in the world and I esteem it a privilege to present to the audience assembled here, a subject in harmony with the purpose of the Conference.

The greatest issue in the world—by far the greatest—is whether the Bible is true or false—whether it is the Word of God or the work of man. The fundamental and far-reaching character of the controversy becomes apparent when we remember that the Bible gives us the conception of God as Creator and Preserver entertained among the leading nations of the world. Second; it gives us the world's knowledge of Christ as Son of God and Savior of mankind. Third; it gives up the only infallible guide. If the Bible goes, our conception of God goes and our conception of Christ goes with it. If the Bible goes we have no light for our path and no lamp for our feet. And the

Bible must go if it is not the Word of God. If the Bible is only a man-made book it is the greatest impostor of the ages. If it can be proven to be a fraud it will not hold a place even among books of fiction. It might be highly regarded from a literary standpoint if it did not claim for itself inspiration, but it cannot survive, even as literature, if it can be stripped of the halo which inspiration gives it and convicted of falsehood.

If, on the contrary, it is God's revealed will, it will prevail, and increasingly influence the thoughts and the lives of men.

Let us consider, first, its vital revelation of God. The thought of God is the greatest thought that can enter into the human mind or heart. Belief in a Supreme Being is the foundation upon which rests all the influences that control life.

First. Consciousness of God's presence is the most comforting thing that man knows and we cannot have the consciousness of God's presence unless we believe that there is a God.

Second. A sense of responsibility to God for thought and word and deed is the greatest of the restraining influences that regulate human conduct. Society and civilization are impossible without morality; morality rests upon religion, and religion rests upon God. If it were possible to erase from the human heart and mind all thought of God and, with it, all sense of responsibility to God, chaos would follow.

Third. Without a belief in God there can be no prayer. To pray one must believe not only that there is a God, but that He is near enough to hear and willing to answer. Christ tells us that our lives are precious in the sight of the Heavenly Father and that He is more willing than the earthly parent to give good gifts unto his children. What would it mean if prayer were abandoned throughout the world? —if never again was a heart raised in thanksgiving to God or in petition for guidance?

Fourth. Without a belief in God there can be no belief in a future life with rewards and punishments. If there be no God, the grave is the end. What shall we substitute to strengthen man in hours of temptation if we remove the belief that at the judgment day one will be held accountable for deeds done in the flesh?

Fifth. If there be no God we will wait in vain for the coming of an universal brotherhood. We trace our kinship with each other through the common Father of us all. There are only two attitudes which a human being can assume when he deals with his fellow men—the attitude of a brother, restrained by the ties of kinship, and the attitude of a brute that devours with the savage hunger of the beast.

Sixth. If there be no God there can be no Christ—no Father, no Son and Savior. What would it mean to take Christ out of the world? It is an idle question; Christ is so interwoven with all that is good that His name cannot be withdrawn. There has not been a great reform accomplished in a thousand years that was not built around the teachings of Christ; and there will not be in the ages yet to come a movement of importance for the uplifting of humanity that will not be inspired by the thought of the Man of Galilee. He is the great Fact of history—there is no other fact to be mentioned in comparison with Him; He is the growing figure of all time—there is no other growing figure in the world today save Christ.

Seventh. If there be no God there can be no Bible—no revealed will of God unless there be a God with a will to reveal. What would it mean to take the Bible out of the world? It has done more for civilization than all other books combined. Does that seem a strong statement? Let me make it plain: If we were compelled to choose between the Bible and all other books—of course such a choice is neither necessary nor desirable—but if it were necessary, it would be infinitely better to let all other books go and keep the Bible, and build the world anew on the Word of God than to let the Bible go and keep all other books. If this seems like an extreme statement it must be remembered that there is no other Word of God. As no ratio can measure the difference between man and his Creator, so no ratio can measure the difference between God's Word and man's books.

As the Bible is the supreme issue, it is important that we understand that the friends of the Bible are not responsible for disturbing harmony, if harmony is disturbed, by this controversy. We are defenders of the faith; we are defenders of the Bible and of the interpretation placed upon it by the entire Christian world until a recent period. Those who attack the Bible are the aggressors; harmony is being disturbed by those who would obliterate vital passages of the Bible and substitute hypotheses of so-called scientists for the verities of the Book of Books.

To make the contrast stronger, let me submit this proposition: **There are three verses in the first chapter of Genesis that mean more to man than all the man-made books in all the libraries of the world**—just three verses, and we have all the rest of the Bible besides.

First; In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. This is the only sentence ever written that gives us the **beginning** of all things, including the **origin** of life. Life is more important than all inanimate matter; there is nothing that can be compared to it.

We give the atheist too much latitude; we let him ask all the questions while we try to answer them. A five-year-old child can ask questions which no grown person can answer. Why should we give to the atheist the child's task of asking questions? There are questions which no grown person can answer because some questions require infinite knowledge for their answer and man's knowledge is finite. No atheist can ask more than that they shall take turn about in the asking of questions and when we concede to the atheist the right to ask the first question we grant more than he can ask.

What is an atheist's first question? "Where do you begin?" That is the only first question. Our answer is: We begin where the Bible begins. And where does the Bible begin? "In the beginning." It begins with a God, all wise, all powerful, and all loving—a creative power sufficient for all that can come thereafter.

Having answered the atheist's first question, it is now our turn and we submit to the atheist the question asked of us, viz., "Where do you begin?" And then his trouble begins. It is just as necessary that an atheist shall have a commencing point for his philosophy as that the Christian shall. Where does the atheist begin? Did you ever know one to go back farther than the nebular hypothesis? And where does that begin—in the beginning? No, it begins by **assuming** that matter and force were in existence; it does not attempt to explain where matter and force came from, or when they came, or how or why. The atheist begins by saying, Let us suppose that matter and force are here, and when he has supposed twice he supposes the third time and guesses that force working on matter created the world. I have as much right as the atheist to begin—with a supposition—to begin by **assuming** the existence of something that need not be proven; and I would rather begin with God and reason **down** than begin with a piece of dirt and reason **up.** There are only two lines of reasoning, one from God down and the other from inamimate matter up. Which of the two is the more reasonable?

I submit that there has never been offered a substitute for the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis—or explanation of creation—as easy to understand, as easy to believe, as easy to explain and as easy to defend. Do not allow the atheist to drive you from the truth upon which you stand when you plant yourself upon: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." It is the only solid rock —all other ground is shifting sand.

The second of the three verses singled out for special consideration is the twenty-fourth verse in which Moses states God's universal

law—**reproduction according to kind.** The Bible is not offered to the world as a book of science and Moses is not usually classed among the scientists, and yet, the twenty-fourth verse of the first chapter of Genesis, presents the greatest scientific fact, namely, the law governing the continuity of the life upon the planet. If life is to continue there must be reproduction and, if reproduction, it must be according to law or lawless. Where in all books of science can be found a fact or collection of facts so vital to man as the scientific fact of **reproduction according to kind.** The law of reproduction according to kind has never been violated since life appeared on the planet; never once. Even man, but a "little lower than the angels," with a power over nature that surpasses description and staggers belief—even man has never been able to persuade or coerce that intangible, invisible thing that we call life to cross the line of species. With more than a million distinct species in the animal and vegetable worlds, not one can be shown to have come from any other. The only thing that has menaced religion in the last nineteen hundred years is the attempt to substitute man's guess for God's law—the effort to substitute reproduction by variation for reproduction according to kind. But of this later.

The third of the three sentences is the twenty-sixth verse of the first chapter of Genesis. "Let us make man in our image." No one without revelation has ever been able to guess the riddle of life. No philosopher has been able to guess the riddle of life. No philosopher has been able to fashion a philosophy that fits into human needs. How can he? Man is born into the world without his own volition. He has not a word to say about the age or the land in which he will be born —the race of which he will be a member, the family that will furnish him the environment of his youth, or even his sex. As far as man is concerned, he comes into the world by chance and knows not how long he will remain. Most of the children born into the world die before they are old enough to know what life means; man cannot insure himself for one hour against accident, disease or death. How can one hope to solve the problem of life under human limitations?

But the Bible explains man's presence here. When God had created all other things, he created man—not as he had created other things, but by separate act and in His own image. He made man commander-in-chief of all that is. When man understands that he is "the child of a King," and that earth is his royal inheritance, he finds himself. Then he seeks to know God's law that he may live up to it. He finds that he is free to act—that not even the Father Himself will restrain the sovereign will of man. But while he is free to act he is

warned that he will be held accountable for every moment of his life, for every atom of his power, and for every ounce of his influence. He finds that a loving Heavenly Father has linked happiness to virtue and prosperity to righteousness, requiring only obedience in return. Obey, is the command, and with the command comes a promise: Obey and I have made it possible for you to rise up to, and live upon, the high plane to which I call all my children.

Search all the libraries of the world, read all the books that man has written; where can you find in them all as much that concerns man's welfare as you find in these three verses? The first gives us the origin of life—the only origin; the twenty-fourth gives us the law governing life's continuity—the only law; the twenty-sixth verse gives us the explanation of man's presence on earth—the only explanation. And, besides the three verses, we have all the rest of God's Word—the inspiration of the prophets, the consolation of the Psalms, and the information that comes from the record of God's dealing with a chosen people. And then we have the New Testament with the story of the atoning blood of Jesus; we have His code of morals, which is to endure for all time; we have His gospel for every human being; and back of all these we have Christ Himself, with all power in heaven and in earth in His hands, and He has promised, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Shall we defend the Bible, or shall we give it up? If it is worth believing, it is worth defending; if it is worth defending, it must be defended from attack, no matter from what source it comes.

The only attack of any importance now made upon the Bible is made in the name of evolution, an unsupported hypothesis which cannot be harmonized with any of the fundamental doctrines of the Bible. I wish to repeat what I have already said, namely, that the evolutionists are the aggressors, and, therefore, responsible for any disturbance of harmony that may result from the controversy. I add that but few of those who believe in evolution know what it means. Some confuse evolution with growth, while others apply the term to changes wrought by man. One professor spoke of the evolution of the automobile, another of the evolution of the telephone. These are not illustrations of evolution; there are, in fact, no illustrations of evolution that can be given, because there are no species that were ever changed into another. **Evolution is change of species by the action of resident forces—that is, forces that work from within.** Evolution teaches that there is a "pushing power" which is responsible for the development of all life "from one of a few invisible

germs," which (they all agree) appeared on the planet ages ago. Darwin thought that these germs of life appeared about two hundred million years ago. Darwin's son reduced the estimate to fifty-seven million, while some have put it as high as three hundred million years. Our contention is simple and easily understood. It is this: If Darwin's hypothesis were correct, and all living species in animal and vegetable life came by gradual change from one or a few invisible germs of life, every square foot of the earth's surface would teem with conclusive proof of these changes. But, as this hypothesis is not true, there is no evidence of change of species anyhere. Millions of specimens have been investigated, from insects so small they have to be examined under the microscope, to animals larger than exist today, and not one has been found in process of change—all are perfect to the minutest degree. If everything has changed, is it not reasonable to suppose that we would find among a million species some change somewhere?

Evolutionists tell us that only trained minds can understand this hypothesis, or are fit to pass judgment upon it. Let them not deceive you; the important things of life are not difficult to understand. It requires no special training to sit in judgment upon the question of evolution, because evolutionists have no evidence to present. We trust the greatest of questions to our juries, none of whom are required to present a diploma as evidence of fitness for jury service. Men who have never graduated from any college decide questions of life and death, of property, of marriage and divorce, and of the care of the children. And they decide them just as fairly and as justly as these questions would be decided by juries made up entirely of college graduates.

But Darwinism is not only unproven, and, as I believe, untrue, but it is supported by the most absurd arguments. Darwin thought that man's brain was superior to woman's, and explained this supposed superiority on the theory that our ancestry, when all were brutes, fought for the females, and, by fighting, developed their brain power. He thought this increased brain power descended not to males and females, but only to males, and finally reached us. Can anything be more absurd? Yes, another of Darwin's explanations is even more absurd. He contended that man was once a hairy animal and tried to explain how he was transformed into a hairless animal. He explains this by saying that in those early days the female animals, by unanimous agreement, preferred the animals with the least hair, and, in mating, shunted the hairy ones off to one side and

selected those with the least hair, and thus, in the course of ages, bred the hair off. This is even more ridiculous than the attempt to explain man's superior brain power — an explanation which is not needed today, because few now believe that man's brain is superior to woman's brain.

What shall we say of the attempt to explain the eye on the theory that light waves beat upon the skin, and an eye came out in answer? Or that sound waves beat upon the skin, and the ear came out to hear? Or what shall we say of the explanation given by a Pennsylvania professor that we dream of falling because fifty thousand years ago our ancestors fell out of trees? This professor proceeds to explain that we never dream of being hurt when we dream of falling, because those that fell and were killed had no descendants, and that therefore we must have descended from those that fell and were not killed!

These do not exhaust the ridiculous explanations. They are innumerable. They surpass the fancifulness of the stories of Arabian Nights. They are only mentioned to show how little reason there is in scientific guesses when scientists discard the Bible and launch out into space. In passing it is worth while to notice that evolutionists are more and more attempting to escape from the absurdities of Darwin's explanations. They even talk of Darwinism being dead. But while they discard his explanations, they retain Darwin's conclusions without any explanations, and, accepting them, change the whole philosophy of life.

We are now told that biologists trace man's ancestry to the same family tree from which the ape and monkey came, but not to the same limb of the tree. In other words, they want us to believe that the ape is man's cousin instead of man's grandpa. But it requires more credulity to accept the new hypothesis than the one to which Darwin gave his name. We have in the ape, the gorilla, and the monkey, animals that bear slight resemblances to man, whereas we have not a single thing that resembles man if we attempt to trace his pedigree through some other limb of the tree. If, instead of coming up through the monkey line, man came up through some other line, is it not strange that we do not find either in the earth's surface or in the rocks below a single link connecting him with the tree? If an engineer desires to build a bridge across a river he welcomes an island upon which to build a pier. He prefers two short spans rather than one long one. How would an engineer characterize the credulity of those evolutionists who, shamed away from an ape descent, profess to believe that man came up from the brute by another route without leaving any trace behind him?

But the most serious objection to Darwinism is not that it is untrue, because many falsehoods are not worth answering; neither is the absurdity of the explanations the most serious objection, because it is not worth while to waste time on absurdities if they are harmless. The vital objection to Darwinism is that it **tends to destroy the religious faith of those who accept the doctrine and attempt to harmonize their views on other subjects with it.** Not that every believer in Darwin becomes an atheist or agnostic. A doctrine may be dangerous without destroying all who adopt it, just as smallpox is dangerous, although a large percentage of those who take it survive the disease. It is because many die of smallpox that we quarantine against it; and so we should quarantine against Darwinism, because it kills spiritually a large percentage of those who accept it—a larger percentage than smallpox has to its account.

Theistic evolutionists contend that evolution was God's method of creation, but they do more harm than atheistic evolutionists, because they mislead Christians. Theistic evolution may be defined as an anesthetic which lessens the pain while atheistic evolutionists remove the religion.

That the natural tendency of Darwinism is to make atheists and agnostics would appear even without proof if one considers the logical effect of such a doctrine. A boy is born in a Christian family. As soon as he is able to join words together into sentences, his mother teaches him to lisp the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep; if I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." A little later the boy is taught the Lord's prayer, and each day he lays his petition before the Heavenly Father, "Give us this day our daily bread;" "Lead us not into temptation;" "Deliver us from evil;" "Forgive us our trespasses," etc. He talks with God. He goes to Sunday school and learns that the Heavenly Father is even more kind than earthly parents. He hears the preacher tell how precious our lives are in the sight of God—how even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice. All his faith is built upon the Book that informs him that he is made in the image of God; that Christ, virgin born, came to reveal God to man and to be man's Saviour.

Then he goes to college, and a learned professor leads him through a book 600 pages thick, largely devoted to resemblances between man and the beasts about him. His attention is called to a point in the ear that is like the point in the ear of the ourang-outang, to canine teeth, to muscles like those by which a horse moves his ears.

He is then told that everything found in a human brain is found in miniature in a brute's brain.

And how about morals? He is assured that the development of the moral sense can be explained on a brute basis without any act of, or aid from, God. (See pages 113-114, Darwin's Descent of Man.)

No mention of religion, the only basis for morality. Not a suggestion of a sense of responsibility to God—nothing but cold, clammy materialism! Darwinism transforms the Bible into a story book and reduces Christ to man's level. It gives him an ape for an ancestor, on his mother's side at least, and, as many evolutionists believe, on his father's side also.

The instructor gives the student a new family tree millions of years long, with its roots in the water (marine animals) and then sets him adrift, with an infinite capacity for good or evil, but with no light to guide him, no compass to direct him, and no chart of the sea of life!

No wonder so large a percentage of the boys and girls who go from Sunday schools and churches to colleges (sometimes as high as seventy-five per cent) never return to religious work. How can one feel God's presence in his daily life if Darwin's reasoning is sound? This restraining influence, more potent than any external force, is paralyzed when God is put so far away. How can one believe in prayer, if, for millions of years, God has never touched a human life or laid His hand upon the destiny of the human race? What mockery to petition or implore if God neither hears nor answers. Elijah taunted the prophets of Baal when their god failed to answer with fire. "Cry aloud," he said, "peradvanture he sleepeth." Darwin mocks the Christian even more cruelly. He tells us that our God has been asleep for millions of years. Even worse; he does not affirm that Jehovah was ever awake. Nowhere does he collect for the reader the evidence of a Creative Power and call upon man to worship and obey God. The great scientist is, if I may borrow a phrase, "too much absorbed in the things infinitely small to consider the things infinitely great." Darwinism chills the spiritual nature and quenches the fires of religious enthusiasm. If the proof in support of Darwinism does not compel acceptance—and it does not—why substitute it for an account of the Creation that links man directly with the Creator and holds him an example to be imitated?

I have spoken of what would seem to be the natural and logical effect of the Darwinian hypothesis on the minds of the young. This view is confirmed by its actual effect on Darwin himself. In his "Life

and Letters" he says: "I am much engaged, an old man, and out of health, and I cannnot spare time to answer your questions fully—nor indeed can they be answered. Science has nothing to do with Christ, except insofar as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself, I do not believe that there ever has been any revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting and vague probabilities." It will be seen that science, according to Darwin, has nothing to do with Christ (except to discredit revelation, which makes Christ's mission known to men). Darwin himself does not believe that there ever has been **any revelation,** which of course, excludes Christ. It will be seen also that he has no definite views on the **future life**—"every man," he says, "must judge for himself between **conflicting vague probabilities."**

It is fair to conclude that it was **his own doctrine** that led him astray, for in the same connection (in "Life and Letters") he says that when aboard the Beagle he was called "orthodox and was heartily laughed at by several of the officers for quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality." In the same connection he thus describes his change and his final attitude: "When thus reflecting I feel compelled to look to a First Cause, having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man; and I deserve to be called a Theist. This conclusion was strong in my mind about the time, as far as I can remember, when I wrote the "Origin of Species;" and it is since that time that it has very gradually, with many fluctuations, become weaker. But then arises the doubt: Can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?

"I cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems. The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us; and I for one must be content to remain an agnostic."

A careful reading of the above discloses the gradual transition wrought in Darwin himself by the unsupported hypothesis which he launched upon the world, or which he endorsed with such earnestness and industry as to impress his name upon it. He was regarded as **"orthodox"** when he was young; he was even laughed at for quoting the Bible as "an unanswerable authority on some point of morality." In the beginning he regarded himself as a theist and felt compelled to "look to a First Cause, having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man."

This conclusion, he says, was strong in his mind when he wrote

"The Origin of Species," but he observes that since that time this conclusion very gradually became weaker, and then he unconsciously brings a telling indictment against his own hypothesis. He says, "Can the mind of man (which, according to his belief, has been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals) be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?" He first links man with the animals, and then, because of this supposed connection, estimates man's mind by brute standards. Agnosticism is the natural attitude of the evolutionist. How can a brute's mind comprehend spiritual things? It makes a tremendous difference what a man thinks about his origin—whether he looks up or down. Who will say, after reading these words, that it is immaterial what man thinks about his origin? Who will deny that the acceptance of the Darwinism hypothesis shuts out the higher reasonings and the larger conceptions of man?

On the very brink of the grave, after he had extracted from his hypothesis all the good that there was in it and all the benefit that it could confer, he is helplessly in the dark, and "cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems." When he believed in God, in the Bible, in Christ, and in a future life, there were no mysteries that disturbed him; but a guess, with nothing in the universe to support it, swept him away from his moorings and left him in his old age in the midst of mysteries that he thought insoluble. He must content himself with Agnosticism. What can Darwinism ever do to compensate any one for the destruction of faith in God, in His Word, in His Son, and of hope of immortality?

It would seem sufficient to quote Darwin against himself and to cite the confessed effect of the doctrine as a sufficient reason for rejecting it, but the situation is a very serious one, and here is other evidence that should be presented.

James H. Leuba, a professor of psychology in Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, wrote a book a few years ago entitled, "Belief in God and Immortality." It was published by Sherman French & Co., of Boston, and republished by The Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago. Every Christian preacher should procure a copy of this book and it should be in the hands of every Christian layman who is anxious to aid in the defense of the Bible against its enemies. Leuba has discarded belief in a personal God and in personal immortality. He asserts that belief in a personal God and personal immortality is declining among the educated in the United States, and he furnishes proof, which, as long as it is unchallenged, seems conclusive. He takes a book containing the names of fifty-five hundred scientists—

the names of practically all American scientists of prominence, he affirms—and sends them questions. Upon the answers received he asserts that **more than one-half** of the prominent scientists of the United States, those teaching biology, psychology, geology and history especially, have discarded belief in a personal God and in personal immortality.

This is what the doctrine of evolution is doing for those who teach our children. They first discard the Mosaic account of man's creation, and they do it on the ground that there are no miracles. This in itself constitutes a practical repudiation of the Bible; the miracles of the Old and New Testament cannot be cut out without a mutilation that is equivalent to rejection.

They reject the supernatural along with the miracle, and with the supernatural they reject the inspiration of the Bible and the authority that rests upon inspiration. If these believers in evolution are consistent and have the courage to carry their doctrine to its logical conclusion, they reject the virgin birth of Christ and the resurrection. They may still regard Christ as an unusual man, but they will not make much headway in converting people to Christianity if they declare Jesus to be nothing more than a man and either a deliberate impostor or a deluded enthusiast.

The evil influence of these materialistic, atheistic or agnostic professors is disclosed by further investigations made by Leuba. He questioned the students of nine representative colleges, and upon their answers declares that, while only fifteen per cent of the freshmen have discarded the Christian religion, thirty per cent of the juniors have, and that forty to forty-five per cent of the men graduates have abandoned the cardinal principles of the Christian faith. Can Christians be indifferent to such statistics? Is it an immaterial thing that so large a percentage of the young men who go from Christian homes into institutions of learning should go out from these institutions with the spiritual element eliminated from their lives? What shall it profit a man if he shall gain all the learning of the schools and lose his faith in God?

To show how these evolutionists undermine the faith of students, let me give you an illustration that recently came to my attention: A student in one of the largest state universities of the nation gave me a printed speech delivered by the president of the university, about two years ago, to 3,500 students. It was printed and circulated by the Student Christian Association of the institution. The student who gave me the speech marked the following paragraph: "And, again,

religion must not be thought of as something that is inconsistent with reasonable, scientific thinking in regard to the nature of the universe. I go so far as to say that, if you cannot reconcile religion with the things taught in biology, in psychology, or in the other fields of study in this university, then you should throw your religion away. Scientific truth is here to stay."

What about the Bible? Is it not here to stay? If he had stopped with the first sentence, his language might not have been construed to the injury of religion, because religion is not "inconsistent with reasonable scientific thinking in regard to the nature of the universe." There is nothing **unreasonable** about Christianity, and there is nothing **unscientific** about Christianity. No scientific fact—no fact of any other kind—can disturb religion, because **facts are not in conflict with each other.** It is **guessing** by scientists and so-called scientists that is doing the harm. And it is **guessing** that is endorsed by this distinguished college president (a D. D., too, as well as an LL. D. and a Ph. D.) when he says, "I go so far as to say that, if you cannot reconcile religion with the things taught in biology, in psychology, or in the other fields of study in this university, then you should throw your religion away." What does this mean, except that the books on biology and on other scientific subjects used in that university are to be preferred to the Bible in case of conflict? The student is told "throw away your religion," if he cannot reconcile it (the Bible, of course,) with the things taught in biology, psychology, etc. Books on biology change constantly, likewise books on psychology, and yet they are held before the students as better authority than the unchanging Word of God.

Is any other proof needed to show the irreligious influence exerted by Darwinism applied to man? At the University of Wisconsin (so a Methodist preacher told me) a teacher told his class that the Bible was a collection of myths. When I brought the matter to the attention of the president of the university, he criticized me, but avoided all reference to the professor. At Ann Arbor a professor argued with students against religion and asserted that no thinking man could believe in God or the Bible. At Columbia (I learned this from a Baptist preacher) a professor began his course in geology by telling his class to throw away all that they had learned in Sunday school. There is a professor in Yale of whom it is said that no one leaves his class a believer in God. (This came from a young man who told me that his brother was being led away from the Christian faith by this professor). A father (a Congressman) tells me that a daughter, on her return from Wellesley told him that nobody believed in the Bible

stories now. Another father (a Congressman) tells me of a son whose faith was undermined by this doctrine in a divinity school. Three preachers told me of having their interest in the subject aroused by the return of their children from college with their faith shaken.

In Kentucky the fight is on among the Disciples, and it is becoming more and more acute in the Northern branches of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. A young preacher, just out of a theological seminary, who did not believe in the virgin birth of Christ, was recently ordained in Western New York. Recently I met a young man who was made an atheist by two teachers in a Christian college.

These are only a few illustrations that have come under my own observation—nearly all of them within two years. What is to be done? Are the members of the various Christian churches willing to have the power of the pulpit paralyzed by a false, absurd and ridiculous doctrine which is without support in nature? Is "thus saith the Lord" to be supplanted by guesses and speculations and assumptions? I submit three propositions for the consideration of the Christians of the nation:

First. The preachers who are to break the bread of life to the lay members should believe that man has in him the breath of the Almighty, as the Bible declares, and not the blood of the brute, as the evolutionists affirm. They should also believe in the virgin birth of the Saviour.

Second. None but Christians in good standing and with a spiritual conception of life should be allowed to teach in Christian schools. Church schools are worse than useless if they bring students under the influence of those who do not believe in the religion upon which the church and church schools are built. Atheism and agnosticism are more dangerous when hidden under the cloak of religion than when they are exposed to view.

Third. In schools supported by taxation we should have a real neutrality wherever neutrality in religion is desired. If the Bible cannot be defended in these schools, it should not be attacked, either directly or under the guise of philosophy or science. The neutrality which we now have is often but a sham; it carefully excludes the Christian religion.

If it is contended that an instructor has the right to teach anything that he likes, I reply that the parents who pay the salaries have a right to decide what is to be taught. The hand that writes the pay check rules the school. The right to decide must reside somewhere. It is the right to decide that determines the form of government—

that government only being a democracy in which the people rule. In nothing is the rule of the people more important than in the matter of instruction, because the school is the nursery of ideals and cannot be separated from any important line of human thought. Even where fundamental principles are not taught they are assumed, and instruction built upon an assumption moulds thought as effectively as teaching based upon announced principles.

For instance, the teaching of Darwin's hypothesis in the schools is based upon the assumption that it is true; upon no other assumption can it be taught; and, it need hardly be added that such teaching is based also upon the assumption that the Bible account of creation is not true.

Scientists tell us that religion should not interfere with science. Our answer is that science should not interfere with religion. There will be no conflict between science ad religion so long as science confines itself to facts. No truth demonstrated by science disturbs the Bible or Christianity. The objection made by Christians is not to any facts established by science, or in any other department of knowledge. The objection is to unsupported hypotheses, which are accepted and taught as if they were true facts, and taught in spite of the fact that they undermine Christian belief.

Our adversaries evade the real issue, and it is not unfair to say that in doing so they confess their inability to meet the issue when clearly stated. The question is not whether there should be freedom of conscience in this country. We have freedom of conscience, and no Christian attempts to destroy or impair freedom of conscience. The atheist has just as much right to be an atheist, and the agnostic has just as much right to be an agnostic as the Christian has to be a Christian. More than that, the atheist has as much right to teach atheism, and the agnostic has as much right to teach agnosticism as the Christian has to teach Christianity. Can the atheist or agnostic ask for more than this? They cannot do so rightly, and they do not do so openly; but secretly they not only ask for but receive higher consideration than is given Christians, and that, too, in a land in which Christianity is the prevailing religion. We recognize God in the administration of oaths and on our coins. We recognize the Bible in the oath that the president takes on inauguration day, and yet we allow belief in God to be undermined and belief in the Bible to be overthrown by men who draw salaries paid by taxation.

Christians of every denomination, Protestant and Catholic, must build Christian colleges with their own money if they desire to teach

Christianity. Why not require atheists and agnostics to build their own colleges for the teaching of agnosticism? Why should the Christian religion be barred from public schools and the teaching of irreligion be permitted?

If evolutionists contend that evolution does not undermine belief in God, the Bible, and in Christ, but merely presents a different interpretation of the Bible from that accepted by orthodox Christians, I reply that no interpretation can claim the privilege of using public institutions for its propagation. If such a privilege can be claimed by any, it belongs to the majority rather than to the minority, and a large majority of the church members have never believed in a brute ancestry for man. Probably nine-tenths of the church members of the United States, if not a larger percentage, wholly reject the Darwinian hypothesis and every other hypothesis that links man in blood relationship with the brute creation.

Christians, therefore, stand upon solid ground when they insist on the right of the Christian church to require of its ministers to accept the creed of the church as a condition precedent to preaching. It is no infringement upon the right of conscience to say that a man who conscientiously rejects the creed of a church should have conscience enough not to enter the ministry of such a church, or if the change of opinion takes place after he enters, to withdraw from the ministry.

It is not interference with the rights of any teacher to say that no one not a Christian should be employed to teach in a Christian school. The right to teach is not an inalienable right; it depends entirely upon the desire of those who employ teachers to pay the salaries desired. Those who pay the salaries have the right to fix the conditions upon which instruction can be given. And, in like manner, it is not a denial of any right to restrain teachers employed by the public from teaching anything to which their employers object. The Christian taxpayers will not, when they understand the situation, permit day school teachers to spend the five school days in the week undermining the principles inculcated in the hearts of the children in the home, the Sunday school and the church.

Why, it will be asked, do some intelligent people accept Darwinism and evolution without proof? First, some overestimate the mind's part and think that education can be substituted for religion. Second, some minds feel flattered by the claims of evolutionists that evolution, by explaining the appearance of all forms of life, does away with all mysteries and miracles. Third, it is a lazy man's theory—it enables

one to content himself with the progress made by his ancestors, instead of striving for perfection himself.

If there ever was a time when Christians could not afford to permit vital Christian truths to be attacked, that time is now. We have just emerged from the bloodiest war known in history. Thirty millions of human beings lost their lives, directly or indirectly, through the war; three hundred billions of dollars worth of property was destroyed by the war; the debts of the world are more than six times as large as they were when the first gun was fired.

The world has been wearing the devil's yoke and carrying the devil's burden, and it can carry the burden no longer. The civilized nations are upon the verge of an abyss, at the bottom of the yawning gulf they see universal bankruptcy.

And the war cannot be charged to ignorant men—the statesmen who brought it on were the product of our colleges and universities. Educated men designed the battleships and dreadnaughts and superdreadnaughts. Scientists mixed the poisonous gases and manufactured the liquid fire. It was worldly wisdom that made war so hellish that civilization was about to commit suicide.

To whom can the world turn in this momentous hour? Whose yoke can be substituted for the devil's yoke? There is but one Song that can be used as an international anthem—the Song that startled the Shepherds at Bethlehem — "Peace on earth, good will to men." There is but One who can save civilization, only One, the Christ. If One reared in a carpenter shop must restore the world and bring back hope to civilization, that One must not be belittled as He begins the task. No pigmy Christ can save the world. The times demand a full-statured Saviour. No man aspiring to be God can do what needs to be done. It requires a God condescending to be a man.

Darwin's doctrine strips religion of its power. His God was nowhere—he could not find him. His Bible was nothing—it had no inspiration. His Christ was nobody—he was only a man with a brute for his ancestor on both his father's and his mother's side. Such a Christ cannot meet the needs of today.

Evolution would rob Christ of the glory of a virgin birth, of the majesty of His deity, and of the triumph of His resurrection. The world's greatest need is to get back to God, a real God, Creator, Preserver, and Father; to a Bible that is the Word of God and an infallible guide to life and conduct, and to the Christ of Whom the Bible tells, Whose blood has colored the stream of time, Whose philosophy fits

into every human need and Whose teachings furnish the only solution of the problems that vex the human heart and perplex the world.

The church must stand as adamant for God, the Bible, and Christ. It must defend the Bible as the Word of our God and the revelation of His Son.

The Work in the Tombs

By REV. JOHN CALLAHAN

I am here this morning to speak to you a little bit about my work in the Tombs. It is a great work, and a great privilege to be able to be there. When people come among us, to do us good, in the spirit of the Master, it is, as it were, oyster supper to our souls! But so many people take that great call to service, and turn it about so that they are making a contract with God in this fashion: "If you will feed us real good, then we will go out and feed other folks." That is not the thing the Lord Jesus intended. Listen:

> For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:
>
> Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.
>
> Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?
>
> When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?
>
> And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

It is only when it is done in this way that it can fill the hungry heart, and truly satisfy. And there is no satisfaction for anyone apart from Him.

Did you ever stop to think how few people in this world are really satisfied? A number of years ago I was a newsboy in New York City, and sold papers where the Waldorf-Astoria is now. Then there was a big vacant lot there, and old John Jacob Astor owned the property. After amassing his fortune, and being in a very dissatisfied state, one day he was wondering if there was a man in the world that literally was satisfied. And so he had a sign printed, that read: "This lot given away to the man that is satisfied." He put it up on the corner of Thirty-Fourth street and Fifth Avenue, where the Waldorf-Astoria is today There it stood, and I can well remember reading it over and over: "This lot given away to the man that is satisfied." That got a big crowd. All stood around and began to

Astor's offer to the satisfied man

read. They read it out loud, and stood around and talked. They did not believe it. There were many different comments upon it, and there was a lot of interest. Finally one fellow said that he was fully satisfied and he was going to find out if there was any truth in the sign. "I am going to go down and apply for the lot." So he went to the Astor House and rang the bell, and he was ushered in by the butler, who took his hat and showed him to a seat. Presently Mr. Astor came in, and introduced himself. "I have seen the sign," said our satisfied man, "and I came down here, Mr. Astor, to apply for the lot. Your sign reads: 'This lot given away to the man that is satisfied!'." "Yes," said Mr. Astor, "that lot is to be given away, but only on condition." "The condition," he reminded him, "that the man is satisfied." "Are you satisfied?" "I am, sir." If you are satisfied, what do you want the lot for?" Now there is nobody that can be truly satisfied, without God, and without Jesus, as long as they are on earth. When Jesus comes into the heart of a man or woman, He brings to them a certain state of satisfaction, but even then, there is a longing for development. He wants to be making definite progress, and as Paul said, "Press on to the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." A man who is wholly satisfied is in a state of stagnation.

But I am here this morning to speak to you about my work in The Tombs, where I am stationed as Chaplain, for the honor and glory of God, in New York City. When they first came to me with the offer of this position in The Tombs, they wanted me to resign my work in the Bowery Mission, and begin right away, that very day. But I felt that I was reaching more men on the Bowery, and I refused to make the change. They kept coming after me, and after me, and finally met with my. Board My Board decided to give me more help, and let me take both positions. It is wonderful how God Almighty can take a man out of the depths and lift him up. Think of this! I was a young fellow in the City of New York before I was converted. And I used to keep a cell in The Tombs. And now they wanted me to be a Chaplain in the very institution where I had been a convict. And I felt that God Almighty, in the order of His Divine Providence, had a special reason for calling me to that work. You know a man can enter into the sympathies of another fellow only when he had been through his experiences and can understand them fully. If some of the attorneys did what Moses did! You remember that Moses committed murder, and God had to run him over to Midian, and said to him, "You may do time for forty years" And he humbled himself in the dust Then God lifted him up and set him over the people, and he lifted up his face to the heavens, and God caused his face to shine. Moses could take a case after that! He knew what it meant.

He could have the deepest sympathy for the man who did wrong. He knew how to plead a case. And the best way for a lawyer to be able to plead a case is to know the thing really, by your own experience, to enter with full sympathy into the spirit of it.

I have been in The Tombs for eight years, and I do not know any place where I feel the divine presence of God Almighty any more than in my visitation from cell to cell, in this place. I go on Sunday morning into the chapel and have the men and women who are in prison before me. And the Divine Presence is there. I feel it like dew coming down from the heavens. Why does God manifest His Presence like that? He knows how greatly we need it there. "My God shall supply all your needs," says Paul, and He knows our needs there, that we need that our eyes shall be re-opened, and that we need conviction, and we need regeneration, that we need to be completely changed. Therefore God Almighty says: "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." That is the reason that at times there is so much of the Divine Presence manifested in a place of that kind.

I have talked with individuals who are in The Tombs for two weeks, and I have talked with individuals who are in for life. I am in close touch with the men, and hear their confessions. I don't think there is a Catholic Priest in New York who hears more confessions than John Callahan. Oftentimes they call me Father John. I had a telegram sent here only yesterday addressed to the Bishop of the Bowery. So you have a Bishop here speaking to you, and you did not know it. And I received a letter just yesterday addressed to the Reverend Father John Callahan. I was notified that there was a young man sick, in New York, and that he had been sent to St. Vincent's. I called up St. Vincent's, and they said that he could not be received, and that he had been sent to Bellevue. I called up Bellevue, and they said that he had not been received there. "Who is this speaking, anyway?" "This is the Reverend John Callahan." "Oh, excuse me, Father. I did not know it was you." And in five minutes I had what I wanted. You see, it pays to have titles sometimes!

But I was talking of confessions. Listen: I say that the more that I hear the confessions of individuals, and get in touch with men and women—women, too, as well as men, don't forget that! And from all walks of life, from all professions—the more I talk with these, the more I realize that it behooves every man to walk humbly before God Almighty. No wonder the Apostle Paul said: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast." And Solomon says: "Boast not thyself of tomorrow: for thou knowest not

what a day may bring forth." And that don't mean death—death may be on your track, on the track of all of you. But that means just as much, "boast not of thy riches, and boast not of thy strength, or of thy attainments, or of thy profession, or whatever it may be. Boast not. You can't tell what tomorrow may bring." Isn't it true? I have talked with judges who had passed sentences on other men, and who were trembling lest they be found out and another judge pass a sentence upon them. I have talked with doctors—

There was one doctor there in The Tombs who had murdered his father-in-law and his mother-in-law. I saw him in one of my services. He put his head down in his hands and sat there. And when they went out he went to his cell and pulled the covers over his head and did not eat for forty-eight hours. Then he sent for me. "I just got what was coming to me, Chaplain. I must tell somebody," and he talked for two hours steady. That man began to tell his story from the first. Don't think that educated people never come to such a place. Don't trust in education to save you. Get all the education you can, be wiser than Solomon if you can, but don't forget that "The world by wisdom knew not God." This man was a graduate of Ann Arbor, and here he was in The Tombs for killing his father-in-law and his mother-in-law. Why was not his conscience awakened when he had killed the first one? Why did he go on and kill both of them? But he had killed them, and had gone on about his business, in the hospitals, and calling on the sick, and performing operations, until he was arrested and convicted. Yet he was never awakened until in that meeting I was conducting in The Tombs. It shows how a man can sin and sin and sin, and never be alarmed about sin until he is exposed and found out. And it is true. "Be sure your sin will find you out." Sin is sin, but people often do not think that it is, until they are found out. But when exposure comes, then they are humbled, and creep down into this state. Now this young man began to tell it, and he talked for two hours, and he told all. His father-in-law had given him fifty thousand dollars when he had married his daughter, and he thought that he ought to have given him at least one hundred thousand. They went down to Palm Beach and there he played on the Beach, and he played with the temptation. They came back to New York, and had a place on Riverside Drive, and there he planned the murders. Now he repented, and made earnest confession, honest confession. That was all he could do—it is what we must all do when we sin. If a man sins before God or man, a man should acknowledge it, I don't care who he is. "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper." But when he comes out and takes his stand, and acknowledges his sin, on that day I shake him by the hand. And when this man had finished telling his story, he said that he was

ready to go to the Death House now, and would like to sit in the electric chair then, at that moment, and have it all over with, the sooner the better. And I visited him in the Death House from day to day, and I'll never forget him, before he went to the chair. I looked into his face, whiter than white, as he waited, wishing the hour would come. When he turned to go, he talked just a moment, and this is what he said: "My God, why did I do it? Why did I do it? I could not spend what I had, and yet I wanted more. I had plenty in the fifty thousand, but I was not satisfied. Why did I do it!"

It shows that "the love of money is the root of all evil." When a man loves it, God only knows what he will do. Some think that education will save them. Don't ever believe that. This man of whom I was just talking was a college man, a graduate of Ann Arbor. But to what lengths a man will go for money! I remember another well-educated man, placed in The Tombs, for what the papers called a "Get-Rich-Quick Scheme." He was well-informed, a fine looking fellow, never knew what it was to drink a drop of rum or smoke a cigar; he was a dandy dresser and a fine talker—his tongue was as smooth as oil (I used to take olive oil, and I remember how it got to your voice!). He was selling real estate on a map, down on Long Island. People buy real estate on paper, you know. I don't wonder any more about that excuse in the Bible that the man gave who bought a piece of ground, and must needs go and see it. I used to think it was a pretty poor excuse, but listen: People buy places to-day that they have never seen. We laugh at that as an excuse, but people to-day are buying things that they have never seen. And this man was selling real estate on Long Island, real estate that the people never saw except on his map. He would show you a map—a blue-print map—of Long Island, and tell you what a beautiful investment it would be to buy these lots, and you would dig down and pay his price. Then after a while, these people went out to Long Island to look for their lots, and they found that you would have to take a submarine to get them. They were out in the water, and could not be used at all. Yet he was such a nice-mannered, fine-looking fellow. He had had good Christian training at home, and had started in life well. One day, when visiting around the cells, I came to his cell, and I gave him a paper, the Christian Herald. He looked at it and said, "This has been coming into my home for as long as I can remember." That paper led him to open up to me in conversation. "In my home," he said, "Bishop Vincent was often entertained. My folks were great on entertaining ministers." Then he went on to tell me all about his early training. He had been a Sunday School boy, and one time went to Sunday School for three years, and won a gold star, for not being absent from Sunday School a single time in those

three years. Think of that! We think of a boy or a girl with that kind of early training, and think that there are no possibilities of their going wrong. But years passed, and temptation came. Again, let us remember and always be humble before Almighty God. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The trouble came with the desire for money. He did not have enough money to get along as he wished, and he started promoting schemes. Then he became untrue to his wife, and had a case with another woman. His wife got a divorce, and he went on promoting schemes. They caught him in Palm Beach, Florida. They had detecitves watching every train, but they could not land him. There was a Presbyterian Convention in Palm Beach, and he got on the train with a lot of ministers, and they took him for a minister, or one of the laymen of the church attending that convention. And he went to the hotel with them, and got a room. But he got uneasy after dark, and went out and got a furnished room on a side street. Then he bought a yacht, and was about ready to make his get-away, thought he could go to Honolulu, or some place where there would be no danger. And he was caught by the point of a brush! He decided to change the name of the boat, so there would not be any danger of being discovered. And he went out in a row boat, and got a paint brush, and there he was out in the bay, painting the name over. He got one side done, and rowed around to the other side, and had part of that done, when the paint pot overturned and all the rest of his paint was in the sea, and there he was, a twentieth century Jonah, for the detectives were after him, and they discovered him. He was caught by a paint pot. That man is doing ten years to-day, in the state of Maryland. Yet there are some people who think "We are not like that—we would not have our heads turned by money, we are in no danger."

I've talked with Catholic priests in the Tombs—I remember one who murdered a girl, and cut her body up in pieces, and threw it into the Hudson River—he went to the electric chair. I remember a minister of the Gospel, one of the graduates of McCormick Seminary, who was put into a cell. He told me about his temptation. His salary was small, and he thought he had plenty of brains, and could get into investing schemes in the world, and get enough money to support half a dozen ministers. There is no doubt that he was honest when he began, but it was a temptation of the devil. "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." That is what the Good Book says. This man got a little money in a swindling game—and he was a Presbyterian minister, and he had a wife in Omaha, and a little girl. But there was not yet money enough, and he kept on, until he was found out and came to a cell here. And a good Methodist minister came to see

if he could get him out. His case came up to the judge, and he got a suspended sentence.

Then there was a man on the police force who was in the act of arresting a man when another policeman came along and arrested him. And here he was put in the Tombs. You have heard of the Becker case, the murderer of Rosenthal. He was convicted. There were two trials, and every one of them were brought to the electric chair. Who dares to stand up and boast? What man can tell? In whatever walk of life you may be engaged, you may be all right today. and wrong to-morrow.

I'll never forget one day in the Death House in Sing Sing, in dealing with a man. There were twenty-two cells, with little green doors leading out to the electric chair. One day, going around, I had a question put to me by one of these convicts, named Gyp the Blood. "I'm going to shock you with a question, Chaplain. Is there a heaven, and is there a hell?" There they were in the Death House, and the time was near, and they were thinking about what was coming next, and they turned to me. I said to him, "Hand me your Bible." Every man there has a Bible put there by an organization, the same as the Gideons do in the hotels. I took the Bible, and turned to Revelation, and read about the golden streets, and the Holy City, that there were no tears there, and no sorrow and sighing, and no night there. Then I turned to the fourteenth chapter of John and read, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." And I turned down those pages, and marked the verses. And I said, "I have read you a little bit about Heaven. That is what the Book says, and we must believe the Book." Then I turned over, and read about the Rich Man and Lazarus: how the Rich Man was clothed in purple and fine linen, and Lazarus was a hobo, a down and outer, and his friends carried him and laid him at the rich man's gate, thinking he would have compassion on him, and send him a hand-out. But he would not give him a single crumb from his table, but had the servants take the chains off the dogs and sick them on him. Thank God, the dogs were not as hard-hearted as their master. Instead of doing him up and making a meal out of him, they became his physicians, and licked his sores. I read to them where the rich man died, and they had a big funeral, and head lines in all the newspapers, and the minister preached a very flowery sermon, and preached him into heaven, and they heaped flowers on his grave—but he woke up in Hell. And the beggar died, and the angels were his pallbearers to take him to Heaven. The rich man woke up in Hell, and saw the beggar that he would not give even a crumb to. And he pleaded with Abraham for a drop of water, and asked to have Lazarus made a missionary, to go back and warn his brothers, for

he had five brothers. "I am in Hell, but I don't want them to come to Hell." Some people don't believe it to-day. They are like men going into prison. When they get settled in prison, they remember that they have a couple of brothers going with the same gang. "Go after them," they say. "Don't let them come here." And Abraham was on the far side of a great gulf, and he looked across at the rich man in Hell, and he said, "God is always a good provider, and He gave to you Moses, and all the prophets. If they did not believe them, they would not believe Lazarus, even though he came from the dead. They'd say, 'Send that nut to the nut factory'." People are like that to-day. They would not believe a man if he came back from the dead and said, "I know all about Hell." I turned down the page there, and I said, "There is the answer to your question you have asked me. You may not believe it. You remember the Judge said, 'You will go to the Death House at Sing Sing.' He read it out from a law book, and you might have said, 'Say, your Honor, I don't believe in Sing Sing, in the Death House, in the electric chair.' That would not make any difference. You would go in Black Maria just the same, to the train. Then when you were in the train, on the way to the prison, you might have said, 'People say there is a Death House in Sing Sing, but I don't believe anything like that. They are just trying to scare us fellows.' Do you believe in a Death House? Got to! You're here! Do you have to wait to get into Hell before you will believe it? Believe it now!" There they were, counting the days on their fingers till when their little green door would open, to the electric chair. And when a man gets to that place, he becomes an earnest inquirer. Then you have a smooth road into a man, for he is anxiously seeking what is beyond. And Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Look here: I want to show you in closing a picture drawn by a man behind the bars. I have never seen a picture of Jesus Christ like it in my life. This man was in the Tombs, and he was a skeptic. He was an Atlanta man, and he had crossed the ocean eleven times. He did not believe in Christ—he had to believe in the devil, for the devil had him! One day I was playing the phonograph, and he called aloud, and tried to drown the notes of music. He was trying to break up the meeting. Suddenly there towered above him a man known as Dopy. "If you don't shut up," he said, "I'll knock your block off when we go out for exercises." This man raised his face, looked at Dopy, and began to shout louder. Dopy got madder, and talked in stronger language. This fellow got scared a little bit, and shut up. It was rather strange. The man came to me the next morning in chapel, and began to talk. He was estranged from his family, a married man, but separated from his wife. He came to the

meetings in the chapel, and the Spirit of God came down upon him, and broke his heart to pieces. When I went to his cell at the close of the meeting, I found him lying on his bunk, with a pillow over his mouth. He did not want the fellow in the next cell to hear his sobs. That man gave his heart to God, came out and took an out-and-out stand for Him before everybody in prison. Then he began to draw pictures. He had a talent for making pictures, earlier, but had lost all interest in that when he began to go wrong. Now God came into his soul, and his talent awakened. He asked for paper, and I gave him some wrapping paper. One day I went into his cell, and he said, "I want to show you something." And he showed me a picture. No man could have drawn that, except that he had seen Jesus, seen Him in his heart. There was the crown of thorns, and the drops of blood on his cheeks. Then he showed me another of the Virgin Mary, with tear-drops on her cheeks, and the shadow of the cross in the back-ground. Underneath this he had written in a lead-pencil, "And for our sins, she suffered too." I don't know how God could use a down-and-outer like Dopy to bring him to his senses. I knew of another case like that. A man of the toughest kind saw another in a still worse fix reeling along. He gave him a kick and said: "This is no place for you; go to Hadley's Hall." A man in the service of the devil, telling another to go to the house of God! And the man did go, and got converted; and that first man is still in the house of the devil. This man in his cell made another picture, a picture of myself, the chaplain; and I prize that more than I would an oil painting.

It is a blessed privilege to be able to do this work in the prisons. Jesus said, "I was in prison and ye came unto me . . . inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." And when I look into a man's face behind the bars, Jesus Christ thinks of himself behind the bars. Jesus was in prison. Innocent men go there sometimes, as well as guilty men. When I look into their faces I do not think what the crime may be, nor how the papers wrote it up. Harry K. Thaw's mother said to me, "Brother John, he is the same little Harry that I rocked in the cradle." All the time that boy was in the house, his mother—I can see her now, with her white hair: the boy helped to make it white; her hair was white, and her face was white, too. His mother came to see him constantly, to look through the bars, and talk to him. And in the court room, when Harry was brought back, the Judge gave him back into the hands of his mother, into the hands of his broken-hearted mother.

Yes, thank God, Jesus is there in The Tombs, where He is so much needed. God bless this little address, and make our hearts to be more and more burdened for those who know Him not.

The Bible Among the Books

By REV. LYMAN EDWYN DAVIS, D. D., LL. D.,
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A certain lawyer came to Jesus with this great question: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life? But this questioner did not come as a disciple of the Savior, nor even as a truth-seeker. He came to set up an inquisition, intending to cross-examine Jesus, and to "catch him in his talk." But the Master, knowing the heart and purpose of the man, immediately reversed the procedure of this open court, and began a soul-searching but sympathetic cross-examination of the lawyer. "What is written in the law?" said Jesus. "How readest thou?"

It is not our purpose, here and now, to pursue the lawyer's lesson. That pursuit would lead into many fields of great value. It is for us to realize that, across the intervening ages, clear-voiced and commanding as to the ears of the lawyer, comes the Master's question to every disciple of today: "How readest thou." And this question comprehends not only what we read, but our mental and spiritual attitude in the act of reading, our interpretation of what we read, and, above all, our apprehension of the soul of literature in every field of survey. And this question must be put, in the most heart-searching way, by every teacher to his pupil, by every minister to his congregation, by every parent to his child, and, most of all, by every humblest reader and every proudest critic to his own heart. And all these must say with all the emphasis of sincerity: "How readest thou?"

We are therefore to consider The Bible Among the Books; or, more especially, the Bible above the books; and, in the ultimate purpose of our address, the Bible as the mother of books. Bacon has said: "Reading maketh a full man; writing, a correct man; conference a ready man." But a ready tongue and an accurate pen are of little consequence to the world unless they are the expression of that intellectual and spiritual fullness which is the result of good reading.

The Bible is the mother of books, first of all, in that it communicates to the higher literature of the world the ability to sound the depths of human character. The greatest writers of the generation have been pupils of the inspired penmen of the Holy Scriptures in this broad field. Take for instance the two elements which represent the deepest well-springs of human nature. In the first place we find in God's book, and in man's greatest book, a photograph of human

nature; human nature in all its tragic fullness; all of human nature, good and evil, incarnate in the one character; the good forever at war with the evil; or else in two opposite characters fighting like gladiators in the arena of time. And if separate attributes or passions stand forth like forerunners of the man, it is only that the man himself, as the final moral unit, may fill at last the whole horizon of the mind.

Shakespeare makes you see the sordid ambition of Macbeth; Sophocles makes you see the very essence of woe in the person of Oedipus; Goethe makes you see the genius of social iniquity in the person of Mephistopheles; Dickens makes you see the ugliness of false humility in the person of Uriah Heep. But these formative traits are introduced simply to mark the evolution of a complete nature; and, in the final presentment, what these great masters have compelled you to see is Macbeth himself, and Oedipus himself, and Mephistopheles himself, and Uriah Heep himself; and so vividly to see them that they are forever walking before you on the stage of human life.

The Bible itself thus photographs human life in all its rugged fullness, for the Bible is not only a revelation of the divine will, but a revelation also of human nature; a looking-glass for the souls of wayward men. And therefore the inspired writers are led to people the Bible story with those undying characters which embody the eternal conflict between good and evil; Cain and Abel, Jezebel and Elijah, Judas and John—characters wide apart as the east is from the west, wide apart as hell and heaven; characters whose very names are forever crying down the ages, voices of blessing and of cursing from the Ebal and Gerizim of an eternal world!

This divine purpose must be spiritually discerned. It requires a heart-knowledge in the school of Christ as well as mind-knowledge in the schools of men. At the last meeting of the War-Time Commission of Churches, which was held in New York City, we heard the official announcement from Washington that of the four millions of American soldiers who fought for the honor of America and for the freedom of the world, one million were illiterate. One soldier boy out of every four unschooled! My heart instantly questioned the accuracy of this information; for I said to myself: "Is not this America?" And do we not have throughout all our land the public schools of which all the world has taken knowledge?" But in reply to this doubt, we were reminded of certain classes of native Americans and naturalized Americans which in the aggregate were enough to explain this unpleasant revelation. And how did they test the mental training of the soldiers? They said to every soldier: "Write a letter to your mother, or else to the nearest relative of your family." And one out of four failed to meet the test. John and Jim were mess-mates in the American camp,

and John received one day a letter from America. He was holding the letter before him, with the pretense of reading it; but finally his anxiety to have the message from home overcame his pride, and he said to his mess-mate: "Jim, can you read writin'?" And Jim replied: "Why, no, John; bless you, John, I can't even read readin', and how in the wide world do you think I could read writin'?"

When I heard this story I instantly thought of little Pip and Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, as described in Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations." Joe Gargery was the man who went to church vicariously, he himself staying at home while his wife attended church. Pip had noticed that Joe was holding the newspaper a long time with his eyes at the same place in the news-columns; and he began to suspect that Joe could not read at all. Finally, his anxious curiosity got the better of him and he ventured to say: "Joe, can you read?"

"Of course, I can read, Pip; don't you see me a-readin'. And it's mighty interestin', Pip; for every little while I find a J, and every little while a O, and that spells J, O, Jo. And in an afternoon's readin', I find a great lot o' Joes; and it's mighty interestin'!"

Then it was that little Pip, his heart thrilled with pity for his big friend, exclaimed: "Poor Joe!"

But let us remember that while there may be thousands of "poor Joes" in America who cannot see to read with the eyes of the mind, there are millions of "poor Joes" who have forgotten how to read with the eyes of the soul.

The Bible is the mother of great books, let us say yet again, because it gives to the highest literature the power to embody the religious ideals of the great peoples of history.

If there is one immortal book in any literature, it has been made immortal by the self-radiant halo of some great and eternal truth. Take for example Shakespeare's King Lear, when he is on the heath in the midnight thunder-storm, and at the moment when the ingratitude of his children is about to compass the overthrow of his reason; and yet, for the moment, his reason all the keener for its frenzy of righteous indignation. It is then he utters the pathetic apostrophe to the storm:

> "I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness!
> I never gave you kingdoms; never called you children."

Where did Shakespeare find the demons of human nature with which he peoples the hearts of those ungrateful daughters? He found them right there in London; for the city is human nature tortured with devils. Where did Shakespeare find that moral genius which presides over the tragedy of "King Lear" from first to last, rebuking the sin of ingratitude as by the voice of heaven? That, too, he found in Lon-

don, for the city is also human nature transfigured on the mountain.

In a word, every genius who has contributed literary greatness and moral good to the world has achieved that result by presenting human passions in conflict with moral forces; and he has so presented this conflict that whether for the moment good or evil wins the victory, the aftermath of influence is for the good of humanity.

Others of the great poets of our Christian civilization become still clearer oracles of the Christian faith; and in every instance the greater the poet the loftier and the clearer his confession of faith, through the literary symbols adopted by his religious genius. Hearken to the words of Milton, uttered in the voice of prayer, at the threshold of his greatest work, "Paradise Lost":

"And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st . . . . . .
. . . . . what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

The psychology of prayer, as well as the universal language of prayer, is nobly expressed by Tennyson when he says:

"For what are men better than sheep and goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends;
For so this whole round earth is, every way,
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Longfellow's "Michael Angelo" develops and proclaims, with Gospel clearness, the Christian doctrine of retribution, when he puts into the lips of his great character the cry of a penitent soul:

"Ah me! Ah me! What darkness of despair;
So near to death and yet so far from God."

The humanitarian message of the religion of Christ is sounded forth to the world, in the "Ancient Mariner"; and through the genius of Coleridge, this wonderful sermon emerges, with all the sweetness of a song, from the mysterious depths of his greatest work:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The doctrine of the special providence of God in the earthly course and the final destiny of his children, finds no expression more vivid

and comforting than these lines from the "Moraturi Salutamus" of our American Whittier:

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

These great literary oracles of the Christian faith might be multiplied throughout the whole range of poetic genius. But we desire to magnify, in a special way, the fact that the greatest writers of every age have invariably embodied in their greatest work the religious ideals of their own nation. The Hebrews added to the grandeur of their literature as well as to the nobility of their national character, by blending their poetic ideals with their religious faith. The seer and singer of Israel was one; and the standpoint of song and prophecy was in the window of faith between nature and the supernatural. Close to nature, the Hebrew heart saw therein, as in a mirror, the face of God. And a certain devout pantheism pervaded the character of the race; not a pantheism which turned from the Creator to the creature, but a pantheistic symbolism which counted all things holy and divine because all things are tokens, voices, manifestations, leading back from the creature to the Creator. The chosen people were called of God in their ethnical childhood, and it was natural for them to hear their God in all the voices of Nature and to see their God in all the forms of Nature. It was an expression of the naturalness of the heavenly Father to appeal to this naturalness of his children, and to make every visible thing an object-lesson of faith, and every wonder of life a good angel on some ladder of vision between earth and heaven.

And the decadence of every national literature has paralleled the lapse of the national faith, with the interflow of doubt and agnosticism. And the most subverting influence abroad in American literature today, an influence threatening the organic life of our civilization, is the pagan symbolism and the non-religious spirit so often infused by literary cant into the warp and woof of our literary Christianity. The believing Homer for the Greeks, the believing Virgil for the Romans, the believing Milton for the English, the believing Longfellow for the Americans, all tell us that the rarest gems of every great literature are found in the mountains of religious thought, and are crucibled in the furnace of religious zeal.

Jean Paul Richter, in his book called Levana, has expressed in happiest literary form the importance of the poetic element in the religious training of the child. "When that which is mighty appears in nature-storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death—then," says the great German teacher, "utter the word God before the child. A great

misfortune, a great blessing, a great crime, a noble action, are building-sites for a child's church. Show everywhere to the child, as well as on the borders of the holy land of religion, devotional and holy sentiments. Where religion is, there both men and beasts, and the whole world, are loved. Every being is a moving temple of the Infinite. Everything earthly purifies the sun itself in the thought of Him. So, let every poetic ideal shine free and bright before the child; his eye will not thereby be blinded to the two great ideals; to that which his own conscience calls him to be, and to the idea of God."

The Bible is the mother of books, yet again, because it communicates to the best literature the power to re-echo the oracles of Sinai and the creed of Calvary. The Mosaic dispensation divided the whole empire of life into great provinces, and around every province reared a fortress of moral law. One fortress built a shelter around the rights of honest property; another shielded the sacredness of human life; another threw a wall of protection around the sanctity of the home; and yet another fortress protected the claim of God to the worship of man. But when the Christ made his advent in the world, and sat down on the Mount of Olives to teach mankind, he opened wide every prison-house of the soul, and led the emancipated spirit out under the open heavens, and wrote above every horizon the final commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." The oracles of Sinai lived on as before, for the Decalogue, with its every commandment, embodies the universal and everlasting principles of human society. But in the New Dispensation these commandments were absorbed and assimilated in the greater law of love; and Jesus knew that every child of Gospel love would become a keeper of every commandment, on promptings of his own regenerate heart.

The greater literature of the world embodies this blended religion of Sinai and Calvary and every true Book reflects at once, however indirectly, both the law and the Gospel. When we turn to Isaiah we find at once the two hemispheres of our divine religion. The humanitarian message comes to the world in these words: "Cease to do evil; learn to do well!" The hemisphere of penitence and faith, through the atonement of Calvary, finds expression in these words: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow!"

Modern literature is rich with many a lesson from the school of Christ, however many of the human prisms through which they pass. For whatever is true to the heart of humanity, in its upward strivings after the highest ideals, is always true to God. Even the little rippling streams which nourish the humblest virtues and graces of the home are often as near to the Christ as were the lilies of Galilee in the days of his visitation.

In the story called "The Church with the Overshot Wheel," O. Henry has given such a message to the world. The miller and his wife lived in a little village in the Cumberland Mountains, and their greatest treasure was their little girl, Agaia, who called herself "Dums" because that was her nearest possible expression of rhododendrons, the flowers she loved so well. Every day at noon, the mother sent "Dums" to the mill to call her father home to dinner; and the moment she crossed the threshhold the father sang for her the Miller's song:

"The wheels go round,
The grist is ground,
And the miller's heart is merry."

And that was the signal to which the little child responded with the plea: "Dada, come take Dums home!" One sorrowful day she disappeared, and for several years was remembered and spoken of as "the Lost Child." The mother passed away, and the father sought a new home in the far northwest. But he came back to the old town every summer; and finally as a memorial to "Dums" he changed the old mill into a church; for the nearest place of worship was many miles away. He established a minister in the "Church With the Overshot Wheel," and he employed an organist. By and by there came to the village a young lady from a southern city who sought rest and recuperation in that quiet nook. When she learned the story of the lost child, she said to the father, whom she had learned to regard with filial admiration:

"Wouldn't it be fine if I should prove to be your lost little girl? Wouldn't you be glad?"

After he had assured her how great a joy it would be to him and after she had fallen into a mood of melancholy because of her own obscure and unremembered childhood, she told him she felt that she could not even marry the one to whom she was betrothed, because she did not even know her own name.

Then the organist came in, and taking her place for an afternoon rehearsal, suddenly touched a chord that awakened old memories in the mind of the miller, recalling even the Miller's Song. And he suddenly arose and sang as in the olden days:

"The wheels go round,
The grist is ground,
And the miller's heart is merry."

Then, as the author says, "The other Miracle happened." The song, together with its associations, set in motion the current of forgotten memories, and she suddenly leaped to her feet, her face white and bright as that of an angel as she exclaimed:

"Dada, come and take Dums home!"

"Dada, come and take Dums home!"

Linked with this little story, by the closest kinship, and yet more sacred in its relation to religious sentiment, is the one which makes the simplest prayer of the little child the means of restoring a prodigal soul to the Heavenly Father. A great physician was about to perform a critical operation upon a little girl, as tender in years as the miller's child. The physician was an old man, his head covered over with the frost of twenty winters; but he had become so absorbed in the study of the material world that he had lost his way to the sanctuary of faith. He was a tender soul, however; and he said to the child: "Now, my dear, we must put you to sleep for a little while!" She instantly replied, in all simplicity: "Well, if I am to be put to sleep I must say my evening prayer."

And so, leaping from the operating table, she knelt down among the doctors and repeated the prayer which she had learned from the lips of her now departed mother; a prayer which, however far it may seem to be from literary value, is nevertheless born of the Bible, and belongs to the mountain springs of sentiment which are refluent in all true literature:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

When the little saint arose, there were manly tears in the eyes of the aged doctor, and he said to his fellow physicians: "Gentlemen, I see we have a precious jewel here. Let us be careful of the casket."

They were careful indeed of the casket and the child recovered; but, sweeter even yet, this childhood prayer of the generations opened the windows of memory in the mind of the aged physician, unveiled to him the face of his own sainted mother, and led him back to the feet of his God and to the bosom of his Saviour.

One last reflection is highly important to this glimpse of the Bible as the mother of books. If the spirit of the Bible is refluent in all the greatest books of Christian civilization, and finds its way, with the force of moral destiny, even in the simplest currents of literary expression, how life-giving, indeed, must be the mountain springs from which all these brooklets flow! And those who would identify the highest and the best in literature, and pre-eminently those who would produce books even remotely akin to the best, must drink, as did Milton and Tennyson, Bryant and Longfellow, Hugo and Browning, Sienkiewicz and Tolstoi, from the living waters that nourished the chosen oracles of the Word of God.

The Presence and Power of the Holy Spirit

By REV. FRANK M. GOODCHILD, D. D., Pastor of the Central Baptist Church, New York.

Acts 2: , 4: And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

It was Dr. A. J. Gordon who called our attention to a striking similarity between a certain prediction made by Napoleon Bonaparte and one of the promises of Jesus Christ. It seems that a little while before he died Napoleon said, "When I am gone my spirit will return to throb with ceaseless life in new revolutions." That prophecy was in a measure fulfilled. Napoleon's superb military genius and the might of his wonderful personality shaped the politics not simply of France but of all Europe for more than a generation. When the Lord Jesus was about to leave the world He promised His disciples that He would send to take His place One who should comfort them in their loss of Him and endue them with power to do a world-wide service for Him. Napoleon's influence waned year by year, as of course it must, just as the echo is sure to die out when the voice that awakened it is silenced. But it was not so with the Spirit that the Lord Jesus promised after His departure. Instead of a diminished and diminishing influence our risen and ascended Lord has bequeathed to us a mighty personal presence, under whose guidance the church baptized with power moves forward with an energy unapproached while the Master Himself was here on earth. On one occasion the Lord Jesus said, "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto the Father." The text marks the beginning of the fulfillment of that promise.

When I was a little boy I heard an old man say, "You cannot have a successful church unless you have a spiritual membership." I never have forgotten that remark, and I wish to insist upon its truth this morning. There are only two vital words in that statement, "spiritual" and "membership," but upon each of them there deserves to be placed tremendous emphasis. Let us look for a moment at each of them.

First, then, glance at that word "spiritual." I am not sure that I could define that word very satisfactorily to either myself or to you. Probably no one here could do so. And fortunately we do not need to. Spirituality is the hardest thing in the world to define, but it is the easiest thing in the world to recognize. Even a man who has not a mite of spirituality himself can recognize it on sight in someone else, as Simon, the sorcerer, still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, recognized it in the apostles. Some evening you go into a prayer meeting and in the course of the evening two men rise to speak. One of them talks very learnedly about the Scriptures, about the constitution of man and the laws of the spiritual life. And while he speaks no eye is wet with tears and no heart beats any the faster. When he takes his seat the other man rises. He is neither learned nor eloquent as the world estimates these things, but he has been taught in the school of experience, and is rich in his confidence toward God. He tells, in poor, broken words, of a recent trial of his in which the Saviour's presence was very real and comforting to him, and when he resumes his seat the long drawn sigh of the congregation tells that he lifted them into a region of blessedness, of whose existence they scarcely had dreamed before. You know what it was made the difference between these two men. It was the presence in one of them and the absence from the other of that quality that marked the lives of Peter, and James, and John, and Stephen, and Paul, and the other men of the early church who were full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. It was the presence in one of them and the absence from the other of that quality that makes the lives of these splendid men of the early church stand out in such sharp and rebuking contrast with the lives that most of us are leading today.

And the quality of spirituality is not only the one thing sorely lacking in most Christian lives today, but it is also the one thing absolutely essential if a man is to render God efficient service. A man may lack everything else in the world but if he have this he still can splendidly succeed as a Christian worker. A man may have everything else in the world, but if he lacks this he will certainly and miserably fail as a Christian worker. We may lay the best possible plans of work, and initiate the wisest schemes, we may have all the money that generosity can lavish, all the learning that universities can supply, all the graces of speech that training in oratory can lay at our feet. But if we have not this mysterious power which none but the Spirit of God can communicate, we can do nothing. And when you reflect upon it you see very soon that those two words, "doing nothing" are an exact and full length portrait of the unspiritual man or the unspiritual church. Doing nothing, though a world full of people

is dying for need of their ministry. There is the multitude starving in the wilderness, and here stands the unspiritual church doing nothing, with no bread of life in its possession and no power such as its Master had to create bread. Doing nothing! There is the multitude fainting and dying of thirst, and here stands the unspiritual church doing nothing, having no water of life in its possession and no power such as Moses had to speak to the rock and cause the gift of God to bow forth. Doing nothing! There are the people bringing their dear ones possessed with demons, praying for their cure, and here stands the unspiritual church, like the apostles at the foot of the Transfiguration mount, baffled and helpless and asking, "Why cannot we cast them out?" Doing nothing, with no power to do, and often with no wish to do, that is the exact portrait of the unspiritual church. May the day never come when that would be recognized as a fair description of the life of any one of us or of the church with which we are in fellowship.

Now if spirituality is superior to organization, superior to any plan of work that can possibly be contrived, it is immeasurably above mere secularities. I must confess that I view with some alarm the disposition that is manifest in so many directions to replace the attractions of the Cross of Jēsus Christ with something else; the disposition to offer men something as an inducement to them to accept the gospel. We want no inducement except the God-provided inducement of peace and joy and comfort in the Holy Ghost. I believe, as you know, that the church should touch every part of a man's life. I believe that its ministry should foster the well-being of body, mind and spirit. But I believe also very profoundly, that everything that the church does should be made simply a means of holding up Jesus Christ as the only and sufficient cure for all men's ills. Oh, Christian men and women, what we want in the church today is less of merely worldly attractions, and more of the matchless enticements of the everlasting gospel; less of sweet secularities and a more diligent use of the sword of the Spirit of God. So much for that word spiritual.

Now let us look for a moment at the second vital word in the subject, "membership." This spirituality of which we have been thinking, in order to be efficient, must be resident in the body of the church's membership. You know how it is in the physical organism. It is the heart that sends the life-nourishing streams of blood through every part of our system. And the heart is placed not in the head, but down here in the body. So precisely it is in the church. I am sure that I express the abiding conviction of the vast majority of those who stand up to preach the gospel when I say that the centre of a church's power is not up here in the pulpit but is down somewhere

among the pews. When the blessing of the Holy Spirit was given at the first Pentecost, it was given not to a few apostles only, but to the whole body of the disciples who were waiting and praying in that upper room. This is the record of it: "There appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." No wonder there was a great stir in Jerusalem, and a great gathering of souls into the church. A church with that measure of spiritual power, every member spirit-filled, is practically omnipotent. One man full of the Holy Spirit can achieve a very great deal. I have been told of a pastor who had a great revival in his church fourteen winters in succession. He was not a great preacher, and yet season after season he gathered a great harvest of souls. It could not be accounted for, until one evening in the prayer-meeting an aged saint arose and said, "Brethren, I have a confession to make. It has long been my habit to pray long and earnestly on Saturday evening for the descent of the Holy Spirit on us the next day. And now, brethren," he said, and he began to weep, "I have to confess that for three weeks I have neglected this." At last the secret was out. That pastor was mighty in reaching men because he was supported by a pew that was first of all mighty in reaching God.

You remember that when John Livingstone preached in the kirk at Shotts, in Scotland, one Lord's day, there were five hundred people converted under that one sermon. What was the secret of that sermon's power? It was in this—the church had been fearful that the day would pass without any special mark of God's favor, and so they gathered the previous evening for prayer, and they became so absorbed in their petitions that they spent the whole night in prayer. When Jonathan Edwards preached that sermon of his on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," at Enfield, the people were so mightily moved that they laid hold of the arms of the pews to keep their feet from slipping into perdition. What was the secret of that sermon's power. It was not in the matter of the sermon, I am sure. Many who have read the sermon have pronounced it dull reading. I very much doubt whether half a dozen people here, if they began to read the sermon, would read it to the end. And it would seem unlikely that the sermon's tremendous power was in the manner of its delivery. When Jonathan Edwards preached he read rather closely, and at Enfield that day he read with his face close down to the manuscript. No, the power was not in the manner of the sermon's delivery. And, moreover, Edwards had preached that sermon before, word for word, the same as at Enfield, and there was no apparent result. Now what was the secret of the power that has made that sermon celebrated from the day it was preached at Enfield until now? Why, at Enfield,

the people, consumed with a desire for a great outpouring of God's blessing, assembled the previous evening for prayer and in their wrestling with God they forgot the time and they did not separate until the morning dawned. Ah, dear friends, there can be no doubt about it, a pew in touch with God lends power to the pulpit. A church that has earnest, prayerful, Christ-like people in the pews will do a great work though the pulpit be commonplace. But a church with indifferent pews will be powerless though a Paul or even Paul's Master stand up to preach. There were places, you know, where even the Son of God could do no mighty work because what He undertook to do was limited and nullified by the unbelief of the people. May God help the church that has most of its power in the pulpit, and that is not vitalized in every part of it by the presence of the Spirit of God. The only thing to be done in such a case is for some modern prophet specially commissioned for the work, to do as the ancient one did, stretch himself upon the dead body, his mouth to its mouth, his hands upon its hands, his heart over against its heart, until the flesh shall wax warm and the life return and the church begin again to be what it was meant to be, a thing of power.

Fortunately if a man's spiritual life runs low, or if the spiritual life of the church is impoverished, God has given us explicit directions as to how it may be reinforced. The Spirit of life and of power is given to us on very simple conditions.

1. We get the presence and power of the Holy Spirit by obedience to God. Acts 5: 32 says: "The Holy Spirit which God hath given to them that obey Him." Dr. Trumbull tells us that he once met an old soldier of Napoleon's and talked with him about the emperor. "Ah," said the soldier, "we believed in Napoleon. You Christians believe in God. So we believed in Napoleon. If Napoleon had said to his soldiers, 'Go to the moon,' we would have started." That is the absolute obedience that brings power in things secular or spiritual. But we are very rarely like that. We make an incomplete consecration of ourselves.

A woman came into the Sunday morning congregation some time ago. She remained after the service to talk with me. She had been drinking but she was still in possession of her faculties as you will see when I tell you that she put a two dollar bill on the contribution plate. She said that she was determined that that two dollar bill at any rate should not go for drink. As I talked with her she said, "I work for a Baptist." I said, "You do." "Yes," she said, "but she is a high Baptist." "A high Baptist?" I said, "What is a high Baptist?" "Oh," she said, "She is a high Baptist—she never goes to church." I wonder whether there are any high Baptists in this community. There

are in most churches and that is why I say that many of us are half-hearted in the consecration we make of ourselves. We are uncertain and hesitating in our penitence even. We are true children of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. I have read that Fra Rocco, one of the old Dominican preachers, was once preaching to a great crowd of the Saxons. Fra Rocco had wonderful power over a congregation. He could shake the people by the storm of his emotion as a tempest tosses a field of grain. He had moved this great throng before him to such penitence that they instinctively fell on their knees. And while they thus knelt, weeping and showing every sign of contrition, Fra Rocco said, "All who are truly penitent hold up your hands." Every one of the vast multitude held up his hand. Then while the hands were still lifted the strange preacher said, "Oh thou holy archangel Michael, who standest before the judgment seat of God, with thine adamantine sword cut off every hand that is held up hypocritically." And instantly every hand was pulled down. We are uncertain and hesitating, I say, even in the first step that we take in the Christian life. I have read of another missionary who went to the early Saxons. They were moved by his preaching and came to him in great numbers to be baptized. Among the others their chief came. But when he went down into the water for baptism he held up his hand out of the water. When he was asked why he did that, he replied that he wished to reserve that arm to fight his enemies with. Now God will accept no such half-hearted consecration as that. When we come to Him He expects us to hold out both our hands and to say, "Lord, these hands that have been busy in the service of self, I now yield to Thee. These feet that have run the way of their own pleasure now stand ready to do Thy bidding. These eyes that have so often looked upon things that have turned the heart away from Thee, now watch Thy face, anxious to know Thy will and determined to do it." The man who puts himself before God in that fashion cannot but be a man of power. That disposition would make a man like the great Frenchman Fenelon. The profane Lord Peterborough was once thrown for a while into Fenelon's company. He soon hurried away, however, saying, "I cannot endure the presence of that man and still remain an infidel."

2. A second condition of receiving the Spirit of power promised by the risen Christ is that we should sincerely ask. Luke 11: 13 says, "If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." Build up the church's altar, have the church's hour of prayer well observed, and you have filled the springs of the church's power. The early church was praying together when the blessing of Pentecost came. When I see my own church family well

gathered together in the prayer meeting I feel like saying as Elijah said to the king, "Get thee up, get thee up, for there is a sound of abundance of rain."

Dr. Pierson has said that prayer is a lost art; that the secret by which Jacob prevailed with God is forgotten." I do not believe it. Most of those who are here this morning are here because some one persistently and prevailingly prayed us into the kingdom of God. And I trust that most of us in our turn can remember some others whom our prayers have brought to the foot of the Saviour's cross. When all is said that can be said about the poverty of the church's power, I still believe that there is no power in the universe that can for a moment compare with the sincere prayer of a child of God. I confess I do not understand it, I have no new solution to offer for the problems of prayer. I do not see how it is possible that one of us poor creatures by sending up a prayer to Heaven can cause the great God to turn and do something that He would not have done without the petition. I confess I do not understand that. But there are many other things I do not understand that I rejoice in as realities. I do not see how it is that some great, strong man, with every prospect in life, with his business well built up and his life well rooted in the community, will turn his back on all his prospects, leave his friends, and give up his business and go to another part of the country and start anew at middle life, all for the sake of some puny bit of a child of his whose health demands a change in climate. I do not understand that. And yet you know that has been done again and again. I do not understand how it is that when a child is sick in the home the mother will go about all day breathing out her sighs to God. If she goes out of the room for a while, her mind is still on that child. If she puts down her head by its side and tries to catch a little sleep, her thoughts are still busy with her child and she starts in her sleep, thinking she heard her child's dying cry. I do not understand that. I do not understand how it is possible for a poor, frail woman to watch by her child's bedside for three days and three nights, without any relief whatever, with hardly a moment's sleep coming to her eyelids or a morsel of food passing her lips. And yet I knew that to be done by a woman whose child I followed out to the grave not long since. None of us understand these things and we never shall until God with His own lips explains to us how He made the human heart with its great power of loving. But though we do not understand them, we yet rejoice in the might of the parental affection they exhibit. And so though I do not understand it, I yet rejoice in the fact that the cry of a child of God has power to move God's hand in its behalf.

In these days men sometimes ask sneeringly, "Do you think there

is any power in prayer?" I should think there was power in prayer. Prayer gives us the presence of the Spirit of power. Why, the breath of Elijah's prayer cleared all the clouds out of the sky and they had a great drought in Israel. The breath of Elijah's prayer gathered the clouds together again and they had a great rain in Israel. In Daniel's time prayer closed the lions' mouths. On the day of Pentecost prayer converted three thousand people. By prayer John Knox shook Scotland so that Queen Mary said she feared John Knox's prayers more than she feared an army of ten thousand men. By prayer George Muller provided for hundreds of orphans for many years at Bristol, England. In prayer a woman of whom I have been told cried out to God for her wayward son, saying, "Oh God, send back my boy, send back my boy." And at the very hour of her prayer that boy arose, turned his back on the house of shame that sheltered him, and made his way down to the railroad station to find out what time the next train left for his native village. Power in prayer? There is tremendous power in prayer. Prayer gives a man the presence of the Spirit of power.

But prayer to be thus mighty must be tremendously earnest. It must be no mere play of one's imagination. It must be no easy, sleepy reverie. It must be no languid flow of words that you only half feel, while the mind wanders off to other and outside things. I have heard of a deacon who once undertook to lecture a man who was called "Old Joe," for swearing. The man listened patiently until the lecture was finished, and then he said: "Well now, Deacon, the fact is that you may pray a great deal and I may swear a great deal, but neither of us means anything by it." Dear friends, I very much fear the indictment is a true one against most of us. Our prayers do not mean as much to us as they should. But let us remember that real prayer does mean something. Real prayer is offered only when you feel that you must have the blessing that you seek. I think, for example, that if we can be easy and comfortable and happy without a revival, we shall not have a revival in answer to such prayers as we offer. So long as you can be easy and comfortable and happy without your husband's conversion, my sister, he will not be converted in answer to your petitions. Oh, father and mother, so long as you can be easy and comfortable and happy without that wayward boy's conversion, he will not be converted in answer to such prayers as you offer. You must come to a place where you feel deeply. You must come to a crisis in your life. You must have the spirit that Israel had when he laid hold of God and could not be shaken off, but clung as for his life, and said: "I will not let go, I cannot let go, I must have help."

Sometimes I think there is no such thing as easy prayer. Real

prayer is offered in an agony of desire. Real prayer wears out the man who offers it. Real prayer drags a man from his bed at night and flings him down on his knees by his bedside. Real prayer drives sleep from a man's eyelids, and makes him turn his pillow over and over as he tries to find a cool, dry spot on which to rest his fevered, tear-stained face. Real prayer makes a man paler the next day on account of what he has gone through. A young man in my prayer-meeting once prayed so earnestly for his pastor that I was greatly touched, and I went to him afterward and thanked him for the prayer, and he shocked me by saying, "Oh, I forgot I had offered it." That is not prayer. Why, Paul speaks of prayer as a travail of the soul. And we are told that when the Saviour prayed in Gethsemane He was in great agony, pain was on his every feature and blood was on his brow falling down in great drops to the ground. That shows what prayer really is. I must confess that I never knew any one to pray so. But I have read that in the "great awakening" of Jonathan Edwards' time, men prayed with such passion and earnestness that they were wet with perspiration in the coldest winter weather. I remember that at Dr. Burlingham's funeral Dr. Mabie said that Dr. Burlingham's father was the first man he ever saw who took off his coat before he knelt to pray. Prayer at that time was a wrestling with God. No wonder that men were born unto God by multitudes then. For God says, "When Zion travails, she brings forth children." Would God that we might so pray. We are too accursedly cool in this matter. Lost people fill our streets. There are unsaved ones dwelling under the same roofs with us, sitting at the same tables, and walking arm in arm through life with us. And yet how cool we are. Sometimes I think the heathen are better than we. The Mohammedan watchman goes about the streets of the city calling out the watches of the night, and as he goes he says, "Prayer is better than sleep. Prayer is better than sleep!" Even he with his false religion knows that. Would to God we could learn it! Would to God we could be so earnest in our prayers that we could sob in them, and gasp in them, and put fervor and desperation into them! Would that the whole Church might be so filled with the Spirit as to travail in prayer that a nation might be born in a day!

Do you know what a camel's knees are like? Well, it is said that after James, the writer of the New Testament epistle, died they found that his knees were callous like camel's knees, he had prayed so much. When I heard that I knew at once why he was a man of such tremendous works. It was because first of all he was a man of tremendous prayer. So it was with John Welsh of Ayr. He, too, had callous knees. They were made so by his all-night prayers. He used

to rise at midnight and throw a plaid about his shoulders and go over into the meeting house that stood next door to his home, and there he would kneel down among the pews and cry out, "Oh God, how can I rest when there are three thousand people down there in the town and I know not how it is with many of them." That was the way Richard Baxter prayed, staining the walls of his study with the breath of his prayers. That was the way George Whitefield prayed, lying flat on his face before God. That is the sort of prayer that brings the display of God's power. That was the secret of the success of those famous old Christians. They had callous knees. Alas, alas! that our knees are all unmarked.

You know it has been said that the colored men in the diamond fields of South Africa get the largest and finest gems because they are willing to work as the white men are not willing to work. They get down on their knees in the beds of the streams and they dig with their hands into the soil where the diamonds are found. The secret of success in diamond winning is to get down on your knees. The secret of success in soul winning is precisely the same. And so, dear friends, if I could have only one thing of my choice for you and the churches you represent, do you know what it would be? It would be this, that you might be full of the spirit of earnest prayer; that you might have in each of your churches at least a score of Christians, prayerfully seeking the Spirit's power for immediate service, a score of Christians who could say, "We cannot go through the autumn without a revival of God's work in our church. We cannot eat. We cannot sleep. We cannot do our work well. Lord God, we will not let Thee go unless Thou bless us." A score of people of that spirit in your church, and you would have the power of God displayed among you in mighty measure before the end of another month. Down on your knees, then, oh people of God, down on your knees! And may you be so overborne with anxiety for the salvation of men that you shall know how to lay hold of the resources of the Lord God Omnipotent. Down on your knees, and while you kneel say the sentence from the old creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," and then you will realize for yourself that scene of old when the Saviour stretched his pierced hands in benediction over His disciples and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" and breathed on them. Oh may the breath of God be in us that the Word may be preached with power in our churches and confirmed with great signs to follow.

The Mission and Message of Jesus Christ

By REV. FRANK M. GOODCHILD, D. D.

What Jesus Christ came into the world to do, and what He said when He was in the world,—the Mission and Message of Jesus—that is the subject on which I wish to speak this afternoon, and nothing could be more vital to you and me in our work.

It would be presumptuous indeed to undertake to present in a brief hour what ought to be said in any adequate treatment of both the mission and the message of Jesus. And yet we may as well recognize at the outset that however much we may be disposed to separate the mission and the message of our Lord, they yet are inseparable. No one can understand the mission of Christ without apprehending His message, and no one can apprehend His message without perceiving what His mission was. There is a sense in which our Lord's mission and His message were not simply related to each other but were identified with each other. Shakespeare made one of his characters say that he could more easily teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow his own teaching. But such a thing could not be said of Jesus Christ. What He said, He did. His teaching and Himself cannot be divorced. Indeed He was the subject of His own teaching. In living His life He delivered His message. Perhaps our meaning might be misapprehended and we should seem to fall short of the truth if we said that in delivering His message He fulfilled His mission, but we may say with no fear of contradiction that in fulfilling His mission He delivered His message.

There is nothing we are told oftener by those who have abandoned evangelical faith than that we must get back to the religion of Jesus; that we must learn to believe, not in Christ, but with Christ. I should be glad to accept the challenge and go back and find out what Christ said about Himself and take that for my creed. Jesus Christ said tremendous things about Himself. No fondest worshipper could pay Him higher honor than He claimed as His right.

This, then, is our simple task, to discover from what Christ Himself said and from what was said by those who stood nearest to Him,

just what Christ's purpose was in coming into the world, and then to inquire whether what He came to do meets the world's need.

It would be interesting to discuss the mission of Christ as anticipated by the Old Testament.

There are men today who declare that the Old Testament gives us no message about Jesus Christ. But the men who see no Son of God in the Old Testament sooner or later see no Son of God in the New Testament. Christ said to the Jews, "Moses wrote of me." Then the man who says Moses did not write anything, and if he did it was not about Jesus Christ, parts company with the Saviour. Jesus Christ said of the Old Testament Scriptures, "They testify of Me." No one denies that He said that. But there are some who deny that the Old Testament says anything about Him. And I do not see how a man who thus takes issue with Jesus Christ can claim to be a follower of His. How can two walk together unless they be agreed?

Paul found the death of Christ in the Old Testament. He said, "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." I have a notion that Paul knew how to read his Bible, at any rate he knew how to get a world of wisdom, and inspiration, and comfort out of it. And Paul goes further. He says he finds the resurrection in the Old Testament. It is a favorite notion of some today that the resurrection of the dead is not even hinted at in the Old Testament. None are so blind as those who won't see. Paul could see the resurrection there. He says in speaking of Christ: "He was buried and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures." Paul had such vision that he could find Jesus Christ all through the Old Testament. And what is more Paul did not originate that way of reading the Old Testament. For while Paul was still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, Jesus Christ Himself meeting one day two tear-stained disciples of His, began at Moses and all the prophets and expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself, and so exact were His quotations, so convincing His expositions, and so strong His appeals, that the souls of the despairing men began to warm into new hope, and their hearts burned within them while He made clear to them the meaning of the old writings.

The Old Testament is full of Jesus Christ and indicates clearly what His mission was to be if we have the eyes to see it. But enticing as that field is we must not linger in it except long enough to say that the mission of Jesus Christ is indicated there.

Take then the testimony of the forerunner of Christ. He should have some clear word to say about the mission of Him whom he heralded. Did he? Let us see. All four evangelists report John's preaching. All four agree that he spoke of the coming Messiah and what

His mission was to be. But their agreement ends with that. Not that there is any contradiction in their reports. They give us different aspects of the man and his work, that is all. Mark gives so brief a report of John's preaching that there is little indication in it of Christ's purpose. Matthew and Luke so report John's words that it would almost seem as though the Messiah's coming would be a blight. In John's report His coming is spoken of as an unspeakable blessing. Matthew and Luke emphasize His work of judgment. John emphasizes His mercy. Ask Matthew and Luke what they remember of John's preaching and they answer: "He said 'His fan is in His hand, He will thoroughly purge His floor, and the chaff He will burn up with unquenchable fire'." "Well, anything else?" "Yes, he said, 'The ax is laid at the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire'." "Anything else?" "Yes, he said, 'Oh generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'" That is the whole of their report. Is that the tone in which you would expect Messiah's herald to announce the coming of that King for whom Israel had yearned for ages? All that they report are threats. "The chaff He will burn up with unquenchable fire." Can you make anything but a threat out of that? "The ax is laid at the root of the tree and every tree that beareth not fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." That is a threat. "Oh, vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come." That is arraignment and pronouncing of judgment. One would think from these reports that John the Baptist had no gentle words in his vocabulary and that his voice never dropped into soft tones, and that the Christ whom he heralded was coming simply to display God's wrath. But turn away from them and ask the gentle John whether he can remember anything of the preaching of the Baptist. "Yes," he says. "What is it?" "Twice over he said, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' And he said it with such winsomeness that his own disciples left him at once to follow Jesus." John the Baptist, then, neglected neither side of Christ's mission. He could thunder like Sinai. He could woo like Calvary. Austere preacher though he was, with a voice like a hurricane, and face set like a flint, he yet preached about the mission of Jesus Christ the tenderest gospel sermon that ever made its way into the heart of man. How full of grace and beauty and hope for all of us still are these words of his, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

When John spoke these words he was, of course, thinking of the Jew under the old dispensation. The old-time Jew would bring his lamb to the altar, and standing there he would put his hand on the lamb's head, and confess his sin and acknowledge the justice of the

prophets but to fulfill them," He says. (Matthew 5: 17.) "I am come that they might have life and have it more abundantly," He says at another time. (John 10: 10.) "I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance," Matthew, Mark and Luke report Him saying. Matthew and Luke record as His statement, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "I came not to judge the world but to save the world," John reports. (John 12: 47.) Matthew and Mark give us His declaration, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." And John tells us that He said to Pilate, 'To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world that I should bear witness unto the truth." (John 18: 37.)

You get before you the full mission of Jesus only as you combine into one statement all these declarations of His life purpose that fell from His lips. His mission was one of salvation to the world. This salvation He achieved not simply by bearing witness to the truth but by carefully fulfilling the law, and then by making that spotless life of His such a sacrifice that it ransomed the sinful. No philosophy that we can devise furnishes a satisfactory explanation of how men are released from sin's guilt and power. But we may know it to be a fact though it remains a mystery.

penalty, and then the lamb would be slain as a sacrifice in his behalf. John was thinking of that, perhaps he was preaching about it, and then as Jesus approached he stretched out his hand toward him and said, "There is the Lamb which taketh away not the sin of one man only but the sin of all men, which taketh away sin not only for a time as in the ancient ritual, but for all time. Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." That is the great forerunner's declaration about the mission of Christ. He came to condemn sin, and to take it away by the sacrifice of Himself.

Now look for a moment at Christ's own statement of His mission. Harnack says that the mission of Christ was to show us the Father. No doubt He did that. But Christ nowhere said that that was His purpose in coming into the world as the Abbe Loisy shows conclusively in his reply to Harnack. Yet from His earliest recorded words to the end of His life there was in Him unwavering confidence in His divine origin and mission. "I know whence I came," He said to the Jews. (John 8: 14.) At another time He said, "I came forth from the Father and am come into the world." (John 16: 28.) And again with a single word about His coming being a mission He said, "I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself but He sent Me." (John 8: 42.) And once more with some suggestion as to the purpose of His mission He declared, "I came down from Heaven not to do mine own will but the will of Him that sent Me." (John 6: 38.) And so in verse after verse He makes it clear that He was in the world on a special errand. "I came not to destroy the law or the

"We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us,
He hung and suffered there."

The testimony of George Adam Smith ought to be acceptable to us all. He says, "When men stand up and tell us that Christ suffered only for the sake of sympathy with His kind, or only for loyalty to the truth, we have to tell them that this was not the whole of Christ's consciousness, and this was not the whole of Christ's own explanation of His mission." Christ went about with the consciousness that His mission in the world was something unique. He spoke of the suffering He bore as something different from the sufferings of other men. His task was something that other men were not equal to. Moses and Paul, both of them, were willing to give their soul's life for the life of God's people but both of them knew that what they could do would avail nothing. But Jesus Christ was always confident that His sufferings would put away men's sins, and He never was surer of that than when He felt the awful weight of the world's sin pressing down upon Him.

He knew that out of the travail of His soul would come spiritual life for multitudes of men.

It is much too late a day for men to express a dislike for vicarious suffering. Naturalists and sociologists freely admit that the creatures they study, live, suffer and die for each other. I heard Prof. George B. Foster declare that the principle of vicarious suffering seems to be universal and is in the very nature of things. Men are so inextricably bound together that when one falls he drags down twenty others with him and when one stands firm he helps many besides himself to bear the strain. And these things are but illustrations of how Christ's sufferings avail for us. The New Testament is not a truthful book, and Jesus Christ is simply unintelligible unless He came to die, the just for the unjust to bring us to God. There is no meaning in the crucifixion of Christ unless it be this, that He who knew no sin was made sin for us and God had to act toward Him as though He were the sinner. There are men who declare that that is immoral. Then the universe is immoral, for that is the principle on which the universe is built. Christ's thought about Himself, then, agrees with the thought of John the Baptist about Him, that He came into the world to die for the world's sin.

And the Apostles who followed Christ had the same view of His mission—He came to die for men's sins. Paul said that such a message was not acceptable to the taste of many in his day. It made the Jews angry. It made the Greeks scoff. It made the Romans smile. It need not surprise us then that it is not to the taste of some today. You remember that Froude in one of his "Short Studies," protested against evangelical preaching. And there are many who agree with him that the evangelical doctrine is not suited to men of fine tastes. There are people who show their displeasure when the "precious blood of Christ" is spoken of. There are some who refuse to sing "There is a fountain filled with blood" because its metaphors are too gross, they say. There are some who suggest to us that we ought to hold a "modified notion of sin," though their fathers spoke of the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." There are some who declare in Christian pulpits that all the impulses of our hearts are divine, and that men who go to the saloon and the brothel are gropingly seeking after God, though the Psalmist said of the wicked, "God is not in all their thoughts." There are some who say that men need but to see the highest in order to love it, though Jesus Christ said, "Men love darkness rather than light," and they "will not come to the light lest their deeds should be reproved," and we know it to be a fact that when the highest came into the world, instead of loving Him and obeying Him, men speedily put Him to death. There are a good many who insist that all that

man needs is to be taught, while the New Testament certainly says that he needs to be redeemed. Surely some of us have gone a long way from the truths that made the godly characters of our ancestors.

Now the singular thing is that many of the men who resent the preaching of the Cross exalt Christ as their teacher. But surely never before did disciples treat their teachers as they treat theirs. They feel at liberty to revise His teachings. His most explicit instruction is rejected. The very thing He says He came to do they set at nought. Nothing could be plainer than this as expressing the mission of Jesus Christ, "The Son of Man came to give His life a ransom for many." No one doubts that Jesus Christ said that. So far as I know that statement stands absolutely unchallenged. And yet the very thing Jesus Christ says he came to do, these men declare there was no need of doing. And yet they never cease assuring us that Christ is the great teacher at whose feet they sit. Those who were associated with Christ when He was here on earth were better pupils. They caught the Spirit of the Saviour. They discerned His purpose. They made it clear in their preaching and their writing that they believed that Jesus Christ died for our sins, and that is what He came into the world for.

What great words these words of John are and how unmistakable their meaning, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." And when we turn to Paul, whose joy it was to preach a crucified Saviour, we find him saying simply and eloquently, 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and when he undertakes to tell how we are saved he says in words that are appalling to some today, "He made Him who knew no sin to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

There is no note of uncertainty anywhere in the New Testament in its utterances about Christ's mission. But does the New Testament teaching stand the test which Coleridge says is the proof of truth? Does it find you? Is it satisfying to the heart's instincts? There is no message that finds such a response in the hearts of all classes and conditions of men as the simple message of a crucified Christ. Schleiermacher did not during his lifetime emphasize the power of the Cross as Paul did, but when he came to die he went over the grounds of his confidence and he said at last simply and sweetly, "We have the blood of Christ." George Romanes spent years arguing against such a gospel as this and then at last he came to feel that his only hope was that Christ died for him. His biographer says of him, "The burden was lifted so gradually that he could not tell the exact moment at which he found it gone, but he found himself standing like the pilgrim of the

never-to-be-forgotten story at the foot of the Cross, and the Three Shining Ones coming to greet him." I preached some time ago in a Unitarian church. Of course I would not deliberately affront the congregation. Yet I could not let the opportunity pass without alluding to the Saviour's Cross, and after the service the pastor of the church came to me and extended his hand and said, "What we need in the Unitarian Church is more preaching of the Cross." Of course I agree with him. And I will go further and say that we need more preaching of the Cross in our Baptist churches, too.

We are all familiar with the writings of Henry Drummond. There is in them something of the irresistible charm that there was in the man himself. I am sure that the spirit of the Cross was marked in his life. Yet it must be confessed that he said little of it in his addresses or his books. But look at him when he came to die. He was a young man, still, only forty-six years of age. But he was prematurely old. He had so labored that his nerves were shattered and his hair was white. He knew he was dying. He loved life. There was much he longed to do. He suffered tortures in his illness. And yet his old smile remained on his face. In the very hour of his death a friend played softly some of his favorite hymns. Among the others he played the hymn dear to the Scotch martyrs:

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross."

It stirred the dying man. He beat time with his hands. He joined softly in the words. And when the song was ended he said, "There is nothing to beat that." And there is not. I do not wonder when Paul contemplated the message that others were giving he turned away and said, "But we preach Christ crucified."

Nothing but the gospel that Paul preached answers to the sense of sin that the New Testament puts within us. No man who knows what sin is could dream that his poor, faulty repentence and his resolves to do better, furnish God a sufficient reason for forgiveness. It is a fact that the better men are the less they esteem their own righteousness as having any saving power. And it is a singular thing that in this age when we are insisting in so many pulpits that God does not need a sacrifice for sin, the great writers of the world are insisting on the awfulness and the utter unforgiveableness of sin. George Eliot's novels depict sin as a fury that pursues the culprit until he is run down and the last farthing of moral debt is exacted. There is nothing so ruinous as sin according to the books of that marvelous woman who is unrivaled in her analysis of human character. The reason

why thoughtful men like to read Ibsen and George Meredith is, that they teach that the soul of even the best of men is hopelessly sullied. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" holds its place as one of the greatest of books because men recognize the truth of its teaching about the dreadfulness of sin. Arthur Dimmesdale found no place for repentence. He confessed his sin, but his confession did not help him. Hawthorne does not hold to the superficial notion that to make a clean breast of one's wrong doing removes the wrong doing.

Science says the same thing. Huxley said impressively once, "There is no forgiveness in nature." And there is not. In the wide universe there is not a square foot of space where sin can be committed and the punishment not be exacted. Science is as emphatic in teaching that as the Bible is. Huxley's dictum seems like an echo of the Bible verse that says, "God will by no means clear the guilty." The great truth that is written everywhere is, that there sits on the throne of the universe a judge who forgets nothing and forgives nothing. If it were possible for God to treat sin as lightly as some preachers think He can, the whole universe would be disordered, and the throne of Heaven would topple to its fall. Our fathers were right when they insisted that mercy cannot be exercised at the expense of justice. The sweetness of the gospel that Paul preached is, that it declares that the utmost penalty of our sin has been borne by God Himself in the person of His Son. Jesus Christ put Himself in our place and accepted the deserts of our sins as belonging to Himself. We were in debt and He assumed the obligation and paid it to the uttermost farthing. We were condemned and He pitied us and died in our stead, and through His death we live. In a hundred ways and by countless illustrations you may set forth the fact that the penalty that should be exacted of us Jesus Christ willingly assumed, and by His suffering our sins were put away. That is the gospel of the crucified Christ. And it is a gospel that makes it possible for us to rejoice in God's justice instead of fearing it, and that makes us sing with Faber:

"God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our weariness away."

As showing how the work Christ came to do meets the needs of men, Dr. Henry Van Dyke says: "Whatever be the nature of that sublime transaction on Calvary, whatever the name by which men call it—Atonement, Sacrifice, Redemption, Propitiation; whatever relations it may have to the eternal moral law and to the Divine righteousness—its relation to the human heart is luminous and beautiful. It does take away sin. Kneeling there at that holy altar, the soul at once remem-

bers most vividly, confesses most humbly, and loses most entirely all her guilt. A sense of profound, unutterable relief, a sacred quietude, diffuses itself through all the recesses of the troubled spirit. Looking unto Christ crucified, we receive an assurance of sins forgiven, which goes deeper than thought can fathom, and far deeper than words can measure."

Twenty years ago when Reginald Campbell, of London, was still pastor in Brighton, he preached a better gospel than he preached a few years afterwards in London. At that time in the course of a sermon on the "Psychology of the Atonement," he told of a woman whom he was called to see whose experience illustrated for him how the atonement of Christ answers to the cry of the human heart. This woman was dying. He was a stranger to her, but he was called to see her. He found her a woman of means and culture, but she was quite ignorant of the essentials of the Christian faith. Her religious views had been formed like some of those in New York today, almost entirely by the influence of certain Oriental cults. To her Jesus was simply a great teacher like many another. She had no notion of such a thing as redemption. And yet she had need of redemption, for her life had been as full of sin as it was of sorrow." And as Mr. Campbell talked with her she said, "Oh that it were possible for some great, strong friend to take my conscience as though it were his own that I might have a little peace." Mr. Campbell said that he learned more from that sentence concerning the mystery of redemption than he had ever thought of up to that time, for there was a soul who felt and declared the need of just such a salvation as we are charged to proclaim. She asked for just such a Saviour as we have, without knowing that He existed. Mr. Campbell says significantly that the only possible relief for her was to hear of Him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. I wonder how the preacher who ministered in so Pauline a fashion to that needy soul met a similar need when he was confronted by it in later days when he was preaching another gospel in London?

If we are to substitute for the gospel of a crucified Christ which Paul preached this gospel of "turn over a new leaf and save yourself," we have no message for a great multitude who need a Saviour's compassion. Charles A. Berry, the one time eloquent preacher of Wolverhampton, told his friend Dr. Jowett how he learned what sort of a gospel men need. He says that one night there came to him a Lancashire girl with a shawl over her head and clogs on her feet. She said, "Are you the minister?" He said he was. She said, "Then I want you to come and get my mother in." He thought it was a case of drunkenness, and he said, "You must get a policeman." The girl said

in a startled fashion, "Oh, no, my mother is dying, and I want you to get her into salvation." "Where do you live?" said the preacher. "A mile and a half from here," said the girl. Mr. Berry said, "Is there no preacher nearer than I." "Yes," said the girl, "but I want you, and won't you come?" Dr. Berry dressed and went with the girl. The place was a house of ill fame. In the lower stories of the house they were drinking and roystering. He went upstairs and found the woman dying as the daughter had said. He sat down and talked about Jesus as the beautiful example, and extolled Him as our leader and teacher. She looked at him out of her eyes of death and said, "Mister, that's no good for the likes o' me. I don't want an example. I'm a dying sinner." There he was face to face with a dying sinner and he, a minister of the gospel, had nothing to tell her. Then he thought of how his mother had told him in his childhood of Christ dying for sinful men. It was a more primitive gospel than he had been accustomed to preach. But he told her the simple story, and as he told the old- old story that never loses its power, the woman said, "Now you're getting at it. That's what I want. That's the story for me." And Mr. Berry says, "I got her in that night, and I got in myself, and from that night I have always had a full gospel for lost sinners." There is nothing like that. There is a music in it like the song of Heaven itself. Have the new religions anything to compare with it? Well, then, I would say with Paul, let other men preach what they please; but we preach Christ crucified, and we rejoice still in that faithful saying on which Paul rested his heart, "that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

The Victory that Overcomes the World

By REV. HENRY HEPBURN, D. D.

Habakkuk 3: 1-19.

In the period from 1776 to 1785 Benjamin Franklin represented our nation at the French court. It was during the days when the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other atheistic writers permeated the thought and life of the world, but especially the French people, who, having lost hope of better things politically were rapidly being prepared for the horrors of the revolution through beliefs that ruled God out of His universe and made the name of Christ a byword.

In spite of the influences that were about him Mr. Franklin worked steadily, maintained his faith in God and his loyalty to the work of the Kingdom. At a gathering of savants he asked that he might have the privilege of reading a Pindaric ode which was not written by Pindar, for he hoped that it might be of interest to those assembled. The third chapter of Habakkuk was the wonderful reading which he presented to the great delight of his hearers, but to their utter confusion of mind as to its origin. "If Pindar did not write it, who did?" they asked; and when he said Habakkuk they queried one with another, "And who was Habakkuk?" Think of it! Men who claimed to be masters of literature and yet did not even recognize the Biblical names even though they might have been unfamiliar with the Bible itself. Perhaps you do not realize what a wealth of spiritual help there is in this marvelous little book from which the historic and spiritual phrase, "The just shall live by faith," has come. This phrase is quoted in the New Testament and made sturdy the mind of Paul. Later Luther realized through it that salvation was not by works, but absolutely by dependence upon Christ. Or have you listened to the beautiful promise and had your heart filled with burning for the glory of God in these words: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

A study of the prophet and his times makes plain the fact that wonderful revelations often come during the periods of great darkness. In the decadent days of the Jewish nation who would have thought of singing a song of triumph, yet it is what the prophet did

and the story of how God lifted the veil and gave him a glimpse of the coming triumph still makes brave the hearts of the faithful.

It was a heavy burden that Habakkuk carried—one not made lighter by his passing to and fro among the people, for each day as he performed his allotted task of striving to turn the hearts of the people toward God it seemed as though he uncovered some new and greater evil which was eating into the very life of the nation. He knew the persistent course of the people in sin and idolatry could only lead to inevitable punishment. Glorious and wonderful had been Israel's history, mighty her power, but alas, into what depths had she fallen! The glory had departed. She is now but a vassal of a heathen race. What minister of God can there be, who can witness without sorrow the course of sin in human life, realizing that ears are growing deaf and hearts indifferent to words of warning or advice. So Habakkuk pleads in anguish of heart: "O Lord, how long shall I cry, and Thou wilt not hear! Even cry out unto Thee of violence and Thou wilt not save?" It seemed to him as though the heavens were brass; that God was beyond the reach of his voice, yet he laid his heart-burden before the Mercy Seat.

Then there came a voice speaking to him saying: "Lo, I will raise up the Chaldeans, that bitter and hasty nation, which shall march through the breadth of the land, to possess the dwelling places that are not theirs."

A cry of deep agony came from the lips of the prophet. He swooned and fell upon the ground. Later he questioned with himself. Can it be possible that God will send the Chaldeans, those terrible enemies of ours, to purge is land? Why doesn't God Himself punish His people? All night long he struggled with the question not only of the sin and the punishment, but also wondered if God would listen to him, or turn with careless indifference from the things at hand.

Heartsick, Habakkuk arose and retraced his steps to his hidden retreat which he called his watchtower, a place where he kept tryst with God. Then there came upon him a deepening consciousness of the power and majesty of God, an increasing faith that he could trust all to be worked out to the glory of Jehovah's great Name. His soul was enlarged with the vision, then reverently he bowed his head and prayed.

The soul, whose eye of faith looks through the telescope of God's promises, always beholds visions which are for the ultimate glory of God. It is hard to believe that the prophet once crying out in the violence of his grief should a little later be triumphantly shouting of a triumph that should be world-wide. The secret was meeting with God in the watchtower. Never is a soul that trusts in Him disappointed.

When the believer prays he is able to mount above the cloud line of the present and is able to look far yonder into the promised land of God's triumphant glory. The Christian warrior, who sees only the strength of the enemy and counts the triumphs evil has won, is already as good as defeated. We must carry the shield of faith if we are to win the battle.

The Vision

Lauterdale's version begins: "I sing of the warrior and his mighty deeds.." And here we find a golden link in the chain of mighty achievements performed by the victor of Bozrah who, from the promise of the protevangel until he comes to the gateway of Paradise, moves triumphantly along the centuries and still is in the field of battle and will be until the final struggle at Armageddon and the restoration of all things. The promise is that He will keep His children in perfect peace, and we hear His voice over the waters of Galilee: "Behold, I am; fear not."

Standing on the watchtower, Habakkuk was afraid; he was listening to the voice of God; in holy fear and in reverential awe he fell upon his knees. What else could he do? Wherever in the Bible you find men of faith approaching God's throne, there is a sense of worship and a knowledge of their own unworthiness, whether it be Isaiah who saw the Lord high and lifted up and fell upon his face, or Ezekiel beholding the vision by the River Chebar and prostrating himself before God, or John who was in the Spirit on Patmos' lonely island falling at the feet of Jesus as if struck by the hand of death. Ever it is the same and tremendous would be the effect if each one here today would give time to God, spending hours in His presence, finding that they could never be the same again. Not only filial fear was followed by prayer, but we find a third element, an expectation that God will interfere and set at nought the forces of evil. Some men sneer at prayer, others are fatalists in belief as well as practice, but, friends, "many do err not knowing the power of God."

The Twentieth Century Limited speeding on its way approaches a curve. Far ahead the engineer sees a woman rushing frantically toward him waving a tablecloth which she has evidently picked up from the table in hurrying to the track. Of course the train is due at a certain time; its schedule is fixed. How can the engineer stop? But that great hand grasps the throttle, draws it back, fire blazes from the rails as the air is applied, and he stops the train suddenly, even at the risk of causing a wreck. His reward comes in the great gratitude not only of the mother, but his own heart, that he did not strike the little child which the mother had seen playing upon the track far ahead. Has not

the One who made the laws, the privilege of changing or hindering them at will?

A mighty result is achieved. Habakkuk finds that God is coming to the rescue. He is seen marching through the valley from Teman and Paran, great peaks on either side of Sinai, Mount of God. The tents of Cushan and the curtains of Midian are shaken; the Almighty is still on the throne and every phase of human experience is of the utmost interest to Him.

"The Lord, our God, is clothed with might;
The winds obey His will;
He speaks and in the heavenly height
The rolling seas stand still."

The vision is made plain. The exceeding sinfulness of sin, the sure result of which is death, its effect upon the world ruin, upon the human soul the torpor of death. Some people never seem to grasp the awful nature of evil. How it blights and ruins the soul.

A Mighty Request

The prophet begins his prayer with a great longing of heart. Perhaps we can see the need of the message in the thought which is filling so many minds at the present moment. Everywhere our friends and neighbors are going into the forests, to the oceanside, camping by lake or river and even crossing the wide seas. Pilgrimages are being made by innumerable people to sylvan haunts where they see the glittering waters, hear the rustle of the tasselated pines, and the roll of the mighty ocean. The great longing of heart is for recreation and re-creation of bodily strength, mental uplight, and of spiritual encouragement. But after all it is the word which the prophet uses, "revival." For the most part, these of whom we are speaking are seeking for a revival of physical strength, or a revival of mental ability through the rest which comes in the vacation season.

Mighty is the outlook of the prophet's prayer; however, "revive us again," is a heartfelt longing and a determined prayer that God, who speaks through Scripture in His act of providence, by the power of the Holy Spirit, may revive His work and the pronoun is significant. The prophet does not say revive my work, but "Thy" work. He is a partner with God and a part of that great plan is intercession. It must be intense, like Isaiah, who would have God even rend His heavens, and come down, making bare His mighty arm that the fainting and weary, the ruined and lost, may know that God can revive His work again. The problem of the prophet is the problem which comforts each faithful heart. It is to know God. "It is God that maketh my heart faint and the Almighty that humbleth me," and so amidst all the perplexing

maze of things the eternal resources of God's heart are asked for in a time of awful need. Each period of world revival reveals some great neglected truth which is met by God's wonderful providence. In the Reformation it was the soul's immediate access to God. In the days of William Carey it was the spread of the Kingdom over the whole world, a truth which the church had forgotten. In more recent time it was the need of men to know God and to search for Holiness of life. Perhaps today the greatest want of the human heart is reverence for God. Added to the plea for revival is a phrase that is worthy of our closest consideration "in the midst of the years." God never grows old and physicians tell us that a man is just as old as his arteries, but revelation makes us realize that a man is as old as his spirit. The Divine prescription for perpetual youth is a life of faith. The call is ever upward. Our journey toward eternity.

But there is a great danger and many a warning comes to us from the Holy Scriptures as we read the stories of men, the multitude of whose failures occurred in middle life. In youth, some who hear the Word of God are afraid in solemn awe which is not dread nor terror, but the reverse, find the hush of the eternal upon their souls and walk with God. But how about the "midst of the years" and the special danger? Youth has its perils, but these are past; age has its infirmities, but these have not yet been reached. For those in the midst of years will find that the middle passage of life is crowded with peculiar perils. Each dispensation passes in its prime before it is grown great with years. Upon the golden age of paradise and perfection the sun went down ere it was known. The patriarchal period saw few of the age once wearing the veneration of centuries, but in a little while men whose lives were lengthened had grown so skillful in sin it was necessary for God to send the flood. Likewise the Christian church, the work began well, but what hindered it? At first in good health and strength the edict of kings, the strength of lions, the age of the sword, a furnace of fire, failed to hinder its onward progress, but her middle ages were in utter darkness, which even yet casts the death shade across the world.

The midst of the years has its peculiar danger in the pride of achievement. When men begin to work for Christ they feel that they cannot do anything without Him; they trust for strength, but after a while there is danger, men are apt to feel that they have won their laurels. They have borne the heat and burden of the day, it is time to rest. This is fatal to progress when we reach the land of the ideal and are satisfied then our powers are spent.

There is also the pride of experience. No longer young or simple, able to overcome; with many victories in the past; a satisfaction with

present achievements. But pray that we may be delivered from the danger of self-satisfaction in the midst of the years.

Would it not help us to think for a moment of how God must look upon our individual lives and upon the work of the church since many are going through the forms of religious life yet dead?

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew."

May God save us from becoming a ghastly church and as individuals make known to the world that any routine or life drives us forward in the great task.

We fight not alone. It is the will of our Heavenly Father that we conquer the strife. Yes, and He will revive us again. He will, if we will but heed and obey.

The prayer of Habakkuk was answered; revival came. The Master said that we should seek, ask, knock and find. Rutherford, from his prison-house in Aberdeen, wrote: "The sea is out and I cannot bring you wind and cause it to flow again; I can only wait on the shore till the Lord sends a full sea." Yes, prayer is that which eternally vitalizes and like the incoming of the tide the lifting of the Eternal comes to bear us up.

"Far back through creeks and inlets
Moving silently floods in the main."

A Tremendous Test

In a recent book, "A Handful of Stars," Boreham, the Australian essayist, has a chapter upon Habakkuk's prayer and from it many lessons have come to me, and I quote freely his thought, although not his words. He gives the story of Walter Petherick, a prosperous London merchant, who at forty-seven years of age had wonderfully succeeded and whose children although motherless found in the father one whose heart was large enough to be a mother to them as well as a father and the two boys and two girls were full of sunshine and gladness. On a certain morning in July, 1775, all went together to the parish church. Outside it was a brilliant day, but on that day a solemn fast was being held throughout Britain, a time of humiliation and intercession. Most of the shops were closed and pestilence stalked through the land. As this family went to church, on many doors they saw red crosses, and underneath the words: "Lord have mercy upon us." The Twickenham church was filled, and the devout murmured

responses, giving witness to the depth of universal emotion. Mr. Petherwick never forgot the text, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom."

Mr. Boreham says that this was a Sunday of suppositions. Suppose the fig tree shall not blossom, suppose the vine shall not bear fruit, suppose the labour of the olive shall fail, suppose the fields shall yield no corn, suppose the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, suppose there shall be no herd in the stalls. We like to face life without the suppositions, but this is a challenge to bid them come. They are all invited to enter for the prophet realizes they are but the good gifts of the Giver. What if they do perish just so we possess the Giver! An awful loss of life is not losing Him. The story of the London merchant is like that of many others who in the midst of the years have practically forgotten God. That night as he reviewed the melancholy situation, the possible loss of his children or perhaps his own death, a horror of great darkness fell upon him, but he prayed it through, held fast to the hand of the Giver. Once more he turned to the prophet and read the words of mighty intercession. The writer says it seemed as if the prayer had opened the gates of his soul to the peace of the night. As he looked again to the cleansing river, he felt soothed and comforted and a half hour later he was sleeping as peacefully as any of his children. A year later on a Sunday morning word reached this London merchant that the city was on fire. He drove to the outskirts of the city where the masses of people feeling the great heat of the flames and the danger, prevented his entrance to the city itself in the midst of which stood his great warehouse. Once more the words of the prophet came to his mind, once more he faced the question of the gifts or of the Giver and found his heart at rest. A year before God had given him peace and also protected the lives of his dear ones and no plague came nigh his dwelling. Out of the sea of fire his warehouse emerged untouched by the fire with not even the smell of the fire upon it.

Is it any wonder that Webster, as he read this marvelous song of suppositions and the victory-giving God who stands behind it all, wished that some artist could paint the heroic figure of song of victory? But whether or not such an artist arises, each one of us knows the victory which overcomes the world, even our faith. There is strength for us in looking backward for the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him and there is tremendous help for each one of us to find the value of this story of Habakkuk. On the side of human experience is its revelation of the processes of God, Who led him through doubt, through trial, in secret communion, to the shout of victory.

A Glorious Rest

Read the words again: "Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." If God's prophet could rejoice in what was a great promise how much more should we in the revelation of the glory of the Only Begotten?

Sometimes on the sunny plains of Kansas there are days of cloud, but if you should be in a field of the great golden sunflowers even on a day when no gleam of sunshine is visible, yet in the morning all the floral faces are turned toward the east and through the hours they follow the journeying of the sun. In spite of the cloud, they look toward the place where the sun is shining. Oh, that men would see the goodness of God and even in the midst of darkness or the valley of the shadow turn their faces toward the Son of Righteousness! Then joy would fill all hearts. It is dangerous to look down. Note the vine that creeps up the side of your house, its head filled with beautiful leaves and clusters of flowers, but allow that head to turn downward, the flowers disappear and the leaves vanish away.

Another illustration from the floral kingdom is this: There is danger in prosperity. A relative of mine, very fond of roses, was so zealous in her culture of them that she overfed her bushes and the richness of soil which she meant as a blessing caused the rose-buds to be mere clusters of little green leaves, tufts of worthlessness; the flower, the fragrance, the beauty had disappeared; but amidst poverty of soil she had beautiful roses. Many times God must take us away from the richness that we may blossom more beautifully in difficult surroundings. Supposing all these things came to pass, yet the victorious One stretches out His hand to His children. Unshaken faith in God will restore the years which the palmer worm helped to destroy. Dr. C. Cheever says, "when physical comforts are withheld or withdrawn, then rely on God's promises and go forward in duty just as if we experienced them." That is true faith, great faith; and quaintly Matthew Henry remarks: "Those who went through were full, enjoyed God in all; when they were empty and impoverished they can enjoy all in God. They can sit down upon the ruins of creature comforts and sing to the praise of God as the God of their salvation."

Why should we fear? When we possess Him we possess all things of His. Yes, life or even death. It is easy to say these words, or perhaps write them, but have we faith enough to rejoice in God when the bars of a dungeon are about us in the midst of the midnight hour? Paul and Silas did. And everywhere the Gospel of Christ has been preached, the victorious song of triumph and the shout of praise has been heard. It is possible in each of our hearts today, and God is listening for our tribute of thanksgiving and our rejoicing in Him. To

do so brings the greatest rest that the heart of man can know; a peace grows out of it which the world cannot give, nor can the world lay hands upon it.

A Rich Bequest

When our Lord left the world He gave His disciples a legacy and He reaffirmed the ancient covenant made with the people of God; and it is just as true for us today as for those who lived on the other side of Calvary. They looked to Him and their faces were lightened and neither were they ashamed. We look to Him, our faces grow radiant as the morning, but His great bequest, the strength of the eternal, is put over against our lives. "The Lord is my strength, and He will make my feet like hinds' feet, and He will make me to walk upon mine high places." Shall we rise today to the preparation which God has made through Christ for the relief and enrichment of the souls of men?

First: Through faith in Christ we are saved and strength is brought to our hearts. The girding of the eternal is ours. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Salvation is more than the giving of alms, the tossing of a paltry coin into a beggar's hand. It is strength enfolding. If in the ages long ago Habakkuk could talk of the Lord God as a strength-giver, how about the believer today, with the knowledge of Christ filling his life? Shall we longer walk in weakness, or know the influx of power divine?

Second: Light-footed are they who bring the Gospel of peace. Their feet do not drag like those of a plowman carrying a pound of clay on either shoe, wearily wending his way homeward at nightfall. No, like the leaping deer upon the mountainside, for Christ causes us to be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. He enables us to run with light hearts and winged feet; gladness is a motive-power, a cheer bringer of the day. Not toiling as a task but as an athlete rejoicing to climb the steep ways, enduring the flint rocks and winning at last.

Third: There is an elevation in the life of a Christian. Upon the high places of the earth the very skylines of the world, up, up beyond where evil can attack, for our souls are able to mount to the heights of God. The word of the mass begins "sursum corda," that is, "up with your hearts." But we have the appeal not from some dead service, but the living Christ. On the heights we journey, it is safe there, the heart is kept pure, the poisons and the miasmas of the lower levels fail to reach our souls. The very mountains of God are our place of venture.

A Herald's Qualifications

By REV. HENRY HEPBURN, D. D.

Text: Isaiah 6: 1-8: "In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon the throne, high and lifted up and His train filled the temple.

Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory.

And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke.

Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone!; because I am a man of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.

Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar. And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged."

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us." Then said I, "Here am I; send me."'

The king is dead! Long live the king! But sad hearts remained behind and the young, princely chaplain, Isaiah, felt the depth of heart desolation as he entered the temple to perhaps join with others in a great memorial service. To him it seemed that the world had stopped. How could things go on since Uzziah, his liege lord and earthly ideal, no longer wore the crown, and into another's hands the sceptre of imperial power had passed?

Something of the same feeling of desolation has come to each of our lives in a great individual or national crisis, and with chastened hearts we have turned to worship; all earthly foundations had seemed to slip away and there was a realization of helpless, hopeless despair, unless the heart felt the steadying of the everlasting arms.

The young prophet, who for some years had worn the garb of a court chaplain, was by birth a prince of the realm, but like Jacob who when he came to the ford, Jabbok, was to become a prince with God. The failure of earthly strength had cleared the stage for the real hero

of the ages. A new day dawned for Samuel when he listened to the voice of the Lord; Peter could never be the same again after his housetop experience; and Paul met Christ on the Damascus road and ever afterwards followed the eternal pathway.

It is likely that there were many other worshippers and that great numbers of priests and Levites had gathered in the temple that day to offer a sacrifice, amid the chanting of the choirs, but the earthly faded away in the glory of the heavenly. It was an epochal moment in the life of God's prophet. The king had been his ideal, but he was an earthly monarch, and many of his deeds were not pleasing in the Lord's sight and the vision was of One Who is ever able to bring cosmos out of chaos and the eclipse of earthly sorrow passed in the glory of a new day, which was filled with the golden sunshine of God's holy presence.

To the Christian there is a deeper understanding of life's affairs than to the man of the world. John Wesley passes but the Methodist Episcopal Church goes forward right mightily. General Booth lays down the sword but the Salvation Army finds that the end of his life is a time when God will show that His needed man has been prepared and the work is not finished, but lo, there is the beginning of a greater day.

A Vision of God

When the vision came all earthly sounds and scenes faded in the glory of the Shekinah's outshining. What a day when any soul comes face to face with the Lord! That was a great day when Andrew and John were walking with John the Baptist, and the Lamb of God passed by. They then began a journey with the Saviour, and that journey continues, and shall continue through eternity. One is never the same again and the believer from the moment of his introduction to Christ walks softly, or should, and serenely ever afterwards. Not earthly eyes, but the eyes of Isaiah's soul, opened to eternal realities that day. The sun was still in the sky, all about him, glistening marble, glorious music, the wonderful temple, the gorgeous array of priests and Levites, and the mighty assembly of people. Things went on as before, but not in Isaiah's life. Perhaps this brings back to many here the moment when, as someone sang, prayed, or preached the Lord of Glory appeared before his life and called him to holy service. Visions occur, they do not happen. Eternal doors open but only at God's behest.

There is dignity, power, and wonderful glory revealed in the vision as recorded. The door posts shook, the antiphonal choirs of angels sang gloriously and the kingly vision became a call not only to higher living but to grander service.

The first step on the way to victory was a vision of the Lord

Jehovah's throne which appeared to the prophet who saw that he must place the Lord first within his heart and above all earthly thrones. It was a wondrous scene as the Lord appeared high and lifted up with a magnificent retinue that filled all the temple. The wonder of it made the prophet's heart stand still; no tawdry tinsel this! Clouds of incense filled every nook, bay and corner. The seraphims appeared, those burning ones who minister in things of glory around heavenly altars and who are set to know the secrets of God. Listen to these fiery messengers as they cry one to another: "Holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory."

But suppose one who knows you best should be compelled to speak his knowledge of your moral character as the seraphim revealed the holiness of the Lord in their wonderful words? The Holy Spirit is here today searching, trying, knowing our hearts, that we may be ready for the larger knowledge that shall come.

Notice the description of the seraphims. Each had six wings, but if man were directing all would be for flight or to make gain, but these bright ones had two wings with which to hide their feet and thus reveal humility, two wings to cover their faces and thus show reverence, and two wings with which they flew going on the commands of God. And the secret of their untiring flight is in the fact that these dazzling ones knew the power of eternally sustained life. The four wings folded in worship made it possible for the other two to be swift in service. But the beautiful lesson for us all is that wings of reverence, of humility, and of spiritual ability can be grown through the power of Christ. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, the things which God hath for them that love Him, but they are revealed to us through His spirit and thus gloriously re-enforced we, too, can join with the shining ones in honoring God.

The Vision of Self

Isaiah saw the Lord in His glory but the second vision that came to him was that of himself. Years before he had been called into God's service, worn the garb of his office, delivered messages, and written pages of the Holy Word, but it was necessary for God to reveal the man to himself. This could only be done in the light of heavenly glory. No one can preach of sin and convince hearts or give the vision of the Saviour until he himself has first seen the reality and corroding power of sin in his own soul. Is it any wonder that the prophet cried out, "I am undone," and that his heart was filled with dismay? The darkness of his soul, the wrong desires, the selfish impulses all looked hideous in the light of supernal glory. He felt himself a man of unclean lips, that which was false, profane, or impure, had found its way out in the vehicle of speech, but all because his heart was not right.

Peter cried out one day, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man," yet that was the last thing that the apostle of rock desired; in the light of Christ's face the false things of his heart were revealed. Job abhorred himself in dust and ashes. Sin ever loses its glamour when the Saviour appears.

In Africa, for years, at one of the mission stations, righteousness was preached; the Ten Commandments were held before the people, but not one person yielded until at last the missionary realized the failure that came through not presenting the Saviour. First things first meant these sinning, dark-hearted folk looked into a Saviour's face, heard the story of Christ's Cross and sacrificial death for sin, and in a little while an entire tribe had yielded to the call of love. The voices announcing divine holiness in sweet and wonderful music called out one to another: "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts," and He who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, was lifted up before the prophet, He before whom angels bow and arch-angels veiled their faces. Could it be possible that anything but the second impression would come and he who had been a court chaplain now, for eighteen years, although clad in his canonicals, must forget his pride and personal importance and realize his own littleness, but more than that, his heart-sinfulness.

The tendency of our time is to magnify man and to minimize God. The Heavenly Father is thrust aside, His prerogatives usurped, and the creature takes upon himself an attribute of omniscence and assumes a responsibility for the world affairs. For such arrogance there can be no remedy but the ineffable vision of divine glory. As far as Isaiah may seem to be removed from God by the fact that he was a mere creature in the presence of the Infinite, he was still further removed by the sense of his sin. "Woe is me," he cried, "for I am undone; I am a man of unclean lips, I dwell among people of unclean lips, and mine eyes have seen the King." Probably he mentioned his lips particularly because as a prophet he had been commissioned to witness for God. Now he realized he was not worthy to speak the name of God, much less to witness for Him. Thus does our iniquity separate us from God, and our sins hide His face from us."

A Vision of the Cross

One of the seraphims flew unto the prophet, having a live coal, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar, and he laid it upon his mouth and said: "Lo, this hath touched thy lips; thine iniquity is taken away; thy sin purged." We here have faith and repentance together; a soul was allowed to speak from its inmost recesses of wrong-doing. But have we realized that Calvary was in this, the coal that was taken from the altar, blazing amid the crimson

of the great sacrifice for sin! Many of us have heard Dr. Chapman use the illustration of our inability to say the word "sin" without its sounding like the hiss of a serpent, but here is a new hissing, that of the fire touching the blood. It is the red of Christ's sacrifice made effective by the fire of the Holy Spirit. As the Salvation Army speaks of winning the world through the fire and the blood, it is a true picture and wonderful portrait of Isaiah's vision.

"For He breaks the power of cancelled sin and sets the
prisoner free."

David declared long ago, "I have sinned against the Lord," but we read the other great word, "And the Lord hath made to pass the iniquity of thy sin."

"Thus while His death might sin displease
In all its blackness here;
Such is the mystery of grace
It seals my pardon, too."

The iniquity was taken away; the sin was purged. Now the prophet is ready for a further vision; he was not prepared before, and no soul is ready for service until he has seen the Lord, himself, his sin, and found the remedy that comes from a fountain opened in the house of David.

A Vision of Service

Purged, God's servant was now ready for service. Our Heavenly Father has no conscripts in His army but the need is for those who will listen when the Lord says: "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" The Lord did not want the prophet to help Him make worlds, nor did He need his aid to gird on the belt of Orion, or to lead the stars along their orbits, nor give Him advice as to eternal things, but He has made man a partner in bringing salvation to others, not the one who sits outside the temple of life and is self-centered but he who heeds, is cleansed and is willing to live an obedient life. Our great example in service is the Saviour who away back in eternity answered the Everlasting Father's question, "Who will go for us?" by saying, "Lo, I come." It is the voice of the Everlasting Son who came, who lived, loved, died and rose again and thus made provision for human redemption. But the publication and application of that redemption has been left to us and now the Saviour bends over the battlements of heaven and asks, "Who will go for us?" He wants no holding back, no vacillation, no pleading of unfitness, but prompt, emphatic, loyal surrender of man's whole being for service. God grant to us grace to heed as did Isaiah and go forth to bleed and die if necessary in the work of the Kingdom. Let us cease from measuring life by what men call success and hold ourselves in readiness to go all the way at

the King's command. We should pray that the fire of God's holy altar burn every bit of dross from our hearts and that our lives be made clean for loyal service. The task that Isaiah was willing to take up was a forlorn hope, but he was ready to say, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord." So every life that achieves must be given a vision, a beacon, an ideal, something toward which to aspire, an aim to reach.

"Oh, for a passionate passion for souls,
Oh, for a pity that yearns,
Oh, for a love that loves unto death,
Oh, for a fire that burns."

We want the passion and only Calvary can bring it to our lives.

A friend recently related to me an incident which has been a help as I catch the spirit of the days when the great Civil War tested the hearts of men and women. The story which I have in mind is of an academy in Pennsylvania, and when one of Lincoln's calls during the second year of the Civil War was read, Principal Patterson of the school, presented it before the boys in chapel one morning, dismissed all students for the day, saying: "We shall gather this evening and prepare a muster roll for active service. I expect to go to the front and will be glad to lead the young men who are willing to volunteer." The lads of his school were all under military age. The sister of one of the boys described the scene that evening. The preliminary services were brief, the call of the President was read again, the muster roll prepared, and as the Principal read the names, each lad was to respond, if willing to volunteer, with the word "Ready." As they went down the list my heart almost stood still as the call came nearer and nearer to my brother's name. What would he answer? We had talked it all over during the day. I felt that my heart would break if he went, but I knew it would be filled with shame if he failed to respond; but when the name was called I could not see for tears, but I heard with throbbing heart his clear voice call out "Ready."

Would God that in this day of battle each one of us would hear the King call the roll, yes the muster roll of the Kingdom. Are our names written there? If so, are we willing to fulfill the obligations that fall upon us as followers of the King? Who will go for us? Will you answer back "Ready"? "Here am I, send me, send me." How gladsome such a response to the heart of our Saviour and how blessed it will be in that day when we come to the Father's house, after a royal life of devoted service, and know that we have helped establish His Kingdom and have made His name known among men.

The Undiscouraged Christ

By REV. WM. B. LAMPE, D. D.

Text: Isaiah 42: -4. "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment into truth. He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law."

On every hand we are told that this is a day of crisis for the church. Almost everyone finds some particular point in which that crisis is approaching, and doom seems imminent. So much is this the case that we have come to lend a sympathetic ear to the wail of the pessimist, and as ministers we give forth a doleful sound. We find a too ready assent to that Irish evangelist who goes about the country introducing his sermons with the statement, "It is a dark day today. It is darker today than it was yesterday, and it will be darker tomorrow than it is today." But a few months ago a church paper had an article on "Apostate Ministers of Hope" in which the writer gave it as his profound conviction that anyone who could have hope in the present situation had strayed sadly from the truth.

It is perfectly true that there are many things in the present situation that seem to give foundation to such a gloomy outlook. The plunge from idealism to realism that has taken place in the world must be depressing to all who had hoped for great things from the treaties of peace. The worldliness seen in many places in the church where members are expert at the card table, but unskilled in prayer, eloquent on the dance floor, but halting in any testimony for the Master, is sure to give a chill to the soul that contemplates it alone. It is easy to feel that the only thing to do in this hour is to let all the rest of the world go to the Devil while we shut ourselves in a monastary where we can keep our eyes ever aloft with nothing to defile. And it is this feeling that to my mind brings the real crisis in the church. It is a time of testing between the gloom of the world, and the wonderful optimism of Jesus. It is a time for all who really love the Lord to catch again the vision of Him that comes from the grand old prophet, the words that the Master later applied to His own life. HE WILL NOT BE DISCOURAGED. Though the world may be filled with bruised reeds, He will not break them. Though there be no light

but the dim smoking flax, He will bring forth judgment into truth. He will not fail. We need to look at the glorious optimism of the Master.

You cannot read the life of the Master without getting the contagion of that enthusiastic optimism that at all times radiated from it, and this in spite of the fact that if there ever was a man who had a right to be always in the depths of despair, that man was the Master. There are some who can be cheerful because they close their eyes to the real situation, but that was not His case. Jesus saw life as it really was, saw it in all of its true relations as no other has ever seen it. Suffering in every form came under His observation. The sad faces of men and women whose lives were wrecked, haunted Him. His ear caught the sigh of the soul that to others would be but the passing of the breeze. The shriek of agony cut His soul. And underneath it all He saw sin as only the Son of God could see it. Sin in all its force let loose in mighty battle against God. If the sight that meets our eye is hideous, what shall we say of that which constantly met His eye. A government controlling the world more cruel than Germany could have been, had her dream come true. Officials who ground out every penny of usury that the poor could pay. A church where worship was almost a formal sham. Society in which virtue was a jest. All of this He saw, and for it He gave His life. For thirty-three years He loved and labored and at that time had but a dozen followers who would come out in the open. One of these betrayed Him, and the eleven others slept in an hour when He needed them most. What man had better reason to abandon all faith, and to say the world is not worth the effort of saving? But He didn't. The most sublime words in history come from that hour. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." The government of Rome could put Him to His death, but He could rise and say, "All authority in heaven and on earth is given unto me." "Go out and take the world and lo! I am with you always." What a sublime abandon to Hope, to Optimism there is in this Master of whom the prophet said, "HE SHALL NOT BE DISCOURAGED." It is the study of the Master in this light that we need in this hour that we may face the days ahead with the same confidence of victory that always was with Him.

As we study the life of Jesus to find the secret of that hope, among other things we find this, that He saw signs of encouragement at the very places where we see nothing but gloom. He saw an opportunity of service in the point where most of us are quick to draw away. It is this that was told in the vision of the prophet. "A bruised reed He would not break." Yet what is more forlorn than a bruised reed? The average man looking at it would say, "It is hopeless, let it

die." The Master said—"It is living, let me heal." Jesus saw in every broken life the possibility of a new and glowing life. Where the rest of the world was ready to stone and kill, He was ready to reclaim and restore. For this reason there was never a situation that was not one of hope to Him.

Lives bruised in many ways came to Him. There were those wrecked by sin, from which we too would feel like pulling away. But though a Magdalene had seven devils, she became one of the charter members of that new order that was to change all history. In His day the Publican and Sinner were beyond the pale of possible hope, but from them He gathered His most loyal followers, and in them found His greatest hope.

There came too, lives bruised by sorrow and disappointment. Here they paid mourners to come and all others stayed away—all except the Master. To those who were cast down, He brought a word of cheer in such a winning way that a new hope was born in the darkened life. What more blessed word have we than that one He sent to John? The sturdy forerunner was in prison. He had been faithful in giving the call to the Kingdom of Righteousness, and now languished in jail for his courage. Out of the gloomy prison he sends the question: Art Thou He? Has it all been a mistake? Why this prison when I was trying to usher in the Kingdom. How gracious the answer! Go and tell John that the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, the poor have the gospel preached unto them, and blessed is he whosoever is not offended in me. In other words the Master said: John, do not be impatient. The hopeless are being born to hope, and ever as they are the Kingdom is on its way. And though John finally gave his head as the price of a voluptuous dance, his gloom was dispelled by the glorious optimism of the Master. So all through His ministry you find Him ever mending the bruised reed and sending it out to a new day.

But there is another source of discouragement that is far more keen than the broken reeds, and that is the smoking flax. It is not so much the folks bound to sin that make us lose heart as it is the spreading darkness rather than light. The wick that should be burning brightly in its little sphere but makes nothing but a smelly smudge to tell of its existence is the thing that chills us most. As soon as we see it we exclaim, "OH! Quench that! PUT IT OUT! Get this weak, stumbling Christian out of the way so that the atmosphere may be cleared and the smell disappear!" In recent days both church and secular papers have been calling the church to do just this—to clear up the roll, to expel all who are not truly shining with the brightness

of Christ. But you hear no such call from the Master. His first approach is to fan that smoke into a blaze—and only when no possible response can come in that way is there a casting out. With the one we first would say—beneath the smudge there is a flame that may be kindled, fan that flame! Had He not done that, where indeed would have been His church? In fact, upon just such was the whole church built. Here was Peter, coarse, cursing fisherman. Peter who after three years of following cursed and swore he had never known the Master—this one was gently fanned back to be the chief defender of the faith. Here was Thomas, gloomy pessimist who must see all ere he believe, was brought forth to be the martyr of the faith. And John, selfish John, who would do that meanest of all things, turn the love of the Master into purely selfish advantage, was fanned into the gentle, sacrificing apostle of love. Where would the church have been had the Master quenched the smoking flax? Yet there, in the very ones we would have been first to drop, He found His cause for optimism.

So everywhere you find the Christ you find Him confident of the result. HE WOULD NOT FAIL. His judgment would be established in the world, and His Law so universal that the people of the isles would wait for it. Translating the passage literally you have it that "a bruised reed will He not break, and smoking flax He will not quench, for He shall not be bruised, and He will not burn dimly till He establish judgment." Christ knew that in spite of all of the forces of sin, the power of God was stronger, and because of that He himself was stronger. There was no power or force that could bruise Him or cause His life to grow dim. So no matter where you find Him, no matter how the forces against Him became aligned, He was not pessimistic about the result, but ever confident in the call to "be of good cheer."

From this view of the Master's life there are some lessons that ought to come with great force to all workers in the Kingdom in our day.

First, we should learn to make a quick approach to the Bruised Reed. Here was the Master's call to work, and it should be ours as well. In place of giving up in despair when sin shows its hideous face, when life is broken, that is just the place where we should be quick to go. What if life is mired in sin; what though she be a Magdalene, no stone should come from our hands to break, but the healing words that will bring back hope, and start life anew. The great call and ministry of the church must be to these very bruised reeds, and in them we should rejoice because of the opportunity for the power of Christ to be revealed. To those who are crushed by sorrow or disaster the words of cheer and hope should quickly go. If the church is losing power it is because she is giving up this ministry of comfort and of

hope to those who are bleeding and in need. Often you find people whose souls are crushed who feel that they cannot go to church when of all places the church is the place that should give them the greatest aid. Often lives that are crushed and broken are allowed to die, when they might have been called back to life if we had only followed the Savior's lead.

In the second place, we must be quick to fan, not quench, the smoking flax. How quick Christian people ought to be to help each other in the way of life. When a brother or sister is taken in a fault, when that flame that should be giving light to the world becomes but a smelly smudge, it is not the business of the church to extinguish the little spark that is left. Did God work that way, who would be left? Did the official boards of the churches deem it their duty to summon before them those members who had sinned, and cast them into outer darkness, their first task would be to dismiss themselves, and the entire church would soon be gone. The time is here for all Christian people to help each other in showing forth the life of the Master. All of us have made our mistakes. Ofttimes as we have gone alone the light has burned low, and darkness gathered all around. In that hour had it not been for the gentle fan of the Master it would never have burned again. Daily many are lost forever to the Kingdom by the simple heartlessness of another failing brother. Well did the apostle write, 'if a brother be overtaken in a fault ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou be tempted." It is time for the church to cease looking for, magnifying, and glorying in the faults of another, and use all of her power in the gentleness of the Master to bring every spark into a beautiful and brilliant light.

Last of all, this is time for a great faith in God. No matter what the surface indications may be, He has not resigned His throne. The Holy Spirit has not been called from the world. When the Saviour went from His disciples He gave them the promise, "I will send the Holy Spirit who will guide you into all truth." The Spirit is still guiding the Kingdom, and the followers of Christ. As the prophet foretold, and as Jesus spoke of Himself, He shall not fail nor be discouraged until He has set judgment in the earth, until the obedience to His law shall be so universal that the isles shall wait for it, so we following as the Spirit leads should never be discouraged, but ever with optimistic confidence redeem the bruised reeds, fan into a new flame the smoking flax, and always with joy proclaim the unsearchable riches of the undiscouraged Christ.

"PRAYER"

By BISHOP CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE, D. D.

Text: "Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder."—Matt. 26:36.

One evening after dinner a young lawyer sat for a few minutes at his cozy fireside just before returning to his office for a few hours work on a legal proposition. His little daughter came in her nightie, and kneeling by her father offered her sweet "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Then she climbed upon his knees and gave him a good-night hug and kiss, saying as she did so:

"Father, why don't you pray?"

He did not answer, but picked her up lovingly and carried her to her crib.

In a few moments he fondly kissed his wife and was gone to his office.

Before a great while his wife heard his familiar step, and hurrying to the door gave him an affectionate greeting, and expressed her delight that he had so soon returned.

Presently as they sat by the fire, he said to her:

"Jeannette, did you hear what the baby said to me tonight?"

"Yes, Clinton, I did!" she replied.

"Well," said he, "her innocent question has gone to my heart with a stinging rebuke. When I got to the office I could not concentrate my mind on my work, and I have come home to tell you that I am going to change the order of my life—I have made up my mind I will join you and the baby in your Christian faith; and if you will bring me the old family Bible, I will commence here just now, and there will be family prayer in this house from this time forth."

And Clinton B. Fisk, as a young lawyer, was converted at his own fireside and began an illustrious career which made him an honored Christian layman, statesman and soldier.

In the minds of some there is much mystery in prayer; let us bring our inquiries today to Jesus, the world's greatest teacher, because He Himself prayed and taught His disciples to pray.

What is prayer? It is talking with God.

Prayer is adoration and supplication, confession and thanksgiving;

it is not merely pleading a petition but praising God. It is the instinctive reaching out of man's soul for the love and care of the Father heart.

"Like a bairn to its mither,
A wee birdie to its nest,
My soul would now be ganging
Unto my Savior's breast."

Prayer is often an inexpressible longing of the finite after the Infinite.

Prayer creates an atmosphere through which brilliant orbs of truth are seen, and sweet messages of truth are transmitted.

Prayer is a force like gravity which opens paths along which the human makes its way into the divine.

Prayer is a laboratory of the soul where the secrets of God are revealed to the sincere student and worshiper.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer."

What is the authority for prayer?

In the praying of the Hindoo to Buddha, the Mohammedan to Allan, the Ephesian to Diana, and the Egyptian to Osiris, there is an imperfect prototype of Christian prayer.

The Old Testament Church prayed. Abraham prayed, and God made him the father of the faithful; Enoch prayed and walked with God; Hannah prayed, and Samuel was born; Daniel prayed, and the mouths of hungry lions were closed; Elijah prayed, and the three years' drought was ended; Esther prayed, and her people were saved; David prayed, and rapturous music leaped from his harp strings. In the very dawn of the race "Men began to call upon the name of the Lord."

Jesus prayed. In Galilee, he spent a whole night in prayer. In Gethsemane, He cried, "Not my will but Thine be done!" On Calvary, He pleaded, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me."

Jesus gave His disciples a form of prayer in the beautiful lines of "Our Father which art in Heaven"; and He said to His followers, "Ask and ye shall receive"; "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven"; and "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

There is no logical and common-sense analogy for an impersonal God; and the gentle assurance of the Divine Voice, "I will never leave

thee nor forsake thee," is incorporated in the science and philosophy as well as in the religion of the age.

Sometime since at a meeting of the British Medical Association, a brilliant specialist in mental diseases said: "As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits, and all miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer." Thus it appears that it was unnecessary to accept Professor Tyndall's prayer test, for science itself now comes forward to defend and recommend the ennobling exercise of prayer.

Has God ever interjected Himself into the affairs of the world?

Yes, truly, when He gave to matter its initial impulse, for it is conceded that in the beginning matter was inert, shapeless, motionless; and when the first life germ was created, when the soul of man came out of the heart of His God, and yet again, when the world's Redeemer was pressed to a mother's heart in the cave in Bethlehem.

The path from the throne of the Omnipotent which leads down to the abodes of men, is well worn by the Almighty's footsteps. Would God speak a world into existence, would He hang stars in the heavens and blue-bells in the meadows, and give man the upward look, and yet refuse to hear the agonizing sob of this helpless creature crying for assistance?

Why pray if God knows our needs before we ask Him?

All things have a medium. Prayer is the channel by which the Father would transport to us many of our necessities.

> "Prayer is appointed to convey
> The blessings God designs to give."

Prayer renders man's soul sensitive and receptive to God's will. Sometimes people complain that their prayers have not been answered, but oft-times the path along which the answer would come has been obstructed by years of wasteful indifference.

Prayer adjusts man to God, and without prayer there is no method of communication.

As consistent would it be for the farmer to complain because he had no harvest when he had omitted to plow and plant and reap, as for a man to lament that he had not received certain blessings when he had forgotten to pray. In the spiritual as in the material harvest-field the command is, "Pray without ceasing!"

Do man's prayers alter God's purposes?

No, the prayers of the finite do not change God, but they do, however, alter man.

Prayers do not alter God, but there are different levels of faith;

and as one rises from one plateau to another there are answers to his petitions which are impossible to the undeveloped heart upon the lower levels of faith.

Abraham, pleading for Sodom, most clearly illustrates these planes of faith. If his faith which at first mentioned fifty righteous could have increased until he could have claimed the salvation of the city if two righteous were found, then Lot and himself would have saved the wicked metropolis.

Whether the farmer has a harvest large or small does not depend upon any change in God, but upon the industry and skill of the husbandman.

"O Thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer Thyself hath trod,
Lord teach us how to pray."

Is the idea of a personal God scientific?

There is no need to darken understanding with words. By what sort of legerdemain in logic has it ever been imagined that a world which a Creator had made would be abandoned by its Maker?

What absurdity is this idea of an absentee God! "He upholds all things by the word of His power." God immanent in the universe is a key which unlocks ten thousand mysteries.

What is instinct in insect, and brute, and vegetable life, but an ever present Creator?

Everywhere there is conformity to type, which can only be satisfactorily explained on the assumption that under the personal superintendency of the Creator all degrees of life and force are constrained into the paths for which they were designed.

This same God who is recognized by all as being necessary "in the beginning," is believed by those who strive to serve Him, to preside with affectionate regency over the destinies of each human heart.

Man is the majestic climax of all creation. The earth is man's house; and the sun is his candle; the rain is his drink; the lightning is his chariot; the air is his delicious nectar, and the fruit of the earth is his food ambrosial.

Man's creation is the keystone, the absence of which would involve purposeless chaos. God gives an aerie to the eagle, jungle to the tiger, fuel to the sun; and has He not made provision for the inquiries of man's mind, the aches of his soul and the cravings of his affections?

The world belongs to the man who prays. "We bow to the man who kneels."

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats,
If knowing God they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend;
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

O, if you would conquer—pray!—pray!—pray!—pray!

Prayer creates an atmosphere in which the orbs of truth shine clear.

Prayer is contact with God.

Prayer is the complement of faith.

"Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees."

All the powerful forces of the universe are invisible; magnetism, steam, electricity, gravity and ether. These forces have channels through which they manifest themselves. Benjamin Franklin brought the lightning from the clouds, and harnessed it to the chariots of civilization. Robert Fulton and George Stephenson applied steam until the rivers became arteries of life, and the iron horse was sent throbbing along the valleys and across the plains. Samuel Morse has transformed the whole earth into one vast organism with its nerves of steel.

So there is in the world today a great divine energy, a creative influence—God. God is an invisible being, but He is as much in the world today as is gravity. He enwraps the earth around as does the belt of atmosphere which surrounds our globe.

Our Heavenly Father wants to be gracious to His children.

How great are the possibilities of simple, trustful, child-like faith? If we would but believe, what mountains of difficulty would be removed; what desolations would be ended; what agonizing fears would be exchanged for songs of hope; what soul longings would be realized?

"There is a power which man can wield
When human aid is vain.
That power is prayer which soars on high
To Jesus on the throne,
And moves the hand
That moves the world
To bring salvation down!"

Queen Mary declared she feared the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies of Europe; and well she might. The brave reformer who won Scotland for God by his faith and established Christianity in that highland country, as securely as Ben Lidi spreads its

pyramidal borders in the valleys, and lifts its proud peaks into the clouds, had armies to do his bidding which the bloody queen's abused conscience revealed to her guilty soul.

Prayer is a weapon of warfare. Men who pray are world-conquerors.

In mediaeval warfare a Saxon king invaded Wales. On the day of battle he observed a company of men without arms grouped together upon a hillside. Upon inquiry the king was told that they were a band of priests praying for the defeat of the Saxons. "Then," angrily shouted the king, "they have begun the fight against us; attack them first!"

Let the enemies of righteousness remember that in all the attempts to overthrow the Christian principle, prayer is an active and ubiquitous opponent which must be reckoned with as a conquering, aggressive and invulnerable factor.

His power kisses the flower into beauty, and controls the winds and waves. He lulls the sea to sleep. He awakens the hurricane and the storm. He holds the universe in His hands. He is clothed in miracle and majesty, and mystery and might.

His voice is heard in the soft cooing of the babe, and in the tumultuous tones of the thunderbolt; in the music of the rivulet, in the SOB of the sea, and in the CHANTING of the waves as like white-robed priestesses they kneel in reverence upon the silvery STRAND; and in the thrilling diapasons of the cataracts as they blow their trumpets from the steep!

His power is seen in the slender blade of grass and in the giant sequoia which tosses its lofty plumes among the fleecy clouds.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

God is everywhere; how shall we know Him?

Now, it is a sensible inquiry, How can men get this influence into their lives? What is the channel of communication between God and man?

Our answer is, secret prayer!

All great souls have been much alone. Solitude is necessary to strong and rugged development. The great thoughts that have moved the world come from the deep, inner convictions of men.

In secret Beethoven caught from the symphonies of the skies his immortal sonatas;

In secret Browning and Tennyson their mystic measures;

In secret Pasteur bent patiently over his culture tubes;

In secret Edison accomplishes daily the impossible.

Men must get away from the discordant and absorbing things of earth, if they would discover the language of their own loftier selves. This is secret prayer. The soul is God's abode in each of us.

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

"I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear."

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble grateful prayer."

Abraham Lincoln said:

"I have been drawn many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go but God. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day."

When the word reached Washington that General Lee had surrendered Lincoln called a meeting of his cabinet. No one was able to speak a word. At last Mr. Lincoln suggested that they all drop to their knees; and in silence and tears they made their humble acknowledgement to Almighty God for the triumph of the Union cause.

As our Lord was in the midst of His marvelous manifesto, the Sermon on the Mount, a trumpet's impertinent, metallic blast lacerated the soft perfumed air, and in a drawling, arrogant tone a hypocritical Pharisee prayed on the highway to be heard of man. Our Master quietly remarked to His disciples: "They have their reward!" but "thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Beware of those who do religious things "to be seen of men." The Moslems have an adage, "If your neighbor has made one pilgrimmage to Mecca, watch him; if two, avoid his society; if three, move into another street."

Sidney Lanier said that "Music was love in search of a word," and so Prayer is Faith in search of God.

"No accents flow, no words ascend,
All utterance faileth there,
But God Himself doth comprehend,
And answers silent prayer."

Jesus, rising up a great while before day, went out into a solitary place and prayed (Mark 1:33). One beautiful evening as the sun was setting I climbed among those same Galilean crags if perchance I might find Christ's holy shrine of secret prayer. I may have missed His sacred altar, but oh! I found Him!

All of God's pivotal men have prayed much in secret. Moses in the haunts of Midian, Jacob at Bethel, Peter on the housetop, and Cornelius in his home, John in Patmos and Paul in Arabia, and John the Baptist in the desert solitudes of Judea.

Luther prayed in Wartburg Castle, Knox in Cannon Gate, Wesley in Oxford, Columbus on the shores of America, and William Taylor in California and Africa. So often was holy Edward Payson in prayer with God that the boards in the floor by his bed were worn smooth by his frequent devotions.

God imparts His mightiest secrets to the man who prays. Robert Raikes prayed and the Sunday School began; and Geo. Williams and the Y. M. C. A. was evolved; William Booth, and the Salvation Army was born; Father Clark, and the Christian Endeavor Society entered on its wonderful career; Francis Willard, the Woman's Crusade and the W. C. T. U. became a power, that even politicians must reckon with.

Washington was on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge; Lincoln each morning prayed to God for guidance in the trying days of his administration. Oliver Cromwell continually stood the "key-hole" test.

"Character not only shapes itself in the tumult of the world" (Goethe), but in secret divine principles sunk deep into honest souls. Isolation means poise, and purpose, and vision. Secret prayer is a caisson in which the foundation piers are laid deep and secure on the bed-rock of the eternal. In secret the greatest problems are solved. Newton said he discovered the law of gravitation because he was thinking about it all the time. In the soul of man there is a holy of holies which God will sanctify with His holy presence—there man gets God's secrets.

A praying soul is a conquering soul!

Justice Curtis of the Supreme Court of the United States said, "I believe in prayer because I believe in Jesus Christ who tells me to pray."

Michael Angelo had a prayer eyrie on the top floor of his home in Florence with a window open toward heaven—here he went to pray for vision and skill.

As God expects the farmer when he prays for a good harvest to plant and cultivate, so He expects us to co-operate with Him that all our prayers may be answered. We must pray to the Lord for success in battle, but we must keep our powder dry.

A little girl prayed one evening that God would protect the little birds, and keep them from entering the trap her brother had set during the day.

"Do you think God will answer that prayer?"

"I am sure He will," she replied with confidence.

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because I smashed the trap," said the sensible little girl.

We must pray earnestly that God will save men from drunkenness, but, oh, my friends, we must "smash the trap"—the saloon! and make California and America forever dry!

We must remember that faith and works, prayer and deeds are joined together at God's hymeneal altars. We must not forget that in the best religion there is a law of service, of sacrifice, and salvage. Those who would save others cannot save themselves. Those who would gain a character must give. Character is the fine art of giving up. If we would get we must give. It is hard to get, harder to give, and hardest to give up; but to the hero in search of his ideal, it may be hard to get, but it is easier to give, and easiest to give up.

"Who rises from his knees a better man his prayers are answered."

A rustic placed an eagle's egg under a setting goose. By and by a young eagle strutted about the barn-yard with the other fowls, supposing it was created for filth and confusion; but one day a great eagle came down and touched the young bird. It began to rise; the older bird flew beneath it and rested it on its strong pinions. Emboldened the inexperienced bird rose higher, and higher still, until it too could poise itself in the highest heaven, and build its nest among the crags. By prayer the touch of Christ awakens inborn royalty. We respond; we leave the levels low and follow Him to pinnacles lofty; and the children of a King may come to their own, wearing crowns of power and wielding sceptres of love and light.

In a humble Scotch home, as a boy stood beside his dying mother, she asked him if God should call him to the ministry, if he would accept it. The broken-hearted boy promised his mother he would not refuse. His mother prayed for him and breathed her last. Five years passed away during which time the boy had completed his preparation for the ministry. He had sadly drifted away from the sacred ideals

held by his sainted mother. He thought he was ready to abandon most of the fundamental doctrines of the old fashioned religion in which he had been faithfully reared, and was doubtful about the Scriptures, and was regarding Christ as a good man rather than a Divine Redeemer. It was Friday night, and the next Sunday he was to preach his first sermon in his own church. For many weeks he had been in preparation for this great event. He sat in front of the fire glancing over the pages of his manuscript, and contemplating with pride the result of months of faithful deliberation. This first sermon was to contain a resume and comprehensive statement of his new and sensational theology.

As he sat and mused, his sainted mother seemed to be near. His affection for his guardian angel had tenderly increased during the hurrying years—and tears came upon his cheek, and there was a sob in his heart, as he longed to have her present for his first sermon.

Then, again, he feared that she would be shocked and grieved with the change which had come over his doctrinal faith; and especially when he would declare his conclusions concerning Jesus. In his deepest soul, for the first time in many months, he began to wonder whether he had not been mistaken when he had taken the crown of divinity from the person of his Lord. He fell to his knees and prayed for light and leading. As he prayed he seemed to hear his mother speak to him once more as she did in her parting words to him, saying, "An the first day ye preach in yer ain kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, an', John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye'll no see me, and I'll be satisfied." And John arose from his knees, and placed the sermon manuscript in the fire. In prayer he got his vision of Christ and duty!

He spent the next day in the preparation of a new sermon, the subject of which was Jesus Christ. Sunday morning when he preached with fervent liberty and tender ministry to the village people, most of whom had known him from his childhood, and who loved and revered the memory of his sainted mother, Ian Maclaren says, "The women were weeping quietly, and the rugged faces of the men were subdued and softened, as when the evening sun plays on the granite stone."

John did, indeed, "speak a gude word for Jesus!" and he called it "his mother's sermon." And his mother's prayer was answered!

During my college days I heard Bob Ingersoll declare that the Bible was an exploded book, and that in ten years it would hardly be read; but instead six new Bible societies have been established and the American Bible Society alone publishes nearly two million copies each year.

About twenty-five years ago Ingersoll, in the Opera House of Peoria, where he lived, told his townspeople that in twenty-five years

the Bible would be entirely abandoned and that prayer would be considered a fetich, and there would not be a church in Peoria. In that town at that time was a humble Methodist itinerant preacher in a wooden church on a side street. Ingersoll in this speech called attention to this "half-starved preacher," as he called him, and asked the audience to contrast the preacher with himself, and then to promptly conclude that it paid to be an infidel. He compared his lucrative law practice and his elegant home yonder on the hill with meagre support and humble cottage of the obscure minister.

The next Sunday this same Methodist preacher also entered the prophetic role. He said "Twenty-five years from now the Methodist church of Peoria will be one of the most influential institutions in the city, and will occupy one of the finest corners with its imposing structure; and as for this vaunting Goliath, who dares defy the armies of God, he will be well-nigh forgotten."

The quarter of a century has about expired, and today the First Methodist Church of Peoria has one of the finest church buildings in the state, and is increasingly powerful as a spiritual factor. The site of his law office is now occupied by a majestic Young Men's Christian Association building; and his handsome residence has given way to a large tobacco factory, where are manufactured as mean five cent cigars as are generally found in this country.

You cannot fight against the truth; but for the truth!

Prayer hath done this!

"This is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith."

Human faith is the fulcrum upon which God rests the lever of His power.

The other night my boy at his wireless instruments at our Berendo street parsonage, heard an operator away yonder on the Atlantic coast at the Key West station—marvelous, inexplicable; but no more real than that faith annihilates space, and a trembling, trustful heart may have intercourse with a prayer-answering God.

Prayer is the natural needy heart of man reaching out in loneliness and mystery for God. My own sainted father used to tell that one night when I was a very little boy, and was just learning to sleep alone, that he was awakened with me standing by his bed and placing my hand on his face. He said to me, "What do you want, my son?" and I answered, "Daddy, I just want you!" O, there is a yearning in the heart of God's children for their heavenly Father. Nothing will satisfy but God! And if in the shadows of sorrow, or doubt, or adversity, or sin, any of us shall grope our way through the dark to Him, He will reach out and take His arms, and forgive, and comfort, and satisfy.

A Great Adventure in the Philippine Islands

By BISHOP CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE, D. D.

The Philippines are a veritable Garden of Eden. There are majestic mountains and picturesque valleys and fruitful plains. In the highlands of Benguet there are spicy pine trees and mammoth ferns—perfect days—a woodfire in the hospitable evenings and blankets for comfort at night. From November to March it rivals the most perfect climates while even the rainy season has many cool and refreshing days.

The picturesque archipelago includes at least a thousand islands of varying size, of which about four hundred are inhabited and two thousand more which are hardly more than jutting rocks appearing above the blue surface of the sea. The aggregate land area is about 115,000 square miles and the population is about 11,000,000. In area it is as large as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, with about as many people as are in New York state, or in Ohio, Indiana and California. If laid on a map of the United States it would reach from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico.

The largest island is Luzon, about the size of Ohio, 40,000 square miles. Manila, a prosperous city of about 300,000, is located on Manila Bay in the southern part of the Island of Luzon. Mindanao is the next island in size, with about 38,000 square miles. There are thirty-nine provinces and as many different dialects.

The Philippines are somewhat larger than the British Isles and nearly as large as Japan. It is 1152 miles from the Batanes Islands in the north to Tawi-Tawi in the extreme south.

The islands were discovered by Ferdinand Magellan in 1852 and here this distinguished navigator lost his life at the hands of some unfriendly natives. This antedated the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock about one hundred years. Although Balboa in 1513 first discovered the Pacific Ocean at the Isthmus of Panama, and stepping into its blue waters claimed it in behalf of the Castillian Kings, yet Magellan gave to it its name. In search of this body of water, Magellan sailed across the Atlantic from Spain. After sailing through the tempestuous channel now known as the Straits of Ma-

gellan and coming out into the quiet waters of the ocean, the contrast was so marked that he named it the Pacific—a beautiful name even if sometimes a MISNOMER.

The Spaniards settled in the Island of Cebu in 1568 and the British captured Manila in 1762, but soon returned it to Spain.

The United States unexpectedly occupied Manila on August 13, 1898, after Admiral Dewey's great victory in Manila Bay. By the fortunes of war the Islands fell into the lap of the United States and Spain was willing to accept the offer of $20,000,000 for her distant possessions rather than to accept the other alternative that to the victor belongs the spoils. William Howard Taft became the first American Civil Governor in July, 1901.

The chief agricultural products of these phenominally fertile islands are rice, sugar, tobacco, hemp and copra oil, which is made from the meat of the cocoanut and is an increasingly valuable article of commerce.

There are remarkable undeveloped resources. There is vast wealth in deposits of gold and encouraging appearances of oil, and there are unsurveyed virgin forests of unequaled hardwoods which when finished into furniture and high-class interior house decorations are equal to the finest marble in their exquisite polish. The rednarra often manufactured into tables is most beautiful in its sheen of changing crimson—it is sometimes called Philippine mahogany. Here may be found also Mancono, the famous heavy hardwood, which weighs eighty pounds to the cubic foot and sinks in water like iron, and also the Tanguile, which has rendered such heroic service in combat airplanes used in the navy.

Is it not a curious co-incidence that as the undeveloped gold mines of California so the gold deposits of the Philippines once belonged to Spain without being utilized? A modern illustration of the talent which not being used is given to him that hath ten talents.

Silver, lead, zinc, manganese and copper are found and there are extensive deposits of coal, and hundreds of tons of high grade iron ore have been drilled and measured but not yet developed.

Mountain ranges traverse the islands longitudinally, reaching altitudes of from four to five thousand feet, with frequent mountain peaks which rise much higher, Mount Apo to 10,312 feet and Mount Mayon 7,916 feet. The Islands are of volcanic origin and there are now twelve active volcanos and many others which are extinct or dormant, one of the most beautiful of which is Mt. Arayat in Luzon.

The rivers of the Philippines are many of them majestic. The Cagayan in the north is 220 miles long and drains 10,000 square miles. There are also the Agno and the Rio Grande de Mindanao, and Agusan,

and the Pampanga Rivers, each with a great number of tributaries. The Pasig is an important commercial river connecting Manilla Bay with Lake Laguna, the largest body of fresh water in the Philippines.

There are submarine mountain ranges which connect the different islands of the archipelago, and the archipelago itself with Borneo and Celebes. The coast line of the Philippines is more than 11,000 miles and is picturesque with coral reefs and numerous coves and gulfs and bays.

The zoologist has much to interest him in the Philippines. He will be surprised at the scarcity of mammals. There is only one species of monkey, but the islands are rich in birds in spite of the miserable habit of the people to kill the birds for food. In the island of Cebu, there are nine striking species of birds not known to exist elsewhere. The most curious bird is called the "mound builder." It buries its eggs in the soft sand along the sea-beach and under mounds of earth and dead leaves often at a depth of three or four feet. The young are forced to dig their way out and shift for themselves. The eggs are highly prized by the natives. There are as many as thirty-five species of pigeons and doves of rarely beautiful colors, and all of them edible. There are also forty-five species of birds of prey, among which is an immense monkey-catching eagle which is strong enough to seize monkeys as they leap from tree to tree. There are twelve species of horn-bills not seen outside of the Philippines. Here is also found the swift, whose edible nest tickles the palates of the Chinese epicures.

While reptiles are abundant and there are numerous venomous serpents, yet the mortality from snake-bite is very low. The Gecko is a small lizard and may be seen on the walls and ceilings of the homes. It has a curious little croak which is very interesting to strangers. The Gecko is harmless and useful in disposing of annoying insects. Crocodiles grow to immense size. The famous Gen. Aguinaldo displays one as a trophy on the side veranda of his home which is thirty feet in length.

The flora of the Philippines is so rich and varied that there are nearly 800 species peculiar to the archipelago. There are 750 species of wood of commercial or local value. There are 300 plants valuable for their fibre, among them is the Abca, from the leaves of which Manila hemp is made.

As for the climate it is, of course, tropical. At Manila the mean annual temperature is about 80 degrees. From November to February inclusive, the weather is nearly perfect. April, May and June are the hot months when Americans spend all the time possible at beautiful Baguio. The annual rainfall is 75 inches in Manila and three-fourths of it is between the middle of June and the middle of October. Many

Americans consider the rainy season as agreeable as the so-called winter months. Occasionally there are violent tropical storms known as typhoons, and having experienced a typhoon, which is a great downpour of rain accompanied by a violent wind, I am bound to say that they are preferable to the cyclones of the middle west or to a freezing winter blizzard. They are usually over in a few hours and rarely is there loss of life. The typhoon warnings sent out from the Manila Observatory annually save heavy loss of life and shipping and other property.

Agriculture is the principal industry and rice is the staple food of the natives. The farmers still use very primitive methods. There are more than a million holdings called "farms" of from two to eight or nine acres, nearly all worked by their owners. The principal crops are hemp, sugar, tobacco, cocoanuts and rice. Much foreign capital is being invested in sugar raising and huge modern factories and farming implements are seen. There are vast fortunes to be made in the Philippines as more capital can be induced to seek investment. The people themselves for most part are poor, and welcome progressive business men.

Several agricultural schools have been established where young men by the hundred are being sent out each year after a four or five years course to do farming on scientific lines.

Only those who have visited the Philippine archipelago can appreciate the varied beauty of these picturesque islands. The mountains are clad with forests and the vegetation is luxuriant with exuberant tropical tree ferns and shrubs and orchids, and vines and palms, and in the high mountains are the spicy pines. There are many great rivers bordered with numberless prosperous villages embowered in mango trees and the feathery bamboo, which bends its graceful plumes over many cozy nipa cottages. The village people are uniformly clean and courteous and if their garments are scanty there is never a suggestion of immodesty. There are rice paddies in their emerald beauty everywhere, and the peasant working in the fields early and late with his faithful carabao. If the stride of the beast is slow and the steps of the workman are deliberate there can be no reflection upon the persistent industry of the animal and its owner. They seem to be made for each other, and they are satisfied. They "get there" and that is more than some people do with more speed and bluster.

A great artist will someday make himself famous with masterpieces of Philippine scenery with its incomparable sunsets, its landscapes and marine views. How he would revel in the rustic paths and well-made roads winding through well-shaded, quiet rocks, and over quaint bridges with their arches of granite.

The People

The Negritos, the half-civilized mountain tribes, are the aborigi-nees to whom the Igorots are closely allied. The largely preponderat-ing population are descendants of the Malayan invaders. There are many mestizas because of the mingling of the Spanish and Chinese with the native peoples. The people may therefore correctly be called the Filipino Malays. Their complexions are dark and their hair and eyes uniformly black. In stature they are small like the Japanese. I agree with my friend, Mr. Dean C. Worcester, when he says: "Rarely is an intratropical people satisfactory to eye or mind, but this cannot be said of the Filipino Malay. In bodily formation and in mental characteristics alike he may fairly claim place not among the middling ones, but among the higher names inscribed on the world's national scale."

The student body of the Islands compare favorably in appearance and alertness and quick perceptions with those of the schools and universities of the United States. The young men are studious, cour-teous, vivacious and carefully dressed, and the young women are dainty, modest, tastefully attired and of superior personality. As stu-dents in public school and university the youth are quick to learn, attentive, docile and mentally as alert as American young people. As a race they are fond of music and possess special aptitude for acquir-ing other languages. They are a nation of linguists. One of the clever young Filipino preachers speaks English fluently and Spanish skillfully and besides preaching in English in his large church also delivers ser-mons each Sunday in the Tagalog and Ilocano and Pangasinan dialects. I marvel at his versatility and nearly trespass on the Tenth Command-ment. In comparison with the other orientals the Filipino does not suffer, and in many ways possesses superior characteristics. He is not cunning and given to intrigue as are some of his neighbors and is much more hospitably disposed to the altruism and refinements of the occident. He not only has little natural prejudice against a western civilization but he especially welcomes the institutions and ideals of America. At the same time he has strong oriental pride and resents the suggestion of absorption with any other race.

It must not be forgotten that the Filipino has been in practical slavery for four hundred years. Spain with its paternal government and with its intolerant religion has exploited and emasculated these people. For centuries the Roman Church was the government and the friar was the power always behind the throne. Vast stretches of the best agricultural lands were seized by the avaricious friar-orders, each in competition with the other to obtain the most desirable tracts. These

friars took solemn vows of poverty, chastity and obedience and deliberately broke them all.

Whenever any bright young native showed extraordinary qualities of leadership he was summarily suppressed by the cunning and jealous vigilance of these supposed spiritual leaders.

It was this moral and industrial condition which finally reacted in the notable character of Dr. Jose Rizal, whose sensational but timely and truthful writings hurried him to his martyrdom. Rizal was at once the Filipino Washington and Lincoln—the nation's greatest leader and greatest benefactor.

The exploitation of the people by the avaricious religious orders was systematic, diabolical, and so efficient that the oppression and superstition held the helpless people in a slavery so abject that Egyptian bondage and the condition of the Negro in the South was a sort of freedom compared with the misery of these Filipino Malays. It is easier to understand the unpardonable sin and the justice of eternal punishment when we read the true story of the savage brutality practiced by the cruel and extortionate friars upon a people who had no solidarity and no organization, and no ability to resent the wrong and throw off the intolerable yoke.

The suffering people cried to Heaven for deliverance, but help was long delayed. The friars were many of them ignorant, but incompetency was a virtue compared with their depravity. Rizal, in his Noli Me Tangere, a book which William Dean Howells pronounced as one of the few greatest stories of a century, comparable with 'Les Miserables" and "The Wandering Jew," says that the friars were openly immoral, and tells the true story of how beautiful daughters were wrenched from the family home, and husbands of attractive wives banished on trumped up charges, to satisfy the voluptuous designs of the basely licentious religious confessors. Only a few years ago Bishop Stuntz tells of being introduced one afternoon to six children of a friar only two of whom were born of the same mother. One of the outstanding leaders in political circles today is the son of a friar.

When it is remembered that these so-called religious leaders set these examples of duplicity and dishonesty and corruption and strategy and subterfuge and extortion and rapine and immorality and even murder, is it to be wondered that the people should have very confused ethical and moral standards? There are no crimes so heinous as those deliberately committed in the name of the Church of God. Whenever I have any doubts about Hell and its torments they are dispelled when I think of the hideous hypocrisies of the demons who deliberately debased these trusting Filipinos.

Help at length came and as is often the case from a wholly

unexpected source. The Civil War was fought as it was thought in the beginning to overthrow the evil doctrines of secession, but it was found that the Purpose of Providence was the freeing of the black slaves. So later the Spanish-American War was supposed to have been waged in the interest of the suffering reconcentradoes in Cuba, but its larger object was the emancipation of now eleven millions of people who were held in an ecclesiastical bondage in the most beautiful archipelago which adorns the bosom of any sea.

The long delayed Day of Retribution had come and the murder of Jose Rizal was to be requited. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Once again God fulfilled Himself. Rizal was, in cold blood, with all charges of sedition against him remaining unproved, shot to his death in the beautiful part which faces Manila Bay in the City of Manila, where now in bronze heroic statue he looks out upon the bay from his high pedestal of granite. The murderous echo of the firing squad that day could easily be heard by the malignant conspirators who looked out of the latticed windows of their grim monasteries of infamy. Rizal—scholar, philanthropist, hero, martyr! The black-petticoated prelates were the real vile and gloating executioners that day of defeat and triumph, of despair and hope. Spain shot all the patriots. The Filipino must have no initiative or individuality.

"Vengeance is mine." The machinations of wicked men, like those of the Kaisers, Potsdam, Pirates, and the friars obsequious satellites, sometimes sooner than it is expected react against them. The mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding fine. "I will repay saith the Lord." They murdered Rizal, December 30, 1896. "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" must have been seen again across the sky when the sun set in shrouded glory that evening in Manila harbor. "Weighed in the balances and found wanting," and the requiem of the sea when the day died, December 30, 1896 must have been, "Found wanting!" "Found wanting!" Spain's government and Spain's religion "found wanting!" "found wanting!" in the Philippines—the beautiful, contaminated, desecrated Philippines.

With their masterful and brave leader and reformer gone, the hopeful people relaxed into fear and helpless misery. But man's extremity again was God's opportunity. The ignominy and horror and hypocrisy of Calvary were quickly followed by the golden glory of the First Resurrection morning.

The first day of May, 1898, was another Resurrection morning. The Battle of Manila Bay was fought by the forces of light and liberty without the loss of a man, or a gun, or a ship, and Spain's armada as in the days of Queen Bess was once again ignominiously defeated and utterly destroyed as history repeated itself and the pride of the

Spanish navy went to the bottom of Manila Bay. And the cowardly assasins in their hiding monasteries of infamy also heard the echoes of Dewey's guns.

May first, the birthday of liberty—of the Open Bible, of the Public School, of the protected home, or freedom of speech, of the right of property, of the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience—yes, the birthday of a new day for the Filipino people. It was one of the greatest days in the calendar of the freedom of the peoples of the earth. That day this beautiful archipelago slipped out of the palsied hand of Spain, and, today, like a sparkling necklace adorns the bosom of the Goddess of Liberty—Liberty enlightening the world. And every glowing day and every starry night, Jose Rizal, in his habiliments of bronze, from his high pedestal of granite—looks out upon the smooth waters where Admiral Dewey's great naval victory—was won. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord!" Rizal, Dewey, the Filipino people, God!

May 1, 1898, for the Filipino people was another Runnymede, another Yorktown, another Appomattox, only their battles were fought for them by their friends. With that May Day Victory there came for them their Magna Charta, there came the Open Bible. With the Open Bible came the free school and the free hospital and the artesian well, and hygiene and sanitation. Cholera was often epidemic and malaria everywhere, and smallpox was considered a necessary ailment of children. Dysentery destroyed multiplied thousands annually. The mortality among babies was appalling and numberless little mothers never survived childbirth, and the bubonic plague frequently wrought awful havoc.

When Dr. Parish first opened her hospital for women and children under the generous auspices of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, it was with great difficulty that the people could be persuaded to forget their prejudices, and the hospital was nearly empty; but now it is continually over-crowded, and if its capacity were quadrupled it would not accommodate the native women who have learned that the Open Bible with its tender Redeemer Who loved little children and their mothers, has brought unnumbered blessings to the woman and her babe.

The people are remembering that under Spanish Romanism they enjoyed none of these blessings, and so they are turning by the thousands to Protestantism with its Open Bible, which came to them with the American Flag. And the enlightenment which they quickly accept is limited only by the Messengers of Light who are far too few in number to take advantage of this phenomenal opportunity to evangelize a whole race of waiting, listening people.

Governor-General Wood and Dr. Victor G. Heiser both after much observation declare that "The Filipinos are the best of the Eastern peoples." They are keen for knowledge—pathetically anxious for education. They are fond of children and their homes, and they all aspire to own land. The Filipino is not satisfied unless he has a farm—it may be only a few hectares to be sure, but he wants to own it and cultivate it for himself. The transformation which has been wrought in twenty years is phenomenal. Under the old Spanish regime, he was a menial, and servant. One of the most pitiable incidents in the young life of Rizal is when he was deprived of the prize which he had fairly won in a school contest and it was given to the second boy because he was Spanish. Rizal's only sin was that he was a Filipino, and of course a prize could not be given to a Filipino boy over a Spanish boy.

When the Americans arrived the Filipinos wore no shoes and only a simple camisa for a coat. They subserviently stepped off the sidewalk to permit an American to pass by. They were ignorant, obsequious, brow-beaten and despised. But these things are all changed. The Filipino is well-dressed. The students are fastidiously neat in their white suits, and the schools and universities are crowded with inquiring young people who are quick to learn. A Filipino young girl carried off the honors in Chemistry in the great Columbia University in New York City recently. Only the common laborers go about barefoot, and many young people are studying medicine, nursing, and law, and are acquiring proficiency in the industrial arts and trades.

When Admiral Dewey won his phenomenal victory in Manila Bay without the loss of a man or a ship, May 1, 1898, became one of the most important dates in modern history. It not only marked the advance made by the star of empire, which is only another phrase for the course of democracy, but it was a torch gleaming out over the waters —a torch in the hands of the returning wise men who centuries before had traveled from the Far East westward in search of the birthplace of a new era, the manger of a world Messiah. The Wise Men had made a circuit of the entire globe and after two thousand years were returning as the heralds of a New Day. It was an epochal day for the United States, it was the beginning of a better era in the Far East, was that May Day twenty-three years ago.

The Philippines became a great experimental laboratory in which the American nation is proving that democracy is as much the privilege and right of the Orient as of the Occident, and that the peoples of Asia are just as capable of self-government and of self-determination as are their western descendants.

The progress made in twenty years has developed the experiment into a satisfactory demonstration. It is clear beyond doubt that the

Oriental mind is not only hospitable toward those ideals of freedom which were made the corner-stone of the American Republic one hundred and fifty years ago, but there is a new generation coming on in the Far East of progressive men and women who believe that the Christ who was Himself an Asiatic has a message for all Asiatics as well as for Europeans and Americans.

This is a great day in which we are living, it is "an age on ages telling,"

"To be living is sublime."

Perhaps even President McKinley did not measure the full meaning of his own words when the beautiful archipelago fell suddenly into the lap of the American nation: "The Philippines are ours, not to exploit, but to develop, civilize, educate, and train in the service of self-government. This is the path of duty which we must follow or be recreant to a mighty trust committed to us."

The Filipinos are Asiatics—they are Malays in their extraction, but they are already as much at home with the individual suffrage, and the free press, and the public school, and good roads, and the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, as a nation barely past its majority—could be expected to be. If there are unscrupulous politicians who are exploiting the public and looting the treasuries, and courts of justice where justice is often long delayed or defeated altogether, and men in high position who have brought the nation perilously near to bankruptcy, it is only because the home-government too soon relaxed its parental care and too much responsibility was given to a developing people before they were able to carry a burden so heavy. If all men were honest and there were no rascals always ready to exploit their unwary fellows the experiment in self-government in the Philippines would have made a better showing, but nations as individuals must learn by their mistakes, and it is safe to say that profiting by the blunders of the past and with more direct supervision by the home government the Filipinos will make much more rapid progress in working out their own salvation. If some Filipinos became intoxicated with the new order of self-determination and did not more fully comprehend that self-government means self-control and self-integrity, and self-sacrifice, and self-defense and excessive burdens and responsibilities, they can find a right good counterpart of their misdeeds and misconceptions and even disasters in the history of the very Republic of which they are now a part. Nations as well as individuals pass through their period of adolescence and growth and even of their time of sowing wild oats, and the Philippine nation has been no exception. But no one doubts that some day either as an independent nation or as a state of America, like the state

of California, the Filipino people will enjoy the fullest measure of personal freedom and self-determination—in a "government of the people by the people for the people."

Just so soon as a people can develop their own leaders, men of intellect and character and courage, men of wisdom and highest moral integrity, men of faith whom the God of nations can trust, then, and not until then, is a people ready for independence.

The Women of the Philippine Islands

The Filipino women are industrious, modest, home-loving and devoted to their children. The peasant women work from morning till night in the fields alongside of the men. They carry their baskets on their heads and their children on their hips. Unlike in Japan and China, the fathers are attentive to their children and are frequently seen carrying them in their arms.

The smoking habit largely prevails among the provincial women and girls. This is said to be due to their religious education. It is a notorious fact that the Roman friars are widely interested in the raising of tobacco, and, so as to create a demand for their product, the avaricious priests for years have taught the women—the women who make up most largely the attendance at the Masses—that the use of tobacco would make child-bearing much easier, and so, everywhere, these frail, thin and puny little women, prospective mothers and all others, none too old, none too young, are seen with the largest cigars I have ever seen, pulling away on them as if their lives depended upon them. The consequence is that the Filipino people as a whole are small and frail with very limited powers of endurance and fit subjects for tuberculosis.

But I am glad to tell you that there is a great reaction. The younger generation of students is strongly opposed to the use of tobacco, and much is said in the Women's Clubs and among young men against a vicious habit which has depleted and destroyed many of the people of these Islands. Not long since when the matter of smoking in the street cars was being discussed before the City Council, the strongest arguments against smoking were presented by the Miss Maria Valdez, a clever Filipino Methodist young woman, who is the Dean of Women in the University of the Philippines.

There are thousands of young women in the schools and universities of the Philippines. In cleverness of intellect and in ability to master the profounder branches of learning they rank equally with the men and compare favorably with the young women of America. A Filipino girl was recently awarded the highest honors in chemistry in the great Columbia University in New York.

The Eternal Feminine is here as well as everywhere. One of our

lady missionaries was telling me that in traveling through the provinces it is almost impossible to have any privacy for the women want to see what the missionary wears and whether her white color is confined only to her face and hands.

Alas! Alas! That the women of the Philippines have been fiendishly exploited by the corrupt Roman priesthood. A few years ago in Aparri it is common talk that the padre looked with evil desire upon a beautiful girl and asked her to come and live with him in the Convento. She replied she would gladly do so if they could be married. And so the foxy padre arranged the wedding day—the bride and her parents were present, but the padre who was to perform the ceremony did not arrive—of course not. And after waiting a long time the impatient bridegroom said he himself could perform the ceremony. He held a Bible over his head and repeated the solemn contract of the ritual and pronounced himself as married to the innocent girl. He made out a certificate which was never given to the girl. And all the punishment which was meted out to this lecherous hypocrite by his superiors was to transfer him to another part of the Islands, no doubt to continue his wicked depredations upon innocent maidens.

God has not lost sight of nor forgotten the women and girls of the Philippines. A brighter day is dawning for them. Not long since two little American children were talking and one said, "Bessie, I wonder why these Filipino girls when they go to mass always place white handkerchiefs on their heads?" and Bessie, much perplexed, replied, "I do not know unless it is that they are so dark that if they did not have something white on their heads God would never see them!"

The false doctrines of a dead Christ have exploited a suffering womanhood but the bright, beautiful, Easter Message of the Living Christ—the Christ who gallantly protected women and who included consecrated women among his most faithful and efficient workers—the Easter Messages of the Living Christ are bringing emancipation and exaltation to the beautiful womanhood of the beautiful Philippines.

There may be some justifiable dispute in the United States as to the Hub of the nation, Boston, New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles, but no one after careful study will quibble over the statement that Manila is the Hub of the big Asiatic world. Tokyo is important as are Peking and Singapore and Calcutta. Manila is the Hub around which the wheel of the Orient turns because here the experiment in democracy is being demonstrated, and here Christianity is showing in the close gaze of the people of the Orient, what Christianity and its institutions and its personal freedom can do in transforming and rebuilding a people who are themselves purely Oriental. "What an opportunity

for influence if in the Philippines we can show to that greatest audience which ever witnessed any spectacle a successful and vigorous Christianity going hand in hand with a beneficent democracy," Christianity is already Christianizing the Philippines and the vast Far Eastern world is looking on with wonder, and will later follow so good an example.

My ancestors settled near Boston, and I had a pastorate in New York City, but I must be true to the facts revealed when I tell you about the world's most important hub and center. With Manila as a center, if a circle were described with a radius of 1700 miles, it would include 126,000,000 human beings. If the circle were 3500 miles radius there would be embraced in that extent of territory 762,000,000 of the world's teeming multitudes.

Manila is an American outpost. If the Philippines are the center of interest for the vast far-eastern population, then the city of Manila is the cynosure of millions of eyes, and the Protestant Church of America with immense gifts of money and the contribution of its best workers should carry forward imposing enterprises in Manila commensurate with our opportunity and obligation. The Methodist Church should put thousands of dollars where it is now investing hundreds. Here are great numbers of high school and university students who want to hear the Gospel of the New and Living Christ, and we have no place to invite them. Our fine little Central Methodist Church is doing excellent work, but it is constantly hindered by the limits of our meager accommodations. We can seat less than three hundred where we might have as many thousands of these bright, studious young people who are the hope of the Philippines. So far we are simply dallying on the edges when we should plunge into the very heart of this enormous opportunity—for evangelizing our infant nation.

If our providential mission as Filipinos is to send our heralds to Borneo and Sumatra and Java and to the multiplying Malay millions, the Island of Luzon should be made the great training school for Christian workers. If the Church at home will double our force of missionaries we will vastly increase the output of young people prepared to take the Gospel anywhere. There are still millions here who are waiting for the Gospel message, but if we can have the facilities we will evangelize our own islands and have workers to spare for other needy fields.

All the people at home should see these funny little Igorots. The men are dressed in their complexions, and "for trousers they make their skin do." A "G" string constitutes their wearing apparel, except for a tiny basket hat worn on the back of the head. Sometimes they add a blanket over their bare shoulders. The women are modestly

clothed, except for uncovered, shapely ankles. They are all, even the children, industrious and sprightlier than the people of the lowlands. They are also amiable and quite accessible to our Gospel messages. They live in villages outside of Baguio, and on the Sunday, which is their great market day, they bring into Baguio all kinds of stuff which they have grown or made with their hands and sell to one another and to the Ilocano tribes which come up from the lowlands.

The Igorots are a shy people, especially the women, but are as capable of education as the average inhabitant of these Islands. There is said to be a fairly high standard of morals among them in their villages.

I am convinced that our Heavenly Father expects His white people from America to come over here and evangelize these innumerable brown people, and has provided this high place to rest and recuperate his faithful workers. No persons in normal health need fear to come to the Philippines to work for the Master with such a beautiful place as Baguio so easily accessible.

These Igorots are the non-Christian, primitive peoples. They are not corrupt in their social life. They dwell peaceably in small communities, and are not given to excesses in eating and drinking. They deify the mysteries and can hear the voices of their gods in the wailing of the winds or in the soughing of the tree tops. They are susceptible to the stories of the True God and of the compassionate Christ.

One morning as I sat in my temporary study in our cottage at Baguio suddenly out of the thick pines there emerged a naked Igorot bearing in his hand a box of lucious strawberries which I received with tearful thanks. I could not speak his strange dialect but I thanked with my eyes as he disappeared like an apparition in the forest; and I asked myself whether we Christians were taking to him and his people our choicest gifts, and my heart was heavy with a sacred obligation which I believe the Master was placing upon us to minister to the least of these.

Popular Education

I suppose the most remarkable chapter in the history of popular education is being written in the Philippines. Immediately after American occupation the public school system of the United States was introduced. Hundreds of American teachers volunteered for this work, five hundred coming over at one time on the Transport Thomas.

The common school system is revolutionizing the economic and social as well as the religious ideals of the people. It has especially exalted work and made it honorable. Under the old Spanish regime all work was menial, the inevitable servant, or muchacha, was everywhere. He carried all packages, however small, and when the public

schools were first organized the muchacha carried the books or umbrellas of the scholars. And when school-gardening was introduced it was a common sight to see the servants carrying the hoes of the pupils. It was considered an insult for a teacher to ask a pupil to even close a door or a window. The Americans were told by prominent Filipinos that to carry a box or a suitcase would be to lose social standing. There are still some lingering remnants of these old ideals of social prestige. Even now only Americans are seen driving their own automobiles. The Filipino must have his chauffeur. His social position he thinks requires it. And many a chauffeur declines to take care of the car he drives, that is the work of the muchacha.

Industrial training is given a paramount place in the public schools. The pupils produce furniture of the best quality from the beautiful hardwoods which abound in the Islands. Filipino boys have also been taught to make out of the Buntal straw hats of the finest texture. The girls and women for generations have been noted for their needle work and in the school system their art has been perfected and their lace and embroideries have won world-wide distinction. Special attention has also been given to agriculture. This is particularly advantageous to a people who are essentially cultivators of the soil. So skillful is the work done that the Bureau of Education of the Philippines receives orders amounting to $150,000 a year from firms abroad for handicraft articles; the trade-school product yearly is over $100,000, and the annual agricultural product of the schools is worth $280,000.

"To get the industrial training into the school in the most effective way required a new type of organization. There are seven elementary grades in the Philippines, four primary and three intermediate, topped by a secondary plan of four years. Differentiation begins with the intermediate school—very much earlier than in schools in the United States. Every pupil must take some industrial training. Approximately seventeen per cent of the total time in the primary grades and in the general course of the intermediate school is devoted to graded vocational instruction. The special intermediate vocational courses consist of farming and trades for boys and housekeeping and household arts for girls. There are thirteen large agricultural schools in the Philippines, fifteen farm schools, and 162 settlement farm schools, with grounds about them ranging in area from 30 to 2,000 acres. There are over 4,000 school gardens and more than 100,000 home gardens directed by the school."

There was no common language in the Philippine Islands. There are forty different dialects and Spanish is fast disappearing, and English is introduced and is in use in all of the schools because a

common language is essential to nationality. It will not be long until English will displace Spanish as the legal and official language.

The enrollment last year was nearly one million pupils, who are taught by 21,000 Filipino and only 316 American teachers. Mr. Bewly, the Director of Education, regrets that "the work of the Bureau of Education has been seriously affected during the last several years by the withdrawal from the service of many of our best and most experienced American teachers." He says: "It is becoming more and more difficult to obtain satisfactory American men teachers. This will continue to be the case until the teaching profession becomes more remunerative."

There is a wonderful teachers' camp at Baguio where the teachers spend the hot season. It is one of the beauty spots of the world and should be a great inducement to American teachers to spend a few years in the Philippines. More American teachers is a very great need today.

There are only about one-third of the children between six and seventeen years of age in the public schools. Much has been done that is most creditable but much more needs to be accomplished.

All well-informed people know of the University of the Philippines where all complete professional courses can be taken. The medical department has attracted the attention of the world's greatest pathologists, especially because of the successful experimentation with a leprosy serum. It is believed that a specific has been found for this dread disease which has baffled the scientists of the centuries.

Romanism in the Philippines

Many inquiries are coming to me continually concerning the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands. Some persons ask why it is necessary to send missionaries to a land which is declared to be Christian by the Romanists, who have been there for four hundred years.

In general I would answer that just as the Protestant Church has its mission and work in Rome, and New York, and Chicago, and Los Angeles, so it has a work and mission in Manila. The false doctrine is preached by every Roman priest from the Vatican to Vigan that the souls of all people are lost unless they accept the vagaries of Roman Catholicism. Of course educated people smile at this unwarranted assumption and turn away from the autocracy and tyranny of mediaeval ecclesiasticism to the common-sense teachings of Jesus Christ, humanity's Redeemer and only High Priest.

But there are other reasons why Protestantism should be in the Philippines. Much of what I am compelled to say I would gladly avoid,

but as an honest witness I shall be compelled to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

It is well known that the missionary ideal inspired Magellan in his adventurous journeys. He was accompanied by friars and soon after landing in the Philippines the King of Cebu and some of his subjects were baptized. Forty years later, in 1564, Andres de Urdaneta accompanied by five other Augustinian friars, arrived from Spain and labored with zeal and success in the new and promising missionary field. Later there came the Dominican and Benedictine and Franciscan and Capuchin and Jesuit and Rocolleto Monks and a great rivalry began between the various monastic orders for the acquisition of lands, and political power and ecclesiastical influence.

Many temptations presented themselves to these celibate priests and it is openly declared that having taken solemn vows of celibacy and chastity, and purity, and obedience, they deliberately and systematically broke them all.

In the report of the Taft Commission to the Secretary of War, it is stated that before American occupation "the friars, priests and bishops constituted a solid, powerful, permanent, well-organized political force in the Islands which dominated policies. The stay of those officers who attempted to pursue a course at variance with that deemed wise by the Orders was invariably shortened by monastic influence."

While friar witnesses denied before the Commission the charges against the priesthood of general immorality, yet they confessed to outstanding gross instances in every province. A bishop even went so far as to attempt a defense for the erring priests by saying that it was too much to expect that a priest coming into a tropical climate among half-clothed natives, where licentiousness was general, and who was expected to listen to prurient stories in the confessional—it was too much to hope that he would keep himself upright unless he was a strong man. To use the prelate's own words, 'if he is not strong he will fall." The bishop places the blame on the weak man rather than upon an unreasonable system which fosters immoralities among its priesthood by compelling them to lead unnatural lives.

Romanism has many decrepit old churches in the provinces and in Manila, all in a state of more or less dilapidation, except one or two churches which I have seen in Manila. There are bells so many and so loud and discordant that they amount to a public nuisance, but evidently more bells than people.

Romanism has a very loose hold of the people. Very few men are seen in any of the churches, the attendants being for the most part women, old people and children.

The chief reason why Protestantism should carry forward its con-

structive propaganda is that Romanism no longer has any message for these people. The open Bible and the Public School are making it impossible for an intolerant and superstitious and corrupt priesthood to instruct or influence the people. The Filipinos after centuries of ignorance and suppression are fascinated with preaching. They listen with open-eyed wonder and admiration to the beautiful Gospel of Jesus. Their unfolding intellects and hearts are understanding the Great Teacher who said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," and they are gladly accepting the invitation, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest!"

There is little respect for the friars and in some quarters hostility so great that if it were not for government control, revolutions like those of 1896 and 1898 might break out against these greedy ecclesiasts. When the Americans took possession the situation was so intolerable that Henry Foreman, an English traveler, wrote: "In one way or another the native who possesses anything worth having has either to yield to the avarice, lust or insolence of the priest, or to risk losing his liberty and position in life." And while priestly perfidy is less open than during the Spanish regime, the corruption is said to still continue. With priests' children all over the island, and some now in places of prominence, it is small wonder if the people are suspicious of the morals of all of these black and white and brown petticoated priests and friars.

The reason for the wide-spread hostility to the friars can be briefly told. It dates back to the early days when many irresponsible and utterly incapable persons were appointed to the public offices, which in time could be bought, or sold, or inherited. The difficulty of securing proper officials gradually resulted in the more important civil functions being taken over by the friars, who became increasingly despotic. The Britannica Encyclopedia clearly states that progress in scientific knowledge was systematically and effectively blocked by the friars. Of the Bible itself no part was translated or published. In 1601 the Jesuits had opened a college in Manila for Spanish youth. In 1768 they were expelled from the islands. In 1859 they were permitted to return on the condition that they devoted themselves to education.

With the opening of the Suez canal in 1869, direct steamer communication was established between Spain and her Philippines colony, and the Islands entered definitely into the world of commerce and progress.

However, the friars persisted in perpetuating mediaeval conditions, and the popular feelings of hostility increased against them. This discontent became more and more wide-spread because the Spanish-

born friars had by this time acquired 400,000 acres of the best agricultural land, more than half of which was in the vicinity of Manila. The agrarian question became more and more acute, and there developed a violent conflict between the Filipinos and the political and economic supremacy of the friars. A revolution broke out in 1872 which resulted in the execution and banishment of some of the richest and best educated Filipinos at the instigation of the friars, all of this opposition on the part of the people was intensified by the flagrant immorality of the friars.

In 1886 the famous writings of Dr. Jose Rizal, a young man of twenty-five years, of Tagalog parentage, began to appear. He drew masterful pictures of the despotism and immorality of the friars; and by their wicked conspiracies he was finally put to death, as I have mentioned in detail elsewhere.

The tyrannical schemes of the clergy increased the ardor and strength of the reform party which, at length, culminated in a revolt which was led by Emilio Aguinaldo, a young native, the son of a humble farmer in Cavite. Aguinaldo had attended the Tagalog school in Cavite and the Jesuit College in Manila. After a few months in which many small battles were fought, the Insurectos agreed to terms of peace.

The Flagellants of the Philippines

Some people in their unconscious ignorance either oppose or are indifferent to the worth of our church in the Philippine Islands. If Romanism is Christian, why is it necessary to duplicate religious work in a land where the Roman Church has been busy for four hundred years?

After months of close proximity to Romanism in the Philippines, I presume it will be granted that I may be able to write with a fair degree of intelligence upon this subject.

Those who have followed my humble ministry in six of the great cities of America during the last thirty years will have observed that I have never been afflicted with Romanophobia. I have not carried forward a continuous propaganda against Catholicism.

As severely as I know how I have rebuked the impertinent meddling of Romanism with our public schools, and the wide-spread efforts of the minions of the Vatican to control political influences in the United States, and to defy the basic principle of American liberty, the separation of church and state.

I have shared the suspicion of many loyal American citizens that it is the definite purpose of the astute Roman hierarchy to "make America Catholic."

Yet for all that, I have had other things to preach about besides constantly talking about the menace of an intolerant and bigoted

mediaeval ecclesiasticism, and I have always confidently believed that whatever were the sly conspiracies of the Holy See against the sublime ideals of American freedom, there were enough brave and vigilant and faithful defenders of civil and religious liberty to confuse and defeat the anachronistic and unscrupulous aggressions of the old man on the Tiber and his group of arch-conspirators.

Protestantism is in the Philippines, and must stay in the Philippines, and must come here in greater power, because Romanism has had its own way in those beautiful islands for nearly four centuries, and has been weighed in the balances and has been found wanting —lamentably and tragically wanting.

May I give you one concrete illustration of the need of the true and living gospel of James in the Philippines?

The story of the Flagellants of the Middle Ages is one of the most grewsome and shocking of all the chapters of Roman Catholicism, and in my innocency I supposed that this form of cruel penance had gone into shameful oblivion with other barbaric customs of personally-inflicted torture.

You will not doubt my testimony as an eye witness when I tell you what I saw on the morning of last Good Friday just outside of the city limits of Manila.

Flagellation was introduced into the Philippines, according to the historian, in the sixteenth century by the Order of Jesus, commonly known as the Jesuits. It matters not that the Roman Catholic Church now ostensibly disavows any responsibility for these bloody scenes of Passion Week. While there may have been no priests present, yet there were candles, and shrines and an effigy of the Virgin and a chanting choir.

If the program was not conducted under the auspices of the Roman Church, the paraphernalia of Romanism was there, and the pitiable devotees were Romanists; and everybody knows that a single word from the archbishop of Manila could have peremptorily stopped the whole repugnant spectacle.

Our sins of omission are as heinous as those of commission, hence the responsibility for the frightful orgy of Good Friday must lie with the same organization which introduced this nauseating and revolting idolatry.

Forgiveness for sins committed and plenary indulgence for future sins is what is sought by these poor credulous products of superstition.

The devotee strips himself to his waist. An attendant makes many long, perpendicular slashes down the exposed back with razor-edged knives; and then, under the scorching rays of a tropical sun, the flagellant starts on a long pilgrimage over the rough fields, bruising his

bare feet on the stones and stubble, and with every step beating his naked and bleeding back with a whip of many lashes—a sort of cat-o'-nine-tails, until the blood flows in streams from a thousand wounds, and saturates his scanty garments. And if it should chance that any of the many spectators should happen too near, his clothing would be spattered with the human blood of the victim of one of the most inhuman religious practices which was ever inflicted upon an ignorant believer.

From loss of blood and from the enervating effects of the blistering sun, the flagellant often stumbles and falls, but without assistance he regains his footing and drags himself painfully onward, until, after hours of unspeakable agony, he reaches an open space in front of an improvised altar, where he throws himself exhausted upon the dusty earth and rolls over and over, grinding the dirt and dust into his poor, wounded back, which is by this time a reeking mass of raw and bleeding flesh.

Then, as a climax, he stretches himself at full length with his face to the ground and his arms extended in the shape of a living cross, while a human fiend, with a long, cruel whip, lays upon his wounded back and body stripe after stripe, the blood flowing freely from many wounds.

And then for hours the exhausted creature lies under a pitiless sun while the candles burn and the choir chants a few yards away.

And this is the so-called Christian religion of Romanism! Do you think Christianity has any mission here? Is it not somebody's duty to tell these poor, benighted creatures of a Saviour who suffered and died and rose again, and "by whose stripes we are healed"?

Simeon

Yes, it was Sunday morning—beautiful and bright, and teeming with blissful memories. We had to go Sunday because the law forbids the brutal gaming except on holidays and Sundays. The plain implication of this legisiation is that the evil thing is against the public welfare, and, therefore, should be restricted. Some day these people will see that a thing which is not good for all the days of the year is harmful for any day of the year.

Cock-fighting is the premier curse of the Philippine people, and I felt that I must make some personal investigations. It is even worse than I had imagined. There are one thousand cock-pits in these Islands. The Gallera is usually a huge pavilion made of bamboo and wood supporting a wide-spreading nipa roof. Just inside the enclosure are various vendors of things to eat and even to wear.

There is a place set aside where the birds are matched against each other either by their proud owners or by men who are betting on the fighting qualities of the gamesters. When a contest is agreed upon,

a razor-edged blade three or four inches long shaped like a tiny scythe, is securely fastened as a spur to one of the legs of the cock. There is a huge amphitheatre with two galleries capable of accommodating several thousand persons. It was crowded. The arena is an enclosure about twenty feet square. Here the helpless birds are pitted against each other. Before they are released they are made to peck at each other, and when they are sufficiently irritated they are set free and fly at each other with deadly fury. It is all over in a few seconds for one or both cocks are killed or wounded by the cruel knives which do prompt and deadly execution. The gong is sounded as a signal for the fight to begin, and in a few seconds there are thunderous roars of approval from the mass of humans who have lowered themselves to the brute-level. The shouting is not like the cheers of excited base-ball bleachers; it is more like the deep roar of wild beasts confined in the managerie cages.

In two or three minutes another match is staged; and this goes on throughout the daylight hours of the sacred Sabbath. There is special interest in the birds which have victories to their credit and the betting runs high, even to a thousand pesos.

We saw one badly wounded victor who was being bandaged, its owner hopeful of future conquests.

We found ourselves surrounded by a motley crowd of avaricious gamblers. Most of the men were in middle life and older. Many had sharp, Shylock features, and hard, stolid countenances. The owners have a pitiful devotion for their birds. Early that Sunday morning many of them had tied their pets outside and had gone to mass to "tell a bead" for victory. They are the pictures of despair when their birds are defeated and killed.

The Roman Church does not apparently denounce the cock-fighting. Indeed it is an open secret that many of the birds and cock-pits are owned by the friars, and much gambling is carried on by these supposed custodians of the public welfare.

We saw no Americans in the Gallera and very few Filipino women, and apparently none of the great student body. The young men who have come under the influence of Protestant education are vigorously opposing the cock-pit, and no doubt it will be gone some day with the twin curse of strong drink.

Of course our friends at home will not be too severe in their maledictions against the Filipino so long as the shocking and brutal prize-fight is tolerated in America. The cock-pit is no more a disgrace to us than the Dempsey-Carpentier fight to the homeland. Spain with its so-called sports and religion has left its trail of filth and vice here, and the cock-fight is a sequence of the bestial bull-fight.

Was it not in Wisconsin recently that a crowd paid to see two hounds tear a pet wolf to pieces? We will be charitably disposed toward these Filipino people barely twenty years out of mediaevalism until our own skirts are clear.

I came away from the Gallera heart-sick and nauseated with the grewsome spectacle. The cock-pit is partially outlawed—it is losing caste, because America has come with its educational and Christian ideals. One of our successful missionaries, Rev. A. L. Ryan, says that one night during an evangelistic service a gambler came to church with his rooster under his arm. But God's spirit took hold of the man, he was soundly converted, and the next day he invited the preacher to his home for dinner—and the rooster played an important part in the feast.

I have entitled this sketch "Simeon," because this noble layman and local preacher was once a cock-pit owner. He is now, perhaps, the most prosperous member of our native church. He did not give up his cock-pit when he became a Protestant, because he could not see the evil in it. He said his chief competitor was the Padre of the Parish Church. But one day Dr. M. A. Rader said to him, "Brother Simeon, do you think Jesus would run a cock-pit?" After a week the fine, sincere man came back to say that he had abandoned the business and torn down his gallera, because after days of soul agony he had concluded that "if Jesus came to the Philippines He would not run a cock-pit." And like the Patriarch Job, the Lord has given Simeon much more "than he had before."

A Bonfire of Bibles

There was an Auto de Fe in the Twentieth Century. Surely, not in the Twentieth Century! Do you not mean the days of the Spanish Inquisition long ago? Was it a real burning? Who conducted the shameless proceedings? Who was the victim? Was there a trial? Did the condemned go bravely to his death? The historian says that the Auto de Fe after several hundred years of appalling operation disappeared in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and do you mean to say that this diabolical invention has been revived in these modern days of freedom of speech and the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience?

Were the inquisitors so grossly stupid as not to know what disasters have come to Spain as a reaction from the bloody persecutions of those savage centuries—that Spain has lost all of her world possessions and that material disintegration is now threatening that country?

Where and when was this vulgar anachronism enacted? Aren't you mistaken? It was not a real Auto de Fe, was it, but merely the

burning of an effigy as a silly but practical joke? Kindly tell us about it. It seems highly improbable that mediaeval methods for the extirpation of heresy would be employed in this Century of the Lord Nineteen Hundred.

The plain, unvarnished facts are these: Nobody in the Philippine Islands disputes them, even the Roman Catholic Church acknowledges it to have been a foolish tactical blunder and one prelate denounced the perpetrator as an egregious simpleton, no doubt sympathizing with the motive but denouncing the method.

An enthusiastic agent of the American Bible Society was very successful in distributing Bibles and Scripture portions throughout the Archipelago even unto several hundred thousand copies. His method was to give a moving-picture demonstration of the progress of Protestant Christianity throughout the world. His films were highly interesting and informing. He would collect an admission fee of ten centavos and in return not only gave his entertainment but he presented each person with a Gospel of John, or Luke, or Mark, or Matthew.

In carrying forward his program he reached the prosperous northern city of Vigan, and many persons flocked to see his pictures and hear his film lecture and receive a portion of the Scriptures.

It chanced that in this flourishing town was a misguided Roman priest. In order as he supposed to counteract the baleful influence of circulating the Holy Bible among the masses of the people, he also arranged a picture-show, and announced that the admission fee would be the copy of the Scriptures which the Protestant Missionary had given away. There was much excitement. The Padre had a large audience. In scathing terms and with the usual Jesuitical casuistry he bitterly characterized and execrated the Missionary and his Book. Hundreds of Gospels—the very words of Jesus Himself—the only authentic account of our Lord's life and works—came into the hands of this modern inquisitor and accompanied by a great demonstration of denunciation in the presence of many persons, some sympathetic, some curious, some basely insulted, these Scriptures were insolently burned near the public plaza. Yes, this creature burned the Bible—the Bible which is the palladium of our liberties, the standard of our morals, the inspiration of what is loftiest and best; the Book which is precious to millions of people who are enjoying the freedom and light and truth which emanate from its pages divine; the Bible of which Lord Bacon declared, "There never was found in any age of the world a book that did so exalt the public good as the Bible." Why are the Romanists so "exceedingly mad" against the Bible? Are they afraid of Light and Truth? Yes, they burned the Bible, sacred to all true

lovers of liberty. Andrew Jackson said, "That Book, sir, is the Rock on which our Republic rests." It was a flagrant and impertinent insult to the educated people of all Christendom. The Bible revered in Courts of Justice, conspicuous when a new President takes his oath of office, and which was the hope and solace of our precious mothers—yes, they malignantly, gloatingly, burned the Bible.

Immediately the Auto de Fe had quite a vogue in the northern provinces. Wherever the Missionary went there were other spiteful priests ready to follow the example of the Vigan persecutor and the Bible haters chuckled in glee around the lurid bonfires.

I have seen the sacred spot in Florence where the immortal Savonarola was burned to death by the Romanists. I have seen the place where the Gospel of Christ was burned by the Romanists in the city of Vigan, Philippine Islands.

The reaction and revolt were the same in quality for Satan again over-reached himself in each case. The burning of the Bibles in Vigan did more for the cause of true Christianity here than anything which had before occurred. It was a blazing beacon, at once a guiding and warning signal like a lighthouse. It was as good as a thousand sermons and it goes on preaching its message. The martyrs were more powerful in their dying than if they had lived. The burning at Vigan has immortalized the Protestant Bible. The young men and women are crowding our dormitories and our chapels. They are fascinated with the story of the Living Christ, and, in large numbers, are turning away from the superstitions and cruelties of middle ages ecclesiasticism. Many of the leaders in education and statesmanship and in business circles have broken with Romanism—it is too rank and spurious for cultured people. They have become the followers of Dr. Jose Rizal and Jesus Christ.

It is apropos to re-tell this story of this Auto de Fe because after an absence of some years the Chief Actor in the Vigan burning has just been returned to the Philippines as if in approval by the Church authorities of his perfidy here in former years. Romanism may like this arrogant man and his methods, but it is certain that the young educated Filipinos have no interest in his coming. The thrilling sequel of the Bible bonfire is that one of the young men who assisted the Padre at Vigan soon renounced Romanism and became an ardent Protestant, and later went to the United States as a pensionado of the Government to complete his education. By a strange irony of fate, or coincidence he came back to the Philippines the other day on the same ship which brought the ignoble returning priest. Coincidence, did I say? No, God administers no accidents in the affairs of His

Kingdom. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers * * * for evil doers shall be cut off."

The Bible has survived the raging storms of rationalism, and criticism, and skepticism, and corrupt ecclesiasticism, and it has successfully withstood all inimical influences and stands forth today as the majestic and incomparable Book of Books. The anvil wears out the hammer,

"Hammer away ye hostile bands,
The hammer breaks, the anvil stands."

Is there any Doubting Thomas who still asks why Protestantism shall send its workers to the Philippines? These inquiring Filipinos know why, and are giving us cordial welcome.

Does anyone continue to ask Protestantism to justify itself for being in the Philippines? The supreme sin of the young Babylonian King was not that he had desecrated in a drunken debauch the gold and silver vessels formerly used in holy worship in Jerusalem, great as that sin was, but his unpardonable offense against his God and his subjects was, that with all the privileges for personal culture, he had failed to build a character—a character which the people of his vast dominion could imitate; and when he was weighed in God's balance Belshazzar was found wanting—lamentably wanting.

After four hundred years there was an unexpected appraisement of Romanism and its operations in the Philippines. An inexorable advancing civilization took an inventory of the results of the far-reaching monopoly of the Roman Catholic Church. If "by their fruits ye shall know them" is the acid-test of any religion, then the almost universal depravity of the priests, and the very low ethical and moral standards of the people—so low that virtue among the women and honesty and honor among the men was pitifully absent—absent because they followed the examples of their priestly confessors, I say, if by the acid-test of fruitage Romanism in the Philippines is to be judged, it was and is "found wanting"; and the ethical and religious instruction of these people is now passed over to those who with zeal, and consecration, and Christ-like spirit and lives, are persuasively telling the people of a Loving Christ who exacts purity of life and nobility of purpose, and service, and sacrifice and character of his faithful followers.

The next notable world-movement will not be on the shore of the Great Mediterranean where have been enacted so many of the scenes in the drama of civilization. The central arena will be transferred to the Pacific Ocean. Mighty civilizations have reared their superstructures of opulence and grandeur on the borders of the Mediterranean. When the old sea shall have rehearsed its story there is not

much in history left to be told. Here sailed the adventurous Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece, and in its harbors were anchored the ships of Tyre with their precious cargoes. Achievement and tragedy, life and death, prosperity and disaster are seen in the records of Egypt and Carthage, Greece and Macedonia and Rome. On the borders of this turbulent sea civilizations met in deadly encounter. Here the legions of Xerxes were routed and Leonidas and his brave Spartans were invincible. Here occurred the long contest of Hamilcar and Hannibal for Carthagenian supremacy. Here the Cross became the sign in which truth was to conquer, and her paganism retreated before the singing hosts of the conquering Nazarene, and here the Crescent reached the crest of its widening influence, and here Islam is giving way to the Easter Christ. The Mediterranean sea has crimsoned its waters with racial antagonism and with the inordinate ambitions of men and nations. Time fails to call the roll of the Great Poets, the Sculptors and Artists, and Statesmen, and Warriors, and adventurers and philosophers, and historians, and conquerors who have lived and achieved on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Nevertheless it is advisedly and deliberately that we say that while brightest civilizations will continue to embroider the granite shores of the Great Sea, yet the Pacific waters are now washing the borders of continents and islands that are to play a large part in the thrilling history which will be written in the coming decades. Here light will contend with darkness, truth with error, faith with fatalism, and autocracy with democracy. The peoples of the Mediterranean were essentially homogeneous—the struggles and combats were among ambitious rivals striving for mastery. On the Pacific the white and colored races, the oriental and the occidental are either to co-operate in an ever-enlarging civilization, or will meet in a deadly antagonism that will mean not only the extinction of the weaker races but the extermination of the proud progeny of Adam from the face of the earth.

When we view the future we are appalled at the colossal proportions of the perplexities and the opportunities, but remembering we have a Great Redeemer Who came to draw all men unto Himself, we cannot falter before a task however gigantic or commissions however difficult and dangerous.

The Southern Cross

I am writing these lines during the last days of January, where in the homeland there should be every evidence that old Boreas still monopolizes attention and rules with a scepter of ice and snow and blizzard. But here in this fair land there are bright, balmy days, and cool, refreshing nights. If any brave rival poet dared the venture, he or she might at any time attempt another "perfect day" for these

enchanting days come and go with golden sunrises and gorgeous sunsets, and just enough of warm sunshine in the middle of the day to make a siesta delicious and refreshing. The so-called hot season, a little later, may be hot, and the wet season, still a little later, may be wet; but, no matter what follows, nothing can take from the fascinating glory of these beautiful days and brilliant nights.

At night in the Philippines the Pleiades are dazzling and Orion with a strident dignity walks across the dark-blue meadows of the skies. And Venus hangs low with lambent brilliancy; and besides these and many other familiar friends there is also that most incomparable of all celestial constellations, the Southern Cross. I saw it in all of its sacred splendor upon a recent early morning. At three o'clock, when we climbed into our machine for a six-hour ride where railroads have not yet come, the Southern Cross was leaning against the southern sky. As we journeyed over well-built roads and crossed streams on fragile bamboo rafts, the four stars of that blazing token of victory led us on and still onward, steadily, safely. It was our guide and defender, and in that ancient sign we trusted. As the hours hastened the cross noiselessly led us on, gradually assuming an upright position, until just before rosy-fingered Dawn dashed a glow of crimson on the eastern horizon, the cross stood perfectly erect, the four stars burning like flaming torches even when the other orbs of night were dimming and disappearing.

There it stood, brilliant, beautiful, imposing, daring. I never saw stars linger so long into the approaching dawn, and just before a new day was born that cross in accents of golden light seemed to say, to two enraptured and transfixed servants of truth, "In this sign you may conquer"; and as the eloquent constellation suddenly disappeared, as the sun peeped above the horizon, its early morning message sank deep and tenderly into our hearts of faith and hope.

There are many crosses in the Philippines. Crosses which surmount numberless decrepit, crumbling structures—monuments of superstition and despair. The false and fatal system is going and the ruined buildings everywhere speak of the disintegration and disolution of a so-called religion which takes the cross without the real Christ, and the real life of which the cross is the exquisite token.

The cross—the cross of the Roman emperor, the cross in the southern skies, the cross of Calvary, the cross of the Easter morning, the cross which radiates hope and not despair, life and not death, joy and not fear, truth and not superstition—is the symbol of the love of the Christ for us and of our rapturous devotion to Him.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time."

The couplet has a new meaning in a land where the false heralds of the Cross took sacred vows of poverty and chastity and ruthlessly broke both of them. "Wrecks of time" are all about us here in the Philippines, but the Cross is still above us; and as the people, and especially the bright, intelligent young people with open minds and expectant faces, hear about the Christ of life and the cross of victory, they are flocking to the Great Teacher who said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Life's the thing! And the Truth, with the Cross as the Divine Guide-Board, points toward Life.

The fountain pen is very conspicuous among the students, and before examinations there are representatives of a dying superstition here who for a few centavos will pronounce an alleged blessing upon the fountain pens; and the clever young students go away to ridicule the avaricious prelate, and to later separate themselves from a system which forgets the head and heart which controls the pen.

In a northern province, in order to replenish their fast depleting treasuries, the self-appointed custodians of the morals of the people for twenty-five centavos will place their soiled hands of ecclesiasticism upon the faithful carabao, assuring the owner of the protection of the good beast of burden from disease.

Does anyone doubt that the true cross and the true Christ have a mission or message for these truth-seeking Filipinos?

The Southern Cross is here—placed in the heavens by the God of truth to stay forever. Shall we not plant the cross of the triumphant Christ here on these islands—islands beautiful enough to be a necklace for divinity—so firmly that at length every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that the Easter Christ is Lord and Saviour? Some day the resurrected Christ will flood these beautiful islands with fadeless Easter glory. This is the prophecy of the Southern Cross!

Temptation

By REV. MILFORD H. LYON, D. D.

Hebrews 4: 15-16. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

If I were to speak to you tonight upon art, I might interest the artist; upon finance, the banker; upon education, the teacher; upon machinery, the mechanic; or upon agriculture, the farmer. Yet perchance the one would not be interested in the other theme. But we have a subject upon which all should have a personal interest, for it touches directly every life. It is the subject of temptation. All of us are tempted. We might imagine some weakling, a sort of goody, goody creature that had no such battles to fight. But that certainly is not you or I. If we know ourselves as we ought to know ourselves, we will all frankly admit the fact that we are tempted. And there is no sin in being tempted. The sin comes in yielding to temptation. Luther said, "I cannot keep the birds from flying over my head, but I can keep them from building nests in my hair." It is only when the evil thought or desire is harbored and cherished that it becomes rooted and grows into the poisonous tree of sin.

The Epistle of James well says that no man is tempted of God, but each is tempted when he is turned away by his own desires. And this battle is not so much with the forces outside the life as with evils within. My greatest enemy is myself. If I can master him, I need not fear others. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," for a man that can conquer himself can take a city or do any other great work for God. Within each of us there is a higher and lower nature striving for the mastery, and the very same element of character which if turned in the right way will make a life a power for good, if diverted in the wrong course will make it just as great a power for evil. It was the same element, the power of passion, which made David the sweet singer and psalmist of Israel, which when turned awry caused him to commit one of the blackest sins.

Someone exclaims, "I have a greater battle to fight than others." If that is so, thank God for it, for it is the richest soil that produces the greatest number of weeds. The more handles there are upon your life by which the devil can drag you down, the more there are by which the Lord can lift you up. And never be lulled into a life of false security to imagine that you are above temptation. The higher the moral and spiritual heights you scale the more subtle and insinuating will be the schemes of the adversary to circumvent and conquer you. When we realize that even the Lord Jesus Himself, with His divine nature, was tempted in all points like as we are, it behooves each one of us to be constantly on his guard. In His wilderness battle, Jesus was in the midst of wild beasts, and yet there is no intimation that His struggle was with them. His conflict was rather with Himself. While it is literally true that He was tempted in all points, yet it is also true that there is one temptation that we have that Jesus could not have had, and that is the temptation that comes after having yielded to temptation. He continued without sin. He never knew what it was to fight a losing fight.

This theme bulks large on account of the complex character of our civilization. One reason why many people are not worse than they are is because they have not had greater opportunities for doing wrong. Their souls have never been put to the severest test. Be not too hasty in condemning some erring soul, for who knows whether you yourself might have fared no better if you had faced a like great foe. Our generation has problems to solve and battles to fight that the plainer, simpler life of the past knew nothing of. With the increasing density of population, and the increasing tension of all departments of social relationships, not only have the opportunities for moral and spiritual development been multiplied, but also in like manner the opportunities for degradation.

But someone may ask, Why are we tempted? Could not our Creator have placed us in this world free from this conflict? Doubtless He could, but it is in this battle against temptation that the soul develops its strongest and highest power. Milton said, "I praise not that clustered and sequestered virtue, unsullied and unbreathed, that goes not forth to meet its adversary, but slinks from the race when the immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat." It is not the tree that grows in the midst of the forest, protected on all sides, that becomes the strongest, but rather it is the one that stands out alone, that battles with the storms, whose fibres are toughened, and whose roots get down beneath the granite. Talent may be developed in solitude, but character is the fruit of conflict. The Sandwich Islanders have a maxim that when they vanquish an enemy the

strength of the adversary comes into their own muscles. In a sense for each of us that is literally true, for every time we struggle against an evil and gain the mastery, we are just so much the stronger for having had the battle. Well did Browning say:

> "Why comes temptation
> But for man to meet and master,
> And make crouch beneath his feet
> And so be pedestaled in triumph."

In the third chapter of Revelation there are three great promises for the soul that conquers himself: "He that overcometh shall be arrayed in white garments." "He that overcometh I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God." "He that overcometh I will give to him to sit down with me in my throne." The first, purity, the second, permanence, the third, power—all are the rewards of the mastery of self.

In the ninth chapter of Paul's First Letter to the Corinthians, he alludes to the trophies of the Olympian games. Every four years the athletes came together from Sparta and Athens and Macedonia to contend in the running races, the wrestling matches, the boxing bouts. The winners were crowned with the ivy wreath. Their names were proclaimed by heralds at all the great festivals. They were given the seats of honor, and monuments were erected commemorating their exploits. In fact, these winners were regarded as the greatest in Greece. But these strived to gain a corruptible crown, while we strive for an incorruptible one. They battled for the wreaths which perish with the moment, but we struggle to gain the imperishable garland of everlasting life.

And there is still another reward that comes from this battle with temptation. It makes us capable of sympathizing with other souls who are undergoing a similar struggle. The great Captain of our Salvation suffered, being tempted, and it is for this reason that He is able to lend a helping hand to you and me. Doubtless you have wondered ofttimes when the storm was fiercest why you were compelled to pass through a trial almost greater than you could endure, and yet by this very thing God was fitting you to become yourself a helper to some other soul who, without your aid, might sink into hopeless despair.

But let us note not only the universality of temptation and its compensations, but also the kinds of temptation. In the conflict that Christ endured in the wilderness near the outset of His ministry we have clearly presented four of the leading phases of temptation. We would not be justified in saying that these are the only ways by which

a soul is tempted, but certainly a large share of our battles are fought upon one or the other of these fields.

The first battle was against doubt. Said Satan to Him: "If Thou be the Son of God." By this insinuation he was endeavoring to cast in the mind of Christ a shadow upon the fact of His deity. And let us note that this temptation came as temptation almost always comes in its strongest power, in a time of human weakness. For forty days the struggle had continued, and now at the close of this period of fasting it is recorded that Jesus hungered. Just on the border of a great defeat the adversary rallied all his powers to try to prevent that defeat. There are many who can testify to a similar experience after a specially fierce combat with some temptation, when the triumph was almost won—that was the moment of the greatest danger of failure. And there is no other form of temptation that is able to assume such varied shapes and forms as doubt. It seems that refinement and culture often aggravate the difficulty. By the law of compensation, the soul that is possessed of great strength is apt likewise to have corresponding weaknesses, the consciousness of power is apt to produce a feeling of self-sufficiency, and create a desire to put faith in the crucible and subject it to a critical analysis. If the soul that has never doubted can well be envied he can equally well be pitied. So many are the experiences in life that are impossible for us to explain that we are indeed like children groping in the dark. I cannot agree with those who say there is no such thing as an honest skeptic. My whole nature goes out in sympathy with such a life. We are never free from this conflict. It is apt to come at the most unexpected moment when cherished plans have been broken up, when ill health or business adversity, or the death of friends has suddenly left us bereft, there comes suddenly up from our hearts a despairing, 'Why?" But we will get the victory, as Jesus got it, in absolute reliance upon God and His Word.

In the next place let us note Christ's battle against appetite. He was hungry, and the Tempter suggested that He turn the stones into bread. Jesus was conscious of ability to perform this act; in fact, throughout the centuries He has been constantly turning stones into bread. Watch the glacier as it moves slowly down the mountainside, grinding the rocks to dust, and this soil is carried by mountain streams to enrich the plains below, and nourish the growing seed. And from this harvest there comes grain to supply the mills and furnish flour for the housewife's oven. Yes, indeed, the Son of God has been constantly turning stones into bread. This temptation for the gratification of physical appetite was all the more keen because it was for the satisfaction of a natural and legitimate desire. All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. The temptation was to use the higher

power for the satisfaction of the lower, to use spiritual strength merely for ministering to the flesh.

Everyone that knows his own life will admit the fact that a large share of his temptations come along the line of physical appetite. Paul said, I buffet my body and bring it into subjection. The spirit warreth against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit. Our chief battle is between the spiritual and the physical. A large part of mankind seem to be almost entirely flesh. They care more for their stomachs than for their souls. The controlling motive in the average life seems to be not intellectual and spiritual, but rather physical gratification. Sensuality has wrought the ruin of every nation of antiquity. Culture has been of little avail to stem the tide. Peoples who have been among the wisest have been among the wickedest, the most literary and the most licentious, the bravest and also the basest. Alexander the Great could conquer a world, and yet could not conquer himself, but died a drunkard. Byron and Burns could charm the centuries with their poetic brilliance, and yet their literary lamps were extinguished in the darkness of debauchery.

In the third place our Master was subjected to the temptation of pride—that universal desire for commendation and applause. Satan took Him up to the pinnacle of the temple. It was just at the time perchance when the great congregation were coming forth from worship. The adversary thought that this would be the psychological moment. The occasion was especially opportune. "Oh, Jesus, with the conscious power which you possess, cast yourself down from this lofty height, and descending with the grace of omnipotence you will with one master stroke gain for yourself universal honor and homage." But here again the consciousness of strength is apt to aggravate the temptation and create a source of weakness and danger. And Satan planned most artfully to make this assault especially effective by supporting his suggestion with a quotation of Scripture.

Even in the highest and holiest calling this form of temptation is apt to be most potent. In other words, it is possible to use even the noblest vocation for the furtherance of base and selfish ends. Few temptations of the Christian are more insinuating and perilous than the desire to win praise. It is so easy to stupefy conscience with the appeal to expedience or advantage. It comes to the politician urging him to stifle his convictions and advocate questionable measures to increase his popularity. There is no phase of human life where this temptation to win applause is not evident. It comes even to the evangelist bidding him utter sensational sentences to attract attention and also to lower the standard and broaden the invitation so that he may secure larger visible results and increase his popularity and prestige.

It comes also to the pastor, urging him to tone down his attacks upon specific sins so that he may not awaken the resentment of some influential hearers.

We find the Master was subjected to the assault of ambition. Satan presented to Him a vision of His possibilities for the accumulation of worldly possessions as well as honors if He would turn aside from His heaven-sent mission for the redemption of a lost world and yield Himself to promoting His own selfish interests. Some have tried to depreciate this temptation by saying that the devil had not power to deliver that which he promised, but if this temptation was not real the mind of Christ with its most keen perception would have discerned the fallacy of the offer. Let us not forget that Satan had been the prince of this world. How or why he has had the ability and the authority that he has it is not for us at this time to consider. And yet apart from Scripture our own reason would convince us that there was such innate power within the life of Christ had He been willing to turn from His divine purpose for the salvation of men that in every sense He could literally and truly have gained the entire world. The wealth of a Croesus and the power of a Caesar would have been as mere dust in the balance beside the greatness of His worldly successes. He could have made all men his slaves to the end of time, and historians would never have ceased to recount the greatness of His achievements. It was the consciousness of this opportunity and ability which made the conflict so much the fiercer. And on the other hand to think that if He persisted in His obedience to God it meant a life of obscurity, of hardship and sacrifice, of persecution, of suffering, of humiliation, of martyrdom. Can we well doubt the fierceness of that wilderness battle.

There has been no generation since the beginning of history when this temptation has so potently and persistently assaulted mankind as at the present, for we are living in a day of material prosperity when money is becoming all powerful. It has opened the gates for opportunity, for achievement, for worldly honor. Mammon is on the throne, and the soul that would heed the voice of God to do His will must encounter directly this hostility. This temptation is coming just now to so many young people whom God is calling into definite Christian service. Satan is taking them up on a mountain summit and showing them the possibilities of worldly greatness. The greater the possibilities in any life for Christian service, the greater are the temptations of the world to allure him away. The fiercest battles of history have not been fought on the battlefields, but in the arena of the human soul. The greatest ruins of earth are not the crumbling walls of the Parthenon at Athens, or the Coliseum at Rome, but rather

the ruins of the human life that yielded to the allurements of selfish interest and gained the world but lost his own soul.

Now let us mark the ways by which we may meet temptation and gain the mastery. We will find it first is in resisting the incipient impulses to evil. No one becomes a great sinner in a day. Many have expressed themselves amazed that one who has occupied a position of honor and trust has fallen suddenly into disgrace. He did not fall suddenly. It was perhaps the result of years of harboring some evil impulse or desire. There is an ancient legend which describes how a small insect came each day and fed from the bowl of milk which was a small child's meal. The insect was allowed to continue unmolested. At last it grew to be a monster which slew the boy. If temptation is to be overcome it must be nipped in the bud. Allow it to become thoroughly rooted and grounded in a life and it becomes well nigh invincible and irresistible. Let no one deem himself secure. Constant watchfulness is our only chance, for even in the cleanest garden will start the most noxious weeds.

Then again if the mastery over self is to be gained, the soul must be kept busy with the highest and the best. We must fight fire with fire. Fight the power of pride and passion with the might of the divine spirit. Had King David gone out at the head of his army to battle instead of loitering on the housetop he would have never succumbed to sin. An idle brain is the devil's workshop. Jesus said, Satan cometh and findeth nothing in Me. His life was crowded so full of thoughts and deeds of loving service that there was no place left where poisonous seeds could take root and grow. It was because the house out from which the demon had been cast was left empty that seven other spirits worse than himself came in and took possession.

And finally, if the ashes of defeat are to be changed into garlands of triumph, we must gain the victory, as Christ gained it, by implicit trust in God. When temptation comes do not try to repel the assaults in your own strength. Stand back and let Jesus fight the devil. Call to your aid Him who vanquished Satan, for He alone can gain the conflict.

Said the little boy to his father: "Papa, is the devil bigger than I am?" "Yes, my boy," replied the father, "the devil is bigger than you are." "But the devil is not bigger than you are, is he?" asked the child, for children usually think their father is the biggest man on earth. "Yes," replied the father, "Satan is bigger than I am." "Well, one more question, Papa. Is the devil stronger than Jesus?" "No," answered the father, 'Jesus is stronger than the devil." "Then," said the little fellow, as his face brightened, "I am not afraid of the devil one bit." Here is the truth, "If God be for us who can be against us?"

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear; but God is faithful, He will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able; but will with the temptation make also a way of escape that ye may be able to endure it."

Mythology tells us that when the great general, Ulysses, sailed westward past the island of the Sirens where so many brave men had been lured to their doom, as the boat neared this coast he commanded his sailors to lash him fast to the mast of the ship, and he bade them fill their ears with wax. When the boat neared the shore where these wicked creatures were singing their enchanting songs, the commander was enraptured and frenzied. He implored the sailors to turn the ship around and steer it toward the rocks, but with their ears deafened they heeded not his command. He cursed and called upon the name of his gods but to no avail. They passed by in safety.

But the next time he had to sail by the island of the Sirens, Ulysses took upon his boat that famous singer of ancient times, even Orpheus himself. And when the ship drew near to the coast where the sands were strewn with the bones and bodies of many ill-fated seamen, and the Sirens began again to sing their alluring songs, then Ulysses bade Orpheus to tune his lyre and sing his sweetest strains, and the music of Orpheus was so much stronger and sweeter than that of the Sirens that neither the commander nor the sailors heeded that at all.

Let me give you my testimony that years ago I took on board the ship of my soul the great Orpheus, the Man of Galilee, Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He has been with me in business adversity, in loss of friends and loved ones, and in the hour of temptation. Were it not for His divine grace my life would have gone out in shipwreck. No matter what may be your natural strength there is some temptation that you cannot master alone. If you try it you will miserably fail. But let Jesus take possession of your life. He will be with you in the time of need, and through His grace you will come forth more than a conqueror.

Back to Bethel

By REV. J. W. MEMINGER, D. D.

Last evening we listened to that splendid address by Mr. Babson on "What is the Matter with Business," in which he said, "What this country needs is a far larger number of men and women, living in closer touch with God."

And my mind went back across the years to the time when Jacob, his flocks increased, his herds multiplied and his troubles accumulated, he said, "Let us arise and go up to Bethel and I will build there an altar unto God who delivered me in the day of my distress and was with me in the way I went." (Genesis 35: 3.)

The Jacob story is perhaps the most familiar of all our childhood years—Jacob secured the birthright from Esau and then by the aid of his mother deceived the father and obtained the blessing. Esau was so enraged that the mother, fearing for the life of Jacob, sent him far away to his Uncle Laban.

We see him going out from his home, in the level country of Beer Sheba, up into the hills and mountains, where, exhausted, he lies down to sleep, a stone for his pillow and the night wind moaning in the forest trees, the music of his dreams. And as he dreamed he sees a ladder of light stretching away into the sky. The angels of God coming and going upon it—and God above it all.

He awoke and said, "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not." He took the stone that had been his pillow, set it up for a pillar and poured oil upon it and worshipped then and consecrated his life to the God of Abraham and Isaac, his father.

In this story we have the angels and the altar, the vision and the vow. Angels and altars, visions and vows belong to youth. It is a poor life that at its beginning sees no angels, has no visions, registers no vows.

Our visions, the ideals and dreams of our childhood, are shaped by our parents and teachers and preachers, by the books we read, and the moving pictures we see. Let us keep before the eyes and minds of our boys and girls, moving pictures of vice and crime and we will have a wave of banditry and crime sweeping over the country just as we have it today. Sow to the wind and we must reap the whirlwind.

Moving pictures have great educational value. But when they are produced by a lot of moral degenerates, the black poison of their influence will lower the moral tone of thousands of homes.

The task before the Christian Church today is to see that our children shall be protected from these evils that are giving our boys and girls wrong views of life.

Jacob had a vision of God. He realized that God had something to do with his life. Atheists are not so plentiful today as they once were. And yet our young people may be called to work in store or factory where some one whispers the atheists' lie in their ears.

To such an one we would say, "Remember that from the day that Adam wandered sinless in the bowers of bliss and in pristine purity, talked face to face with God, the normally constituted mind has always believed in a supreme being and has had some form of worship." The heathen worships gods of wood and stone, but they are mute witnesses of that deathless longing in the human soul for closer fellowship with God.

The normally constituted mind mentally has always believed in a supreme being. The man who says he does not believe in God is either mentally diseased or morally unsound. He is either crazy or he is lying. I make this statement because I have known men who have turned from atheism to faith in God and they now declare that they were not honest with themselves when they denied their God.

Jacob lived in the house of Laban; but there is not a line to show us that he ever told Rachael or Laban anything about his vision or his vow. If we will not witness for Christ we cannot expect to have His presence and power in our lives.

Jesus said, "The Holy Spirit shall come upon you and ye shall be witnesses for Me," and when we do not witness, we lose the power to live for Christ.

Jacob fought Laban with his own weapons and lost by winning, and when the cheat was cheated and the liar was lied to and Jacob was getting into trouble, I think the Lord was trying to get through the sordid worldliness of the man down to deep and sacred things of life.

At last he was ready to go back to Bethel and then he found what every man finds who would forsake a worldly, godless life. He found there are certain persons and things to be left behind, represented by Laban. For you it may be evil associations, bad habits that once were but silken threads yet hold you now in fetters of steel that only the power of God can break.

But if you really want to get back to a better life, help will come to you. When Jacob determined to go the Lord had Laban busy shearing sheep. It is easier to go at some times than others. It may be in a religious awakening or when sickness comes and you lie awake the long night through, or when some dear one is lying dead and you

realize that it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die. Jacob saw that there were certain things to be left behind. Then he discovered that there were certain persons to be faced, represented by Esau, the brother he had wronged. Remember your sins will rise up and meet you.

Jacob with wealth of herds and flocks and family moves on and camps by the brook. A road stretches away to a pass in the mountains yonder. His horsemen have ridden out to the mountain and now they come galloping back to tell him that just beyond the mountain Esau is coming to meet him with 400 armed men. The man he had wronged is now coming with 400 Bedouins of the desert, riding down on an unarmed, helpless man. Jacob gets together the finest of his herds and flocks and sends them, a present, to Esau. But there is over yonder another pass in the mountains and another road. So he selects a second lot from his flocks and herds and sends them out on that road. Then he returns back to his tent and all night he wrestles in an agony of suspense with the messenger of God until at last he surrenders and then in the dawn of a new day, he goes with God in his heart to meet his brother. And having God in his heart makes all the difference. In our difficulties and dissensions and misunderstandings we need more of God in our hearts. We need the Holy Spirit to guide us. And all will be well. He met Esau, all the old hatred gone, and a new life of fellowship began. Now surely Jacob named Israel. Jacob reconsecrated to God will soon be at Bethel.

Alas for the frailty of human nature. Before Jacob reaches Bethel, he arrives at Shechem, a business center, a social center, with its appeal to Jacob and his family. What fine business propositions, what opportunities for wealth. Jacob must get his daughters into society, he must have his sons meet these business men. Business and pleasure hold him. Bethel can wait. The altar can wait. God Almighty can wait. Is that Ancient History? No, that is today in every city, with its Sabbath desecration and empty churches and social dissipations. That is the tragedy of this age and this city.

And Jacob paid the price, when Dinah was disgraced, when his sons were guilty of an offense that was a stench in the nostrils of the heathen. Disgraced and dishonest, Jacob got back. Thank God, he got back, but he paid the price and you who desecrate the Lord's Day and forsake the assembling of yourselves together in the Lord's House and neglect the family altar, you may grow rich in gold, but you too will pay the price, and the nation that forgets God will utterly perish. Let us all arise and go up to Bethel and build there an altar unto God, who will lead us and bless us and keep us in all the way that we go. Amen and Amen.

The Hand of God in the Protestant Forward Movement

By REV. WILLIAM S. MARQUIS, D. D.

The Federal Council of Churches has gathered a list of twenty-six Protestant denominational Forward Movements in the United States. Similar movements have sprung up also in China, Korea, the Philippines, Siam, Mexico and Chile.

The Roman Catholic Church joined this great religious movement in December, 1920, by organizing a "Union of all Catholic Missions in the United States," to arouse an active interest in home and foreign Catholic missions in every parish in this country.

The Protestant denominations enlisted in these movements enroll not less than 22,180,000 communicant members with 164,407 churches and 124,351 theological seminaries, hospitals, orphanages, homes, printing and publishing houses, newspapers and magazines. They have also finely organized missionary societies which not only cover the home land but girdle the globe. It is safe to say that these Protestant organizatons engaged in these movements hold not less than $2,000,000,000 worth of property, and that their membership alone, to say nothing of their adherents, enjoy a total income (based on the government estimate of $500 per capita) of $11,000,000,000 annually. If to these be added the forces and resources of the Roman Catholic Church, for which we do not have the statistics, we see that these Forward Movements are mobilizing a mighty Christian army for the world-wide promotion of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. There is no other movement in the land which commands larger forces and resources.

The devout student of the times can hardly consider these simultaneous movements without recognizing the presence of the Spirit of God in them. Like Nehemiah of old when all things worked together for the rebuilding of Jerusalem, we are impelled to say, "It is the good hand of our God upon us."

1. The hand of God is visible in these movements, first of all in the **preparation which was made for them.** Ten years before the first denominational Forward Movement was organized a group of believing men privately financed a 'Forward Movement" for missions in the Presbyterian Church. Then came the Every Member financial canvass,

which was taken up by the Layman's Missionary Movement and carried into all the churches in their great conventions in the United States and Canada. This was followed by the Men's Convention at Omaha which set up what became known as the "Omaha Standard" of five dollars per capita for foreign missions, and that in turn by the "Men and Millions Movement" in the Disciples' Church. Greater than all of these was the wonderful World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910, which, with its Continuation Committee, has done so much to gather up and unify the forces and plans of all Christian missions. Who can doubt that the Spirit of God was at work in the hearts of His people in all of these activities, making them ready for the extraordinary duties and opportunities of the World-War period? When that crisis came these enlarged visions and increased resources which God had been giving to His churches throughout a decade sprang up, as it were, over night, in the simultaneous Forward Movements. God had been "standing in the shadow keeping watch above His own," and His people were ready to go forward.

2. The hand of God is visible also in the **unity of purpose and program** which characterizes all of these Forward Movements. Study their programs and it becomes evident that one divine Leader has organized these movements and planned their programs. They are the response of the Church to the "solemn and insistent call of God for extraordinary sacrifice and service" in an hour when the world sorely needs Christ's spirit and truth. They all emphasize private prayer and public worship, increased attention to the religious education of youth, the study and acceptance of the principles of Christian stewardship both of self and substance, schools of missions for the thorough grasp of world conditions and needs so that Christianity's world enterprises may be more intelligently prosecuted, the strengthening of the home-base by the enlistment of every member in definite Christian work and by a great ingathering of new members.

The movements are primarily and chiefly educational, not, as many have hastily concluded, financial. The budgets proposed in connection with the programs are only such as are necessary for the adequate financing of the expansion of Christian work which is called for.

Neither are the movements the result of denominational rivalry. That is evident from the fact that the leaders of these movements frequently meet in conference for the free exchange of plans and methods in building their programs. There are organized conferences of the Stewardship, missionary education and evangelistic leaders for prayer, the study of principles and unification of methods. Denominational leaders are planning how each unit in the great Protestant army may most effectively execute its part in the common Christian

enterprises. Let us be profoundly grateful that the Spirit of God is so manifest in this unity of purpose and program.

3. We should also recognize the spirit and power of God in the spiritual forces employed to promote these movements. They have turned first to **Prayer.** The Centenary Movement of the Methodist Episcopal Church set apart one of its most able leaders to cultivate the spirit of prayer and to organize bands of prayer throughout the whole Church as the very first condition of success. The New Era Movement of the Presbyterian Church appointed Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman to the same task, and he prepared "Day After Day," a manual for individual and family devotions which is being used in hundreds of new family altars throughout the land.

The Nation-Wide Campaign of the Episcopal Church published a card entitled, "Service Enlistment" upon which was printed: "In loyal allegiance to my Leader I will endeavor to be faithful in my private devotions and regular in attendance at public worship." "I will serve in any way within my power at the call of the Rector." On the back of this card are enumerated many lines of Christian work, but no one is asked to pledge work who does not first pledge dependence upon prayer. This is the first word in all these movements. They have recognized that only they who seek God can render effective service.

The symbols which some of these movements have adopted have pointed to the spiritual forces and objectives of Christianity; the world rolling into the effulgent light of the Cross of Christ; a Cross between two hemispheres; a red shield emblazoned with the Cross on the background of the world, and encircled by the words, "The World Rebuilding"; a hand stretched forth to help, bearing upon the thumb the word "Devotion," and on the fingers, "Evangelism," "Religious Education," "Missions," "Benevolence." Thus the effort has been to focus the attention of these twenty-two million church members upon Christ and our supreme task of giving his Gospel to the whole world for the healing of its woes in these distressing days.

Recognizing that facts are the fuel which sustains the fires of enthusiasm, these movements are all laying great emphasis on Missionary Education. The needs of the world and the ability of Christianity to meet them in every part of the world have never been so attractively presented and illustrated and so widely read and studied as in the text books prepared for the Church Schools of Missions and the study classes which are being organized by thousands. It is an appeal to intelligence which will not be ephemeral.

Then recognizing that knowledge must find its expression in action, these movements have united in a nation-wide effort to carry down into every Christian home and heart the conviction that God is the

owner and man only the steward of all he possesses. Where this doctrine of Stewardship takes root there invariably springs up an increase of unity and zeal, an ingathering of souls and an out-pouring of gifts that carries a church right forward in all of its work.

Yet another spiritual force being developed is the trained personal worker. All programs wait on the enlistment and faithfulness of individual members. In proportion as every branch bears fruit the vine is fruitful. Thousands of churches in these movements have adopted the "Every Member Group Plan," the "Unit System" or "Family Group Plan" as it is variously called. They all have one object, viz.: to enlighten every member in the whole program of the church and to enlist each in some definite work for its achievement. This increases individual capacity and marvelously multiplies the united power of a congregation.

Surely the Spirit of God is moving in the churches when prayer and family worship and personal evangelism and mission study and Christian stewardship are the spiritual forces being invoked to carry forward her enterprises.

4. The **results achieved** by these Forward Movements prove that God is working in them. These results cannot be compressed into statistical tables, or revealed in graphs. The finest spiritual results always elude tabulation. Moreover these twenty-six movements do not have the same church year or use a common form in reporting results.

But from recent reports we can gather illustrative achievements which show how God has quickened and blessed these denominations which, in faith, have planned large programs.

Membership Gains

"Additions to the Congregational Churches in 1920 were the largest for any year of the three centuries of Congregational history in this country."

The Presbyterian Church North received on confession of faith in the three New Era years 1920-1921-1922, 315,212 members, an average of 105,070 per year—the largest three year average in her history.

"During the first three years of the campaign of the Southern Baptist forces there were baptized 150,000 more converts than in the three years preceding."

Baptism and confirmations have greatly increased and spiritual life has been greatly quickened in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Sunday Schools show a gain of 24,000 pupils.

The United Enlistment Movement of the United Brethren Church raised accessions on confession from 18,969 in 1918 to 31,658 in 1921.

The Reformed Church in America reports: Membership net gain 1901-1911, 5.3 per cent. Membership net gain 1911-21, 15.6 per cent.

Missions

The New World Movement saved our world-wide program work from disaster; 218 new missionaries appointed in 1919 to 1921. Woman's Jubilee Goal $365,000. Actually contributed $466,327! (Northern Baptist Convention.)

The Centenary of the Methodist Episcopal Church has accomplished three things on the foreign field:

1. Sustained at full strength a world-wide work which would have met disaster without it.
2. Made possible scores of new church and school buildings.
3. Brought a veritable rebirth of the native churches in Evangelism, Stewardship and self-support. (Year Book 1912.)

The Presbyterian Church North reports in 1922, 630 Church Schools of Missions, an increase of 32 per cent, and 9,281 Study Groups, an increase of 23 per cent over last year. This church also records the following increase in receipts for benevolences from **living givers:** 1922, $9,377,457: 1919—first New Era year, $5,354,807; increase—$4,022,650.

Stewardship

On April 30, 1922, reports received by the Promotion Board of the Northern Baptist Convention indicated that 24,780 persons had signed tithers' cards and sent them in to state or national headquarters.

The Progressive Program of the Presbyterian Church South devoted three months to Stewardship cultivation annually. Stresses the Tithe.

Nearly 10,000 have been enrolled in the Fellowship of Stewardship in the Presbyterian Church, North. The whole denomination is urged by the General Assembly to give special attention this year to Stewardship. The enrollment goal is 200,000 by April, 1922.

Stewardship has been preached and taught more within the past three years than in the previous decade in the Reformed Church.

Stewardship foursquare: 1—of Intercession; 2—of Life; 3—of Property; 4—of the Gospel, is being promoted by the United Brethren Church. Pastors of one-half of the churches report 14,000 tithing stewards.

The United Presbyterian Church has one-quarter of its members giving proportionately, though not all enrolled. With 160,528 members they gave in 1921 to all purposes, $6,537,525—an average of $40.72 per member.

Baptist Church (South) seeking to enroll a half million tithers.

Methodist Episcopal (North) had enrolled 246,000 "Tithing Stewards" in 1920. The year 1922 being made a "Stewardship Year."

Congregational Churches are conducting an educational campaign with special attention to the Sunday School.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is promoting a "Christian Stewardship League."

Financial

"Pledges and cash payments to New World Movement Fund of the Northern Baptist Convention to April 3, 1922, $49,023,959. Credit from legacies, annuities, etc.—$2,619,769; total—$51,643,728. Of this amount $22,113,427 or 43.13 per cent has been paid."

The Southern Presbyterian Church reports that the benevolent offerings (exclusive of educational gifts) increased from $4,702,860 in 1915 to $11,003,949 in 1922.

The Triennial Report of the Protestant Episcopal Church for 1922 says: "The combined income of the general church, dioceses and parishes in 1920, was at least $7,376,000 in excess of that for 1919. The "Living Church Annual," using more complete figures, puts the total increase at $10,481,130—43 per cent over 1919."

The treasurer of the Council of the Boards of Benevolence of the Methodist Episcopal Church reported November 19, 1921, "During the period June 1, 1911, to October 31, 1921, there was paid in by our churches $38,587,474 and on annuity $456,010, a total of $39,043,484."

"As the result of the Congregational World Movement (now the Commission on Missions) contributions increased from $1,697,000 in 1919 to $2,741,000 in 1920, and in 1921 $2,890,894. These contributions are now more than double as compared with the ten year period beginning with 1910."

"The Southern Baptist Campaign in three years enhanced the value of local church property by $33,000,000, enlarged contributions to local causes $22,390,000, gave $18,938,862 more to missions and benevolences and increased contributions to all causes in three years by $43,480,480."

Reformed Church in America—Gain in benevolences 1901-1911, 40.3 per cent; gain in benevolences 1911-1921, 154 per cent.

Methodist Episcopal Church, North—The Treasurer of the Boards of Benevolence reports to May 31, 1922: Total subscriptions and estate notes—$103,766,296. Due in three years on apportionment—$68,661,108. Paid in three years (including annuities, etc.)—$46,980,174.

Such splendid testimonies to the achievements of these Forward Movements might be multiplied indefinitely and then we would not record the best results, which are along spiritual lines—enlarged vision of the whole task, an increase of faith and courage, thousands of

newly consecrated lives, a new conception of Christian Stewardship, greater unity within the church and between the churches, wider mission study, better Every Member enlistment, larger loyalty to religious education in the home and the church, and to the supreme obligation of every disciple of Jesus Christ, to witness and win souls into His Kingdom. Verily, the inspiring presence of our Christ and the 'good hand of our God" have been with the churches in these Forward Movements. They have made them ready for the great responsibilities and opportunities of this exceptional period in the world's history.

LIST OF DENOMINATIONAL FORWARD MOVEMENTS

(Alphabetically arranged)

With Executive Secretaries and Addresses

Baptist—General Board of Promotion, 276 Fifth Ave., New York. Rev. J. Y. Aitchison, Director.

Christian—Forward Movement of the Christian Church, 27 Christian Publishing Association Building, Dayton, Ohio Rev. Warren H. Denison, Superintendent.

Congregational World Movement, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Rev. J. E. McConnell.

Disciples—United Christian Missionary Society, Fifteenth and Locust Streets, St Louis, Mo. Mr. Bert Wilson.

Churches of God—Centennial Movement of, Rev. S. G. Yahn, Secretary, "Church Advocate" Office, Harrisburg, Pa.

Episcopal—Department of Nation-Wide Campaign of the Presiding Bishop and Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, 281 Fourth Ave., New York. Rev. William H. Milton, Executive Secretary.

Evangelical Association—Forward Movement of the, Rev J. W. Heininger, Exec. Sec'y, 1903 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Evangelical Synod Forward Movement—Rev. F. E. C. Haas, 3129 Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo

Friends—Forward Movement of Friends in America. Colonial Building, Richmond, Ind. Sylvester Jones, Director.

Methodist Episcopal—Committee on Conservation and Advance of the Council of the Boards of Benevolence of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 740 Rush St., Chicago, Ill. Rev. R. J. Wade, Corresponding Secretary.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Centenary Movement. P. O. Box 218, Nashville, Tenn. Rev. W. G. Cram, Director.

Methodist Protestant—Forward Movement in the Methodist Protestant Church. Rev. C. S. Johnson, Pittsburgh Life Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Moravian—Larger Life Movement of the Moravian Church. Rev. J. S. Remig, Secretary, 1519 North 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Presbyterian, U. S. A.—New Era Movement of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Rev. William H. Foulkes, D. D., General Secretary.

Presbyterian, U. S.—Progressive Program, Times Building, Chattanooga, Tenn. Rev. M. E. Melvin, Secretary.

Reformed Church in America, Progress Campaign of the—25 East 22nd St., New York. Rev. John A. Ingham, General Secretary.

Seventh Day Baptist—New Forward Movement of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference. Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Director, Salem, W. Va.

United Brethren—United Enlistment Movement of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, Dayton, Ohio Rev. S. S. Hough, Executive Secretary.

United Evangelical—Forward Movement of the United Evangelical Church, Bishop William F. Heil, 1107½ Turner St., Allentown, Pa.

United Presbyterian—New World Movement of the United Presbyterian Church, 703 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Rev. R. W. McGranahan, General Secretary.

Colored Promotional Organizations

Five Million Dollar Fund of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, 1541 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Prof. John R. Hawkins, General Director.

African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church Centenary Campaign of the —S M. Dudley, Exec. Sec'y. 613 F St., N. W., Washington, D, C.

National Baptist Convention, Promotional Board of the—I. A. Thomas, Director, 1717 Benson Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Outside of Federal Council

Southern Baptist Convention, Conservation Commission of the—Healy Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Mr. R. B. Gunter, Corresponding Secretary.

Cumberland Presbyterian Educational Endowment Commission—Rev. F. A. Seagle, Secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Abraham Believed God

By REV. CLELAND B. McAFEE, D. D.

And that has come to be his distinguishing mark in history. When you hear the name of Napoleon, you think of tragedy. When you think of the literature of George Eliot, you think also of tragedy. When you think of Abraham, you remember that he was a hero of faith. Yet he was not different from the rest of us except in degree. Everybody believes something; some men believe a great deal; once in a while a man appears who is a triumphant believer. It is so in everything else. Everybody has some artistic sense; some men have it in special power; once in a while a man appears who outreaches all his brethren. Everybody has some sense of music; some men are musicians in obvious degree; once in a while a man appears who outstrips all the rest. Paul says it is the same way with faith. He refuses to consider it a mysterious power which none but Christians have. He says we walk by faith; that is, we cannot get anywhere except by faith. The only thing that life could do if there were not faith would be to stop, to lie down, to come to an end. If we mean to get anywhere or in any direction, it must be by faith.

The record does not tell us whether Abraham's great power in faith came from a special gift, greater than that of others, or from his faithful use of the ordinary gift common to us all, but in either case he is one of ourselves, a man to follow. There is no merit in lacking the power which he displayed in his believing; rather, there is demerit in lacking it. If a man should say that he is different from others in that he cannot believe anything, he merely tells of a grave defect in his makeup which puts him out of the class of world-helpers. He is like the early "poltroons" of Sicily, men who had purposely or accidentally lost a thumb and who were therefore incapable of bearing weapons in the service of the country. Men who could not believe would be maimed men who must let the far-reaching plans of humanity go unaided. Actually there are no such men, for every man who declares himself incapable of Christian belief shows in other phases of his life that he can out-believe any Christian faith. In many senses it is easier to believe as a Christian believes than to believe what an unbeliever has to believe on the other side.

The marked fact about Abraham is that his belief centered on

God. It was not easy for him to keep that center. There was much that ran the other way, both in his experience and in his observation. There are always things to be said on the other side of any great declaration of faith. Nothing by which the soul lives runs all one way. Triumphant believers are always men of the inquiring mind who come out victors in their faith. Our American theologian, Edward A. Park, was such a believer, but when he was a student in Germany he pestered Professor Kahnis with questions until the good man threw up his hands, exclaiming, "May God forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America!" Only an inquiring mind can become a triumphantly believing mind. Nor was Abraham always true to his faith in God. There were times when he betrayed his faith before unbelieving men. And yet his life bears the test of true believing. Faith changes a life and it makes the life a force in changing conditions around it. Sometimes we ask what a Christian gets out of his faith, but a greater question is, What does the world get out of him because of his faith? The changes wrought in him are very important; the changes wrought through him are even more important. Judged by these tests, Abraham was a great believer. The world has been changed because he believed God, as it is changed in some degree by every other man who believes God. It is these changes which faith wrought in him and which it started through him that concern us just now.

I. Abraham believed God and, because he did, he believed in the value of daring plans in the path of God's will. That is the secret of that early migration from Ur through Haran to Canaan. Others were making the same migration to seek new homes, to better their condition, to gratify the lust for movement and change. Abraham made it in order to lay the foundations of a world plan of God. He did not think of a personal home in Canaan which might some day be gained by hard toil. He looked to the taking of the whole land as the home of a new race and he counted that new race the beginning of a world blessing. Morrison goes to China with the same faith, undaunted by the millions before him, confident that what he cannot do God can do and means to do. Like Abraham, he went out, not knowing whither he went except that out yonder somewhere lay a rich purpose of God's will which he must not miss. Men who make petty plans must do it in ignorance of that will. Someone has put into the mouths of the men who made the Panama Canal a striking phrase which they are supposed to have used when they were offered tame little jobs after that great work was accomplished: "We specialize in the wholly impossible, doing what nobody else can do." That is the glory of every man who believes in God—he sets out for the impossible, he invites

the ridicule of the world, he makes daring plans in the path of God's will.

But did not Jesus say that we must count the cost before undertaking an enterprise? Certainly; but He does not suggest that we balance probabilities of success and failure and carefully place ourselves on the side of success. The only cost he called us to count was our readiness to give up all that we have for the sake of His discipleship. When Pharaoh agreed to let the children of Israel go into the wilderness to worship their God but demanded that they leave most of their belongings at home, they declined the condition, saying that they could not tell with what they must worship God until they reached the place. That is sometimes called an oriental subterfuge; it need not be so, for it is profoundly true. No man knows when he sets out on a project of God just what he may need, except that it will be all that he has, sooner or later. If he measures his plans by what he can see will be easy or feasible for him, it may show that he believes in himself, but it will also show that he does not believe in God.

Churches and nations show whether they believe in God by the size of their endeavors for human good. Little calculating plans in missions or in diplomacy are a reflection of infidelity. If we believe in God we are ready for daring plans in the path of His will.

II. Abraham believed God and, because he did, he believed in taking great risks in obedience to God. He had one son and he knew that the purpose of God involved him and his safety, but one day he became sure in his own heart that God was calling him to sacrifice that one son. It was a critical test of his faith. It looked an incredible demand. At this distance we may discuss whether he was right in thinking it was God's demand, but that discussion has no point here, for it is certain that he felt it to be the call of God. And he did not hesitate! That is the amazing thing. He risked everything in order to do what he believed God was calling him to do. It seemed suicidal, but he went straight forward with it. It did not involve his loss of faith; it was an assertion of faith. The later writer tells us that he was sure God could either raise him from the dead or give the plan of life in some other way. As for Abraham, he had faith enough to accept great risks in obeying God.

There are no daring plans which do not bring us into danger at some points. Shall we carry on the world missionary enterprises? Will it not lead to the peril of our sons and daughters? Will not some men have to take their lives in their hands? May they not even have to lay down their lives in the enterprise? Undoubtedly; and what then? Does that settle us against the enterprise? If it has risks or

even positive losses, is that the end of the argument? Must we be shown that we can come off scot-free before we set out on a program of obedience? Not if we have the beginnings of the faith of Abraham. Shrewd, "practical" men may know quite too much to risk their lives or their property or their families on such enterprises, but a man who believes God sets no such limitation on what he will do when he knows the will of his Lord.

Nations must face the same test. We find ourselves challenged by the world's need and we hesitate because no one can satisfy us that if we enter permanent relations with other nations we may not be running some risks. May we not be asked to do more than our share? May not the bulk of the burden fall back on us? May we not be taking on more than we foresee? It is altogether likely. Is that the end of the argument? Do the possible or the assured risks stop us? Then we are not the nation for God's great plans. If we cannot run risks, then we must live our soft and easy life and let God wait for a nation with heroic faith which does not calculate where the path of safety lies but asks only where the path of His will lies, and, sure of that, goes on into any perils that may be in the road. Such a nation, like Abraham, may go forward without tremors, even though it may be with a heavy heart, assured that God's plan is not trembling in the balance, but is moving on in and through these perils toward a worthy fulfillment.

III. Abraham believed God and, because he did, he believed in the safety of generosity. His experience with Lot was a test of his faith in God. He had all the rights and could rightly place Lot where he would, taking for himself the better land. Instead, he exercised the supreme right of a good man, the right to give up his rights, and lets Lot make his own choice. And his generosity gets no quick reward. It is met by no generosity in Lot. Warn Abraham that he need not expect a fine spirit to be recognized by this world in which we have to live, remind him that you have to look out for yourself or no one will look out for you, and you have added nothing to his stock of knowledge. He knows all that before he makes the offer. If he does not know it, his offer is not generous at all. It is mere stage-play. In this world a man need not expect that generosity will be met by generosity. Plenty of selfish men will take advantage of it. If you want to give up, they say, the more fool you. They will not give up for one moment and they will take advantage of your folly. Lot took advantage of Abraham.

Yet Abraham was right and at the last generosity had to bear the burden of foolish self-seeking. One wonders constantly at the generosity of God. Most men would never follow his course of sending

rain on men who refuse him as freely as on men who obey him, of maintaining the forces of life as actively for those who neglect as for those who attend to his ways. But if Abraham believes God he will have to find place in his life for that same spirit. And it is a test of any man's faith. Can he be generous? Can he give up his acknowledged rights for the sake of giving other people larger opportunities? Can churches do it? Can nations do it? If not, do they believe in God? For the spirit of self-seeking cannot be His spirit nor the plan of self-advancement His plan. And if this is His world all the evil in it cannot make it safe nor wise to be selfish.

Some years ago Walter Rauschenbush printed a little book with this arresting title: "Dare We Be Christians?" That is the proper form for the question. We need not ask whether we can be Christians in the fullest sense or not, nor whether it will be comfortable and pleasant to be Christians. And the test of our courage is at the point of genuine unselfishness, of generosity which frankly surrenders rights for the sake of larger opportunities for other people. Jesus did it certainly. He had legions of angels waiting at command, but He let the enemies of His life have their way. He had the highest place in the universe; Paul says He emptied Himself for the sake of giving sinners a better chance for eternity, giving them the only chance they could ever have. It is not believing in men that makes such generosity possible; men will fail the generous man frequently and pitiably. It is believing God that makes it possible; God never fails the generous man.

IV. Abraham believed God and, because he did, he believed in the right of every moral being to expect justice from God. There are few more daring expressions than the one he uses when he first learns of the approaching destruction of Sodom. His first reaction is one of horror because it does not seem to him right. The God he believed in could not do the thing that seemed to him involved in such wholesale destruction of the good with the bad. So he uses the memorable expression: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" That, at least, we can expect, he seems to say. If the judge does not do right, what shall the accused hope for, what shall society hope for? The scene in which the case is pleaded, when he drops from fifty to ten, is not on account of any change in the plan of God; it is merely Abraham's discovery of the purpose of God. He did not succeed in preventing God from doing an injustice by pleading the cause of the righteous in Sodom; he discovered that God never intended to do such an injustice. As the case came out, it proved that God did not mean to destroy Sodom while one righteous man was there. Poor as Lot was in character and influence, the fire waited until he had been taken

away. But Abraham was not condemned for his daring; he was welcomed and his impulse of integrity was strengthened.

But that is a great assurance with which we may face the world today: God will do right. He will take man's injustice and overrule it until it serves the ends of justice. He will take the complicated conditions of life and work them into order and righteousness. No man need fear that he will be wronged. His faith will not be betrayed. And no man need suppose that sin will be treated negligently. That would not be doing right. When we are at our best we do not want sin overlooked. It is too real for that. Calvary is not God's way of overlooking sin; it is His way of dealing fairly with it. A sinner is not saved because God waives justice on his account. He is saved because God deals with sin as it deserves and shows how He deals with it in the Cross. Mercy is the other face of justice; the two are not in conflict. Our merciful Father is our just Father. Law and love are not contradictory; they are united in all our relations with God. Our faith in Him makes us sure of that.

So Abraham's faith leads us to the Cross, as all right religious faith does. God comes nearer to us there than anywhere else in life. We can measure the depth of our belief in God by the appeal which the cross makes to us. It is evidence of the daring plans of God himself, challenging us to daring plans. It shows that terrific risks do not prevent the purpose of love, challenging us to accept such risks. It is the outflowing of the marvellous generosity of a loving heart, shaming our hard indifference to the needs of other men. It sets love and justice side by side, not as opposites but as the two phases of the one will of God, assuring us in every hour of distress that God will do right.

Shew Us the Father

By REV. CLELAND B. McAFEE, D. D.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us. —John 14: 8.

Philip must have noted Jesus' constant reference to the Father, but it had been more or less vague to him. He realized that Jesus was meaning something by it which was richer and fuller than the idea that Philip himself had had. He wished that it might grow more definite. The more he thought of it the surer he had become that he would be satisfied if he could know God as Father. When, therefore, Jesus gives the opportunity, Philip springs to it. He declares that if he could know the Father he would be content.

There have been many ideas of God in the world. He has been called by nearly all great names. But there has never been a conception of God so satisfactory to humanity as the idea that God is in Himself a Father. It means that He is a person, unselfish, and interested in men. That much, at least, God's Fatherhood must mean. How much more it may mean we need not say now, but we can be sure that if the world should come to realize that God is such a Father as that, it would find its heart satisfied.

It is a strange thing that nothing is more debated, or even disputed, among Christian believers than this very fact about God. Is God a Father, so that we have the right to go to the whole world and proclaim Him as One to whom the world may turn as a Father? The Christian Church answers that question in three ways. First, it says that God, of course, is Father, in the sense of creation. He made all men, and in that sense He is their Father. Second, it declares that there is a Fatherhood which is both revealed and realized in Christ, which is never found elsewhere. Men who come to God in Christ find Him a Father in a tenderer sense than they have ever known apart from Christ. But the Christian faith says one further thing—that Christ did not come to make God our Father, but to reveal the fatherly heart of God and to make us filial. Although God is our Father, we may not be His sons in a spiritual sense. We may even turn toward His arch-enemy, and be "children of our father the devil." Yet, all the while, even in our unfilial lives, His heart toward us is always fatherly. He holds no attitude toward us which is not that of love. He

may need to punish us; He may need even to take us at our word and accept final separation from us, but He will never fail to be toward us what a real father should be toward his rebellious and erring children. Christ makes us sons of God; He does not make God our Father. We go to the whole world, not to say: "You have an angry God who can be placated by your relation to Christ," but to say, "You have a loving Father, who has come to you in Christ, to bring you back to Himself, bearing your sins Himself, and making the atonement which your sins require, and which His love dictates." Such a message is the Christian message; it is the one which satisfies the heart of men.

Moreover, this assurance of God as Father brings satisfaction in the widest fields of our observation.

I. It is the most satisfactory conception of God when we face the world as it actually is. It seems incredible that we are within four years of the time of the war, and that four years ago at this time we were still in strife. We had large hopes then of what would happen in the world. If we are not today disappointed in the actual condition of the world, then we did not expect much. But there grows upon us the realization that this world is not being governed like a mechanism, nor even like an autocracy, which overlooks the spirit of the subjects. The government of the world today plainly takes account of persons and their spirit. There is nothing in the world which we do not approve which does not issue from the condition of somebody's spirit. During the war nothing went wrong except the spirits of men. All the laws of the universe were maintained with absolute regularity. Every shell burst exactly as it should; every mine exploded precisely as it ought to do. The one thing that was wrong all the way through was the spirit of men. And that is the one thing that makes any trouble now, the one thing of which the present government of the world is obviously taking cognizance at this hour. The one thing which we should change, if we could do so, is the spirit of men; yet it is the hardest thing to change. Take your own child, for instance. His personality is his largest value and your largest difficulty. How much easier it is to straighten up his room than to straighten up himself. How much easier it is to give him a thousand dollars than to give him an education. At times you are tempted to treat him like a thing. You set him down in a chair, or you lock him in a room. All the while you have a baffled feeling that as a matter of fact you have not gotten at him at all. The real difficulty lies deeper than anything you can touch in that way. Your only hope is that this thing-treatment may result in spiritual changes.

Now this is the way in which God is governing the world. He is

treating it as a father treats a family. He maintains the household in which His children live, and slowly He trains them by the discipline of their own conduct under His control, until they work out into a true family life. If God is mere Power, then this world is very baffling. No satisfaction comes to us in conceiving of God as a Principle or an Idea. Principles and ideas would work more forcefully than seems to be true in the present world. If, on the other hand, we were trying to find the way whereby a father would govern the world and at last bring it on toward something more nearly worthy of himself, we would find it in the way the world is being governed now. Looking out on the world, the idea of God as Father is the most satisfactory we can find.

II. The idea of God as Father is most satisfactory also as we face our own lives and experiences. (a) It does not explain our experiences, but it makes them bearable. He can be trusted to be carrying out some plan of life through the midst of all the experiences we have. F. W. H. Myers said that if he could ask the Sphinx one question, it would be: "Is the universe friendly?" But the Sphinx might return answer with another question: "Friendly to what?" The universe could not be friendly to evil and good at the same time; it could not be friendly to hatred and love both. But this conception of God gives us a right to think of Him as friendly to us whatever our condition may be. His very friendliness to us will make Him an undying enemy to our sin. It will make Him thwart us when we are going wrong. It will make us sure that whatever has come to us has come by way of His love. When a mother stands with her arms empty after she has given up her child, we have no explanation of the reasons for the experience. We dare not say that she loved the child too much, nor that she was outstandingly wicked, nor that God is punishing her for anything. We may stand entirely silent so far as explanation goes, and merely assure her that when the whole fact of her life is cleared she will know that a Father's love was over all this experience. She can bear it until the light breaks. She can be so sure of God as Father that her experiences will not break her faith nor unsettle her hope. So it can be with all experiences. They do not find their explanation in God's Fatherhood, but we find they are bearable in our experience of that great truth.

God's Fatherhood does not lessen our duty, but it gives inspiration for it. If our duty is only God's will for us, and if God is our Father, then any rebellion against our duty or any chafing regarding that which is laid upon us will become woefully unworthy. Duty is not grim and forbidding. The only reason it looks so is that we forget whence it comes. What God calls us to do is the appointment of a

Father for His children. It may sometimes cut across something which the children would have done, but for the Father's will, but once they really see it to be the Father's will there is nothing left for them but to leap to it and rejoice in doing it. In the great hour in Gethsemane our Lord swung everything on the word "Father." As soon as He knew that what lay before Him was clearly the Father's will, He ended all discussion and went straight through it. It did not make the duty any less severe, but it did bring Him inspiration to perform it, no matter how severe it might be. Life is full of demanding and trying tasks. If God is merely our Governor, or the Maintainer of the system in which we have to live, then we may need to correct our faith and go on through our tasks. But if Jesus will show us that He is our Father, then we are satisfied to go on with our hard duty and to find a deep joy in it.

(c) God's Fatherhood does not tell us the outcome of life, but assures us that the outcome will be good. Jesus said that we would have to take His word for it that in the Father's house were many mansions. We all know we walk toward the dark so far as any knowledge goes except what comes by faith. What may be in tomorrow for any one of us we cannot foresee. A letter may come today which would shatter all our main plans and change the whole outlook of life for us. If we are in a world governed by chance or even by hard, unbending law, that would be a ground for despair. Since we are in a Father's world, it is hardly a ground for concern. We do not know who will be with us tomorrow, except our Father. We know He will be there. We do not know what will be our condition ten years from now, except that it will be a condition in which our Father will have part, and in which He will be as near to us and as loving as He is today. We really know very little about heaven or the future life. The one thing of which we are perfectly sure is that God will be there; that we shall have a fellowship with Christ which is really a fellowship with God. That takes away all the shadowing darkness of the future. We cannot be prepared for the thing that will come, but we can be perfectly sure that when the thing does come One will be there who can hold us steady and true and who will bring us through to the end which our souls long for.

It is so that we feel about our loved ones whom we have already given to God to go into what is still the future with us, but has become the present with them. We do not ask mediums or seers to tell us where they are, or what they are doing. Probably we could not understand what we were told if we should get word of them. Their condition must be very different from ours. We need no knowledge from any such inefficient sources. It is enough for us to

be wholly sure that they are in the Father's care, and are, in some peculiar sense, with Him. Jesus has showed us the Father, and that satisfies us.

It is in Himself that Jesus has made this revelation. We treasure all that He has said and all that He did, but it is Himself as incarnate God Who finally satisfies us. When we see Him, we see the Father. We understand God in terms of Christ. Nothing else has so satisfied the world. We take that truth to men who have lived long with other conceptions, and find their hungry hearts turning to it. We try it ourselves in our own lives and find our hearts satisfied. Finding God as Father, we find also peace for our own experiences, strength for our service and certainty for our future.

Three Timely Tests

By REV. O. A. NEWLIN, D. D.

Religious shams have always been prevalent. In this day when a pretense of being religious is more or less popular there is much affected devotion altogether void of godliness. The memory of this early morning hour at the Winona Bible Conference is sacred because of the untold numbers who in other years were here drawn exceedingly close to the Risen Lord. May we at this hour share with them that rich experience. Before we enter into the service of prayer I ask you to meditate with me upon three very practical and timely passages of Scripture.

I. Are You With Him?

There are comparatively few in this day who do not look with favor upon the church and her entire program. Most people have a form of reverence for the Bible, the church and all things religious. They send their children to the Sunday School, contribute to the support of the church and her missionary program, do practically everything after a fashion that might be expected of an ardent follower of the Lord. Open opponents to things religious are rare and the tragedy is we have come to regard all who look with favor upon godly things as being Christians. Have we not forgotten that Jesus said, "He that is not with Me is against Me"? There is a multitude of people who are for Christ but who are not with Him. They are for Him and for His church, because it is both popular and respectable, but they are not with Him, being unwilling to pay the price of discipleship which includes self-denial and a full surrender to His will.

Certainly there is no one present at this devotional hour in this Bible Conference who is not for Christ but is it not possible and quite probable that there might be one or more present who belong to that large class who are only for Him and not with Him. It may seem to be an absurdity to say that one may be for Christ and yet be against Him, but rather than being absurd it is a fact proven all too frequently. There is an illustration in the Bible which makes this point entirely clear. Pilate was for Christ. Who dares say he was not? Pilate wanted to release Him, he declared that there was no cause of death in Him. After twice having Him on his hands in judgment he was anxious to release the Wonder Worker. His wife seemed to share in this desire;

Pilate was for Christ but not with Him, hence he was against Him for "He that is not with Me is against Me." Pilate was for Christ but he was with the people and when they demanded the release of Barnabas, Pilate, who was for Christ, asked, "What then shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?" Their answer was "Let Him be crucified." And at this the governor asked, "Why, what evil hath He done? I have found no cause of death in Him: I will therefore chastise Him and let Him go." Still they insisted that He be crucified. The record is, "Pilate sought to release Him, but the Jews cried out, saying, if thou let this man go thou art not Caesar's friend." Pilate was for Christ but he was also against Him. Are you only for Him or are you with Him?

II. How Much Are You With Him?

A second test is found in the twenty-first chapter of John. Here the risen Lord turns to Simon Peter, who was not only for Him but who was also with Him, and asks: "Simon, lovest thou me more than these?" The reply must have been hearty when Simon affirmed, "Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee." Just here we lose the significance of this test because we have but one word for love while the Greek language had two. Jesus' question was, "Simon, dost thou Agapa Me?" and Peter's answer was, "Thou knowest that I Philia thee," a word expressing an entirely less significant love. As if Simon had not correctly heard, a second time the Lord addressed him with the same question, and the answer came back as before. Then as if the Lord had said, "Well, Simon, if you cannot come up to the level with Me I will come down to where you are and challenge you upon your own premises: dost thou really Philia Me?" We are told that Peter was grieved when the Lord thus addressed him. We have perhaps thought that Peter's grief came from being spoken to the third time, but the cause of grief lay rather in what was said when the Lord spoke the third time rather than the number of times he had been addressed. Unfortunately in our English translation we have both Jesus and Peter using the same word, while in the original text they used quite different words and it was when the Lord descended to the use of Peter's word and questioned him on his own premises that he was grieved.

I am assuming that all who come to this Bible Conference Love the Lord, but the question at this hour is, how much do we Love Him? His call to us this morning is, "Dost thou Agapa Me?" and would not many of us be compelled to reply as did Peter, "Lord, Thou knowest that I Philia Thee. Thou knowest that I think of Thee as a brother." We get our word philanthropy and Philadelphia from the word Peter

was using. Jesus was speaking of a higher type of love, a sacrificial love. In the golden text of the Bible, John three-sixteen, where we are told of the Father's love for the sinning world, the same word is used to express that Love as Jesus used in testing the love of Peter. Peter could not claim to have so great a love as that for his Lord but he did declare a lesser love by the use of another word. And even that lesser love was challenged by the Lord, to the embarrassment and grief of Peter. What is your Love for Him? Has it not too frequently been of the Philia type and do you not now hear Him asking, "Dost thou Agapa Me?" May we all enter into that higher type of love before leaving this holy place this morning.

III. What Are You Doing For Others?

Christianity is a religion of service. The test of love is the delight one finds in service. When Peter confessed his love for the Lord, Jesus bid him manifest that love in service, "Feed my sheep," was His repeated command. Love is exceedingly industrious. It always finds something to do for its object and does that thing without stint and always with fullest delight. One has said, "We love those for whom we do the most rather than those who do the most for us." If love does not prompt to service there is every reason to question the sincerity of that love. Assuming that we are not only for Christ but that we are also with Him and that we not only love Him but that our love is of the highest type, the kind of love that finds real delight in Christian service, in our concluding meditation I wish to show how we may often serve others when we least think of it, in the hope it may be an incentive for a closer walk with Him.

In the fourth of Mark we have the account of the storm on the Sea of Galilee. When the ship was almost swallowed by the waves the frightened voyagers wakened Jesus Who was sleeping in the ship, and called upon Him to still the waves lest the ship sink. At His word the wind subsided and the sea was calmed. Their fear was turned into rejoicing, those who had been facing death now felt every security. Those who were in the ship with Him perhaps little knew they had been of service to others. The striking thing in the story as told by Mark is that "There were also other little ships." There were other little ships out on the sea that night and in them were frightened and helpless voyagers. When those who were with Christ petitioned Him to still the sea they were not only bringing safety to themselves but were also proving themselves a saviour to those in the "other little ships."

Too frequently when we have trials we are inclined to think that no others are as sorely perplexed as we; be assured there are always

"other little ships." And when you seek the Lord that you may have His help in any time of need you may be unconsciously stilling the troubled waters in which those in the "other little ships" have almost given up in despair. Not only is it the desire of every true follower of the Lord to be of service to others but it is also true that such a Christian is constantly of service to many, though he may often have little knowledge of that service. Jesus declared that His followers were the light of the world and many there are who walk in the light of the child of God, the one may be as unconscious of the source of that light as the other is of its benefit. Those in "the other little ships" might not have known the source of their security that night, but the lack of that knowledge made them none the less secure. Those who petitioned the Lord to still the waves may have had no knowledge of the blessing they proved to those in the "other little ships" but the blessing was none the less real. My closing sentence is, that no matter what may be your trial or need, there are always those in "other little ships" who are in like peril and need and as surely as you call upon Him who is our Helper in all things, you will certainly prove yourself of service to those in the "other little ships."

The Glory of Jesus

(Opening Lecture on the Epistle to the Hebrews.)

By PROF. A. T. ROBERTSON, Litt. D., Louisville, Ky.

There are many unsettled problems connected with the Epistle to the Hebrews. No one knows who wrote it. Origen said that only God knows the author. If I were to guess, I should say Apollos because of the Alexandrian language in the opening verse and because of the powerful argumentative style.

We do not know the precise destination. It was certainly addressed to a Jewish-Christian church, but where that church was, no one knows. The author says, "They of Italy salute you" (13: 24), but whether these had come from Italy or come sending greetings while in Italy is not clear. It may as well be the Church in Jerusalem or any other, but we do not know.

The date is probably just before the destruction of the Temple and of Jerusalem since his argument in the end of Chapter 8 and the first part of Chapter 9 would certainly call for allusion to the destruction of the Temple, which took place in A. D. 70. Hence the Epistle was written before that year. But the author says that Timothy has been released from prison (13: 23). In Paul's last letter (II. Timothy 4: 21), he had urged Timothy to come before winter. It looks as if he did come and got into prison at the time of Paul's death (A. D. 68). If this is the incident referred to, then the date could be about A. D. 69. This date omits also the general atmosphere of the Epistles for a living cleavage has come between Jews and Christians beyond anything seen in Paul's Epistles.

The purpose of the Epistle is plain enough. The Jewish Christians have been urged by their Jewish neighbors to give up Christ as Messiah and Lord and to renounce Christianity and to come back to the old Judaism of the fathers. The Cross was a stumbling block to the Jews anyhow, and the Christians were accused by the Jews of worshiping a man and a condemned criminal at that. A man evidently they held an impostor and deceiver since the Jewish religious leaders had rejected him. It was a powerful plea to those not firmly rooted and grounded in the faith in Christ.

The Jews argued that Judaism was far superior to Christianity

because Judaism gloried in the prophets, in the law given by angels, in Moses and Joshua, in the wonderful Aaron's priesthood and ritual. The author meets the arguments full-fronted. He finds Jesus to be the chief glory of Christianity. Jesus is Himself superior to the prophets, to the angels, to Moses and Joshua, to Aaron and his priestly work. He developes this argument with consummate power.

The peril before the Jewish Christians was apostacy. The author warns them against the certain destruction that would follow such a course. He pleads for loyalty to Jesus. Again and again he urges the readers to hold fast the confession that they have made in Christ. In the end he says that, if they cannot be both Jews and Christians, they must give up Judaism and go out and take their stand for Christ on the Cross and bear the reproach of the Cross with Him.

I. Jesus Is Better Than the Prophets. (1: 1-3.)

This is the first of the four great arguments by which the Epistle proves that Christianity is superior to Judaism.

He does not depreciate the worth of the prophets of old. They formed the glory of Israel and were a noble line. God did speak through them to the fathers. This is the crucial point to note. God is the author of the message which they brought to the ones of the olden time. The writer takes the prophetic writing of the Old Testament to be a revelation from God, not the speculation of man about God. The Epistle ranks the Old Testament above all other revelation save one which he mentions quickly.

Some men today fail to find the voice of God in the prophets of the Old Testament, but the author of Hebrews had no doubt on this point. Prof. Frederick Delitzech of Berlin is now advocating that Christians relegate the Old Testament to the place of the Apocrypha because it is a Jewish book. A wave of anti-Semitism is now on in Germany. But Jesus endorsed the Old Testament. Jesus fulfilled the older revelations and brought the richer knowledge of the Father in Himself. But we shall only embarrass Christianity by trying to lop off the Old Testament.

But God spoke in many portions and in many ways. He spoke at long intervals by the prophets. The marvel of it all is that there runs a unity through the Old Testament. The speakers spoke in behalf of God. The writers were moved by the Spirit of God. God's redemptive purpose runs through the entire Old Testament. God spoke in many ways, by dreams, by visions, by inward impulse, by audible voice, once at least by a donkey. God did not reveal all His will at once. The full glare of the Light of the World did not come at once. He led the people on so that they could stand more light. The patience of God

is seen in the progressive character of the revelation of His will in the prophets of the Old Testament.

But God has spoken at the end of the ages, shortly before the writer's time, in the person of His Son. The whole point of the argument lies in the Sonship of Jesus Christ. This fact places him in a category far above the Old Testament prophets, noble as they were. The New Testament revelation of the Father in the Son is Christianity which is therefore far superior to Judaism, which pointed to and is fulfilled in Christ, the Son of God.

Jesus as God's Son is the heir of the ages. He is the creator of the universe. This is the point made in John 1: 1-4, and in Col. 1: 15-18. God created the universe out of nothing (Heb. 11: 25), and the work was done by the Son who was co-existing with Him before the Incarnation on earth. It matters little what one things of evolution as the process of creation used by God through Christ, provided he looks upon it only as a process and not as a self-sufficient cause. Jesus upholds the universe by the work of His power. The laws of nature express the will of the Father.

Jesus as God's Son is the very radiance of the glory of the Father. The very stamp of His being. The writer here employs philosophical language to express the actual duty of the Son of God. He partakes of the divine nature in reality and is Himself the very engraved likeness of God. He is of the same substance (Athanarius) and not merely like substance (Arius). He is very God of very God.

Once more the Son of God made cleasing of sins on the Cross. He Himself is the propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of man. This is the crown of His work to be discussed at length (4: 14-12: 3). Thus the writer has sketched the character and work of the Son of God.

He adds one more touch. He has taken His seat on the right hand of the Majesty on High. He is now enthroned beside the Father, this Jesus of Nazareth whom the Jews slew as a criminal. He is Son of God on the throne of God, a place that no prophet can occupy. He is still Jesus, Son of Man and Son of God, the Glory of Christianity.

II. Jesus Is Better Than Angels. (1: 4- 2: 18.)

The author makes this statement at the close of the long sentence at the end of verse 4. He has become so much better than the angels inasmuch as he has obtained a more excellent name than they. The more excellent name than that of angel is Son of God. Angel means messenger and the angels are simply God's messengers to do His will and occupy no place comparable to that of God's Son.

The writer first proves that the Messiah is God's Son by numerous quotations from the Old Testament (1: 5-13). The duty of the

Messiah and so of Jesus is set forth in a striking chain of passages from the Psalms and the Prophets that show how the Messiah is addressed as the Son of God, how he receives the worship of angels as at His birth, how He shares the throne of the Father, how He is the Creator of the Universe, how He will be the same through all eternity, how He sits by the Father on His throne till his enemies are all overcome.

The angels are God's ministers to help those who are to inherit the salvation offered by Christ (1: 14).

The author makes a passionate plea for the Jewish Christians to be loyal to Christ (2: 1-4). There is peril in drifting away from Christ. Neglect of Christ is more dangerous than neglect of the Mosaic law with all its penalties. The salvation offered by Christ has been confirmed by all sorts of signs and wonders.

But Jesus is the Son of Man. That fact adds to his superiority to the angels (2: 5-18), instead of detracting from it. Jesus is superior to angels because He is the Son of God (1: 4-2:4). He is superior to the angels also because He is the Son of Man (2: 5-18).

At first the argument seems to be against the author, when he admits the real humanity of Jesus. He has no docetic humanity. He was a real man, but as the Son of God He fulfilled the highest destiny of man (2: 519). The race had failed to reach its destiny of mastery over all things though placed a bit lower than the angels. But Jesus took man's place below the angels and overcame sin and death and fulfilled man's highest mission as the Son of Man and tasted death for every man. He was crowned with glory and honor by reason of the very Cross that seemed His undoing.

Besides, it seemed beautiful to God the Father to perfect the Son through the sufferings which He experienced (2: 10-18). Thus Jesus learned by what He suffered and was enriched for His redemption mission. The Prince of Salvation trod the lonely path of sorrow.

The Son is our Elder Brother and because of His common humanity He is not ashamed to call us brothers. He is sanctifying us but He shares His sympathy with those whom He is sanctifying.

He has partaken of our flesh and blood and has put to rout death and the fear of death. He has made death the messenger of life and of joy.

He took on himself the obligation to be like his brethren in order that he might become a merciful and faithful high priest with God for the people. He came to offer propitiation for the sins of the people. He is Himself both sacrifice and priest.

He is able to succor the tempted and tried because He has Himself been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Jesus, a high priest, understands the weakness of our human nature and is able to sympathize and to succor in the hour of trial.

So the author triumphantly proves that the humanity of Jesus is also proof of His superiority to angels. We can glory in the fact that Jesus is the Son of Man as well as the Son of God.

The Commander's Billet

By REV. JOHN ROBERTSON, D. D.

Ps. xxiii. 1. "I shall not want;" Hebrew, lo echsar; LXXX. kai ouden me husteresei; Vulgate, et nihil mihi deerit; French (Segond).

It was Napoleon, who certainly knew about war, for it was his trade, who said, "Armies march on their stomachs." It certainly is so, for the problem on the route is supplies and transportation.

I was four months at the back of a Y. M. C. A. counter at Abbeville on the Somme, and I had the furnishing of the men with "grub" and tea and—cigarettes? Though I don't smoke, I answer, yes. That last item I am bound to say was about the only comfort the poor lads that were knee-deep in mud in the trenches, for us at the back and over the sea dry-shod and comfortable, had. I dislike much that artificiality of goodness and badness according to men's law-makings and legislative laying down rules for others as if they contained the whole law of God. Said C. H. Spurgeon to me in the Long Ago: it was in regard to smoking, "I have enough difficulty in keeping God's own Ten Commandments, and I will not allow man to add any more to them." Andrew Lang put it, "He believed in the innocence of Dreyfus, but he did not believe in the Dreyfusards." There is food for thought and call for halt maybe right there. More than innovation every time is renovation. And the Christian code is Temperance and Moderation, not mere man's fussy and hypocritical laying down of their man-made laws and their salaried infringement on the personal liberties of their fellows. It was a party from Prohibitionist America that on a ship flying the Stars and Stripes this summer spent $10,000 in a seven days crossing of the Atlantic for what they called their "booze." Deacon Samuel on land, what a long face. Sailor Sam at sea, what a reel.

"For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

A preacher on his feet is better to let himself go, and I have gone, and now return to the prime military necessity for provisioning and supplying the troops. If the commander is ahead of the men, and he has to be in virtue of his very commission, he has to think back and act back to his massed men on the march behind him.

Look how on July 16th the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, President Wilson—alas, so late did we, from America too, say so often and so sad—took absolute control of all telegraph, telephone, cable and radio lines, and how all terminals, ports, locomotives, rolling stock, all everything or anything from sea and from the Lakes to the Gulf for the American Expeditionary Force.

"The transportation of the American army across the ocean," writes the writer of "History of the World War," Dr. March—"The transportation of the American army across the ocean was the greatest military feat of its kind ever accomplished in history. The transportation of English troops"—British troops, if you please, sir—"during the Boer War meant a longer journey, but the number of troops sent on that journey was but a small fraction of America's army.

The railroads in existence were not sufficient. The ships that were necessary could not be found in America's navy. It was necessary to build new roads, new docks, new terminals, new bases of supplies in America, and to send abroad thousands of trained workmen and experienced railroad engineers to build similar necessities in France. To convey the millions of men across the water, England had to come to the rescue—"England" again, sir? "England" is not the name by law for Great Britain, sir; and what could England have done without my Scotland, sir? On my way to be with my old Church Lads of the City Temple of Glasgow, I heard when I arrived at Greenock for a 20-mile sail up the Broomielaw an unbroken chorus of sounding hammers, building ships for the War, and to bring you so late Americans over, sir. I beg pardon for my Scotch interruption, and am again at attention to you, sir"—and though hundreds of American ships were built with a speed that was almost miraculous, they were in constant need of the assistance of the Allies. But wonderful men were put in charge of the work, wonderful organizers with wonderful assistants, and the great task was accomplished.

As soon as the army was trained it was sent across—first by thousands, then by tens of thousands, then by hundreds of thousands, until before the War was over more than two million men had made the great trip "over there." And throughout that whole trip they were watched over as carefully as if they were at home. Every want was supplied; food, clothing, munitions were all where they were needed. Even their leisure hours were looked after, their health attended to, books, games, theaters, classes for those who cared to study, all were there."

But in the great maze of military preparations and providings for the wants of the soldiers, what struck me most was what one day one of the lads in the Highland Light Infantry from Glasgow

showed me: it was an official military slip from the commissary in charge of the stores of "bully beef" and "cheese" and jams and bread where this soldier was going to: it was to save him from carrying in his kit his needed supply. That slip I asked the officer in charge of that special department of subsistence for the soldiers under orders for a tramp away as this one was, and he called it a "billet."

The word is from the Old French "billet," a writing, but the thing, I remember, gave me the very explanation I needed for unfolding to my soldier hearers in my next sermon on THE SOLDIER PSALM: THE TWENTY-THIRD, the true rendering for **lo echasar**, "I Shall not want." It is the Lord's own "Billet," Yehovah Roi, "The Lord is the Goer before me, my Leader, my Commander,"—well, then, here is the Commander's Billet, **lo chaser**, "I shall not want," and we shall now see what is in it or on it, for us in this March between the Advents of Christ of the Church Militant.

I find the following three hermeneutical and homiletical heads, as I told my Divinity Students at the Seabury Divinity School in Minnesota—before the War—always to find in every Sermon, (1) **The Billet's beautiful Blankness**; (2) **It's beautiful Completeness**; and (3) **It's beautiful Take-you-there-ness.**

(1) **The Billet's beautiful Blankness.**

"I shall not want, **lo echsar.** **Lo** is "not," and "not" is not. But **echsar** is "want," but it wants "derivation" to find out what it wants.

"Man wants but little here below,
nor wants that little long."

—just the mouthful for the march, but for the march the mouthful. The word's etymology is found in the kindred words in the Hebrew that need not here be specified, but the root of each is the root of all, and that root is "Cut," the swift descent of the swords, or the sudden slash of the knife; result: what was there before is not there now. "Cut" is surely as transitive an action as can be—it crosses from the edge of the blade to the wound it has made with a leap. So as a verb "cut" is in grammar emphatically transitive.

Now though Gesenius would make first the Hebrew word "Chasar" "to be cut short" or "to be diminished" intransitively, he tabulates this very passage, Ps. xxiii. 1, in its absolute sense with passages that can be rendered only in their proper transitive sense. For instance the same word "echsar," is to found in Deut. ii, 7, "These forty years the LORD thy God hath been with thee; thou **lo chasarta**, hast not wanted **dabhar**, a thing"—objective of the predicate; Deut. viii. 9, "A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, **lo thech-sar**, thou shalt not want **kol**, the whole (or, anything) in it";—again transitively; Ps. xxxiv. 11, "The young lions do lack and suffer

hunger: but they that seek the LORD la-yach-seru, shall not want, kol-tobb, all good"—this third time transitive verb; Prov. xxxi. 11, "The heart of her husband trusteth in her, "Ve-shalal, and booty lo-yechsar, he shall not want"—this fourth time transitively; Gen. xviii. 28, ulai yachserun, chamishim ha-tsadikin chamishah, which clause Gesenius translates literally "perhaps the fifty righteous shall want five," thus making the philological essence of the verb chasar to be not intransitive but emphatically transitive, so in this first verse of THE SOLDIER PSALM: THE TWENTY-THIRD, lo echsar, "I shall not want," the "want" is not intransitive but transitive, so we have before us a literary phemomenon of an object to echsar, "want," gramatically due but ungramatically withheld. "I shall not want"—what? a bank. Yea, a blank beautiful to a soldier on the march, for it is his Commander's billet to him tofill up according to his need, and pass into the commissariat for his ordered rations and supply.

It is a Blank Cheque, this Yehovah Roi lo echsar, "The Lord is my Leader: I shall not want." Fill it up, and pass it in, believer, glory to our before-going God.

A Blank Cheque, signed, and left for you to fill up—did you ever get one into your hands? I know of one that did, Rev. John McNeill, the preacher of our generation.

When he was called from Edinburgh to London, his Edinburgh congregation so far forgot themselves as to call me from Stonehaven, my first charge, to be his successor in the old beautiful Capital of Scotland.

As we two, successor and predecessor, more than forty years ago, were talking over the prospects of that field of the Church where McCrie the historian had been Minister before us, and of the Newsome's Circus, where my brilliant forerunner had preached to his thousands and thousands on Sunday evenings, this John McNeill—his greatness is best expressed in just naming him—said to me, "I hope you as my successor in Edinburgh will pray for grace to fill up a blank cheque."

"I don't know what you mean, John," reply did I.

"Well, I'll say it again; I hope you as my successor in Edinburgh will pray for grace to fill up a blank cheque."

"I don't know what you mean yet, John."

"Well, John," John McNeill said—we are all Johns in Scotland since John Knox—"Well, John," and the great preacher, now in Fort Washington Church, New York, smiled as he went on to explain, "you know I was not like you, among books from my cradle. I was out in the world, a railway man. I was porter at Gourock Station, then I entered the ticket office there; then I was called to the head

office of the N. B. R. in Edinburgh, and there I dreamed the dream of the religious Scotch boy of 'waggin' my pow in the Poopit,' of becoming an ambassador from God among men, of being a Minister. Well, I went to Edinburgh University, went in and came out at least safely, if not 'trailing clouds of glory behind me.' Then I went to the Divinity Hall in the Free Church College of Glasgow, went in and came out in the same way, safely—glory to God. Then I mounted my first pulpit steps, with my first Geneva gown and white bands on, and preached in my first Church, now and you know what happened to the ex-railwayman in his first pulpit?"

"Yes, John, I know, and my knowledge of it is my big fear haunting me like a dog's bark round the corner as your successor. Frankly, I am scared near 'oot o' my wits. By your preaching in that first pulpit of yours our purple heather took fire, and ran its flames up every hillside in Auld Scotland. Auld Scotland said, 'This is my preaching son at last.' And that, John—God help me—is my trouble now how to keep your full buckets at McCrieRoxburgh and Newsome's Circus full. I'm afraid they'll be a' dry in a twal' month."

John McNeill smiled again, and went on:

"Well, among the crowd that came out to hear the ex-railway man—but now College-bred, mind you, in our old Presbyterian style—preach, the crowd that I think will continue to come to hear John Robertson preach, is a very rich gentleman, whose bank account goes into maybe six figures. He was 'gey fond' of the preacher John McNeill, and one day he came to my study in the Manse in Blacket Place, and as he bade me good-bye, that so wealthy hearer of mine left on my desk a blank cheque, made up to me, and signed by him. A blank cheque. As I looked at it I felt as if I were looking into the mouth of a cannon that could go off at my touch and knock our Edinburgh Castle down. A blank cheque."

"Well, John," said I, "how did you fill up that Blank Cheque of yours?"

"How did I fill up that Blank Cheque of mine?" John McNeill rejoined in his colloquial way. "I have been kicking myself around the shop for three years for the way I filled up that Blank Cheque. As it lay on my desk there, yawning in its beautiful Blankness as if it could swallow the whale that swallowed Jonah, I at last set to to fill it up. I dipped my pen in the ink, and began. I did not like to fill it up for all that I really needed at the hard-up time—things had to be paid in o' the hoose an' oot o't ye ken like every other young Minister, and there I have filled my Blank Cheque up. It is for TEN POUNDS (fifty dollars). So, now you, my successor, John Robertson,

know what your predecessor, John McNeill means when he say to 'Pray for grace to fill up a Blank Creque.' "

But that Blank Cheque I never saw—nor him that gave it. I never got a Blank Cheque in my life—halt, yes, I did, from Almighty God in THE SOLDIER PSALM: THE TWENTY-THIRD. Here it is, Yehovah Roi, "The Lord is the Goer before me—**lo echsar**, I shall not want"—a beautiful Blank. The blessed dash of the Holy Ghost Himself. "I shall not want." What? What? What. Fill it up, my soul, and pray for grace to fill up this Blank Cheque of God's, this Billet for quarters and mess and all of the Commander-in-Chief just one step ahead of you on the march.

Yes, believer, "casting all your care, anxiety, distraction, solicitude, fear of evil or desire of good, trouble, apprehension, lastpenniness, for he careth—stronger, stronger, **melei peri humon melei**, hath solved your problem and hath already started for your relief. O my God, why do we go "dead broke" with Thy Blank Cheque in our hands?—**lo echsar**—"I shall not want"—beautiful Blank, as big as from here to the North Pole star.

"I must tell Jesus all of my trials;
I cannot bear these burdens alone;
In my distress He kindly will help me;
He ever loves and cares for **His own.**

"I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus.
I cannot bear my burdens alone;
I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus.
Jesus can help me, Jesus alone."

(2) **The Billet's Beautiful Completeness.**

I told my soldier hearers at Abbeville on the Somme of this about our Billet from the Commander-in-Chief, in addition to the Cheque of the Almighty being left Blank for us to fill up ourselves in terms of all our needs, the **lo**, "not," in lo echsar, "I shall not want"—was in its completeness like a big cipher "0" which, standing by itself meant nothing, but when placed at the right hand of a whole number makes it tenfold as much again—let them take 1, put a nothing to the right of it, and it becomes ten, and let them put six nothings to the right of it, and it becomes a million. So when we put our nothings right by the side of Yehovah Roi, "The Lord is the Goer before me," our human noes become the Almighty's own yeses, "**lo**," NO, "**echsar**," WANT.

The Commander-in-chief provides in His billet for all contin-

gencies on the march—lo echsar, "I shall not want"—what? Nothing.

It was a new feeling of danger we felt at the front—nay, before we crossed the Channel to France, for I felt it in London on three occasions, when to look up at that sky was maybe to get a German bomb spit death in your face.

One day at Abbeville on the Somme there was the first enemy air-attack I had to pass through. The place of greatest danger I found to be, just as the English Tommies I was with at the time told me I would find, up there on the hill the Red Cross of our gigantic threefold hospital, with wounded men getting a little time and peace to die in, for right there were the murderous bombs from the God-forsaking therefore God-forsaken Huns by straight aim spitting down destruction.

That morning a real Cockney from London's East, who had been an aproned grocer before he put on the khaki, asked me if I had an " 'ole?" "A kind of one," I replied.

"Come with me, an' I'll show you a better 'ole than the one you've got."

With him I went, and there at the edge of an acre or so of piled lumber for some army use, he pointed out whatlooked like a mouse-hole in the great timber-stack.

In three hours, forgetting my dignity, I had bolted instead of standing at bay, and was screwing myself, at first head first, but then I thought I'll get no air to breathe and will choke in that hole, so I unscrewed myself out—realizing with many a "pech"—as we say in the Braid Scots—that I was awful fat!

Then I wriggled into the hole feet first, and through a crack looked up to whither our air-craft guns were shooting and just saw puffs of white smoke what from, or from friend or foe, I was not gunner enough to be able to tell, but I never can forget the new feeling of danger of death being existent up in the calm blue sky.

But I never can forget either the sense of safety and completeness I felt with what seemed an Alps piled on the Appennines of lumber above my head and between me and the German shells.

Soldiers in the Salvation Army of Yehovah Roi, when the white puffs of attack are up in the air, run you for shelter to the Hole of His Providing, for, though devils be up there, not as the old witches were on their broomsticks, but on their death-spitting guns, there is God's own "Nevertheless," the Divine "However," the invulnerable refuge of THE SOLDIER PSALM: THE TWENTY-THIRD, lo echsar, "I shall not want"—what? Nothing, for "Nevertheless sure the foundation God STANDETH, once for all, once forever. The LORD has your Number, and your Number is not 1 but 2—He Himself is 1, and

He "knoweth them that are His." (2 Tim. iix, 19.) God, what a mark is on you. The Lord Jesus Christ's." And, O, and—that Seal, shall break all Satanic fingers fingering it before all Satanic fingers fingering it break It, **Yehovah Roi, lo echsar,** "The LORD is the Goer ahead of Me, I shall not want"—what? Nothing.

"Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true light.
Alleluia.

"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia."

(3) And lastly, **The Commander's Billet's Beautiful Take-you-there-ness.**

It was this title that one day sprang to my lips while speaking to about 1500 khaki'd men in my Hut on the Somme that never came back on my new-found interpretation of the first verse of the 23rd Psalm, the Soldier Interpretation, not the Shepherd one that then sounded so silly.

There come to me through the mists of 40 years my memory of some idea of the shepherd easy-osy life not being the prime truth in "The Sheherd Psalm," as it was and is invariably called by the beautiful commentaries upon the 23rd Psalm, that I expressed to the greatest Hebraist of his age, one that had, the elder Delitzsch said to an Edinburgh student like me, "more Hebrew in his little finger than I have in my whole body,' and the elder Delitzsch was a born Jew. I refer to my Edinburgh Professor, "Rabbi" A. B. Davidson, who was an Ellon, Aberdeenshire, boy like myself and so listened sometimes to my stuff more than it deserved. The thesis he had given me to work upon was this one on which he himself had lectured, "The 23rd Psalm," and I remembered—oh, long before I shall be with the British Expeditionary Force in France, the next bore to a real soldier myself, and get at the Back of the Front, the Shepherd-interpretation of the 23rd Psalm **reduction'd ad absurdum** saying to the great Semitic that King David seemed to me to have been more a soldier than a shepherd, and that somehow the lullaby of the shepherder tinkling on a Jews'-harp on the Judean hillside I did not believe was the whole of the Psalm. I have tried again

and again to recall the reply Professor Davidson made, but there is a silence like a fog on the interview. But I see a strange smile on the learned face, and that Davidsonian blush rising to his temples, when he was thinking, but the Hebrew Scholar did not answer me No. Of that I am sure today.

Lo echsar, "I shall not want"—what? Nothing, for **Yehovah Roi,** "The Lord is the Goer before me, my leader, my officer, my commander-in-chief, and this is Billet to the March's bitter end.

General O. O. Howard of the Army of the North in our American Civil War I recall once telling me, while talking of the Bloody Days of his past, of how non-preparation means non-provision, and how amateurish we may act after the War has been going on before we got there, and finished our apprenticeship amid the fierce fight and became Journeymen Soldiers on the Route March to the end.

I find the substance of that talk with me in the Moody Institute of Chicago at the World's Fair in 1893, in his two volumed Autobiography (1908), and for your ears now open to my Sermon I transcribe and deliver this; in illustration of what I want to be at on my third and last head, **The Take-you-thereness** of the exegetical sense of my text **Yehovah Roi, lo echsar,** "THE LORD is the Goer ahead of Me, I shall not want"—what? Nothing.

It is the Battle of Bull Run in 1861. Says and said the General that was there—O Eyes Front!! Salute!

"When I came to the Accotink I found many men of the preceding brigade sitting down and taking off their shoes—not to wade the shallow stream, but for fear they might slip off the narrow bridge which was made of two logs placed side by side, and so wet their shoes and socks. Regiment after regiment had been crossing in this way by file, so that each brigade"—(the division of troops larger than a regiment)—"before mine had taken full two hours to pass a stream not more than twenty yards wide and the water nowhere above their knees. This delayed my crossing till night. My men were somewhat incensed because I made them close up and march straight through the ford. They surely would not have been so fresh and happy the next morning if they had been three hours later than they were getting into camp. In such small things as this West Point officers appeared to be too severe with new troops. Remembering Professor Mahan's rule: 'Not to imperil the success of a campaign from fear of wetting the soldiers' feet,' they doubtless showed indignation and scolded regimental officers for wasting important time in crossing shallow streams."

Better have wet feet, and the water across, than feet dry, and late into camp. Into camp is the blessed Take-you-thereness of our

Commander's billet, **lo**—No—**echsar**, WANT FOR ME: there with my feet wet, but thank God, there with my feet on.

That is the "beautiful" thing about the Commander's Billet; it gets you there where you want to be, and you want to be where you have been ordered to be. I got the word "beautiful" from a group of English Tommies, to whom I had served tea and bread and was it butter after their long tramp into the Triage Hut at Abbeville on the Somme at last; everything was to them "beautiful," even a bed on the crawl, and the word stuck as I tried to study THE SOLDIER PSALM: THE TWENTY-THIRD.

Isn't it beautiful that instead of carrying what felt a ton in your knapsack, your meals enroute, your "bully beef" and your cheese and your bread and jam, to have this omnipotent slip of paper that feels like a government document signed by the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, **Yehovah Roi; lo echsar**, "The Lord is my Commander in front of me, and here is his beautiful Billet."

For us at the back of the back to understand the "beautifulness" of the Army Order in the letters of that beautiful French boy, dead with thousands others of the brave Poilus at Roclincourt, Alfred Eugene Casalis, on his way to the Missionary Ministry in Basutoland, South Africa, like his father and grandfather, before the call came to the student of Montauban, and after the call to the Barracks and the tramp and the front and the field of honour on his way to what he called his "March to the Star," **Marche a l' Etoile.**

Writing to that home of his that would so soon be still, the date of his letter being April 7th, 1915, he says: "This afternoon they gave us a new outfit, fancy gray coat, **capote** of mist blue, small light blue **kepi**, and excellent shoes. Besides there are rest shoes, a large sleeping sack of waterproof canvas, canteen, knapsack, shelter tent and pegs, tools, and a camp kettle. When everything is in it the knapsack will weigh about twenty-four kilos."

Oh, weary jaded man on the march, wouldn't the Commander's billet, if it were possible, be a relief. It, even it, instead of a load, we soldiers of Christ have on the Sacramental March of the Church Militant on and on to the Second Advent of our Blessed Lord.

I have been told of men that dumped their dinner by the roadside, rather than carry it to their next camp fifteen miles away. No wonder. Isn't this Commander's billet then "beautiful"? "Beautiful" in its Get-you-thereness.

O Comrade-in-White, when the grasshopper has become a burden to tired-out me, give me Thy Word, **Yehovah Roi: lo echsar**, "The LORD is the Goer before me, I shall not want—what? Nothing! I shall hum it as my "It's a long way to Tipperary" on the March, and some

others will take it up, and we shall hear as we foot it along, not only one step, but one song, and that song Praise to God.

It is true what our French Divinity Student become a Soldier, and Soldier become a Martyr for his France says, "Some of the most painful hours of regiment life are spent on the march. Then it is that the coarseness of the men come to light most forcibly and in the form of the vilest songs: They are so disgusting one guards silence. But a moment comes when even the most calloused have had enough—that is the opportunity which must be seized to strike up a clean, attractive, healthful song, and we do not lack that kind. Since in the barracks one is rubbing shoulders with the least agreeable things of life, characters are shown up as they really are. One must immediately take a positive attitude to show what he is: a Christian. Then to hold on."

Good-bye, Casalis, thou hast held on!

Before he fell, he had this note home: "Just think, the other day on the barrack stairs I heard a raw peasant from Limousin whistling a tue-tete the Minuet of the 7th Sonata of Beethoven. He had picked it up from hearing me hum it on the march."

Oh, let you and me, me preaching and you hearing, hum on the march this "beautiful" Commander's Billet of ours from THE SOLDIER PSALM: THE TWENTY-THIRD, that is more melodious even than Beethoven's 7th Sonata, or any earthly diapason of mortal music, for it brings the echoes from the harps of the Angels in Heaven, **Yehovah Roi; lo echsar,** "The Lord is the Goer before Me; I shall not want—what? Nothing." Fall in, then and sing, let us all, with old Isaac Watts leading us; till we get there:

"Come, we that love the Lord,
  And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
  And thus surround the throne.
We're marching to Zion,
  Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
  The beautiful city of God.

"Let those refuse to sing
  Who never knew our God;
But soldiers of the Heavenly King
  May speak their joys abroad.
We're marching to Zion,
  Beautiful, beautiful Zion,

We're marching upward to Zion,
  The beautiful city of God.

"Then let our songs abound,
  And all our tears be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
  To fairer worlds on high.
We're marching to Zion,
  Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
  The beautiful city of God."

The Goer Before

By REV. JOHN ROBERTSON, D. D.

"Ps. xxiii, 1, **"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD"**; Hebrew, **Yehovah Roi**; lxx., **Kurios poimanei me**; Vulgate **Dominus regit me.**

There was a Scotch wee boy on his father's farm in Aberdeenshire long ago. He had observed, with that observation that stereotypes the mental conceptions of those but a few steps from the cradle, the on-goings of Donald, the shepherd on the old place.

Donald, the shepherd was like many worthy Scot of the olden time, rather fond of the "drappie," and when the drappie was inside Donald, the sheep seemed to know it, and the dogs seemed to know it, and the bark-bark-barking of the collies sent the sheep over one another's backs at the frightened jump to get out of their shepherd's staff-brandishing way. The Scottish shepherd was seen to be the sheep's **driver.**

This Scots wee boy sat the next Sabbath in his Free Kirk Sabbath School Class, where a beautiful young lady was teaching the bairns, and she said to him, while she was trying to explain this very 23rd Psalm, "Johnnie, the Lord is your Shepherd."

He was instantly a little sceptic to the tips of the toes in his Saturday-night-brushed boots; he could not believe that the universe was run a la Donald-with-the-drappie-in, with the sheep being driven with yelp of boot, swing of stick, and kick of leg and the "damns" from the shepherd's lips.

It was not till years after that that doubting Scots Sabbath Schoolboy got to know that in the Bible East the shepherd was specifically different in this item of conduct at least from his own Scottish sheep-driver; that the shepherd in the Holy Land of old did not drive from behind his tended flock, but that he led the sheep from his place before them.

"But He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To Him the porter openeth, and the sheep hear His Voice; and He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. When he hath put forth all His own, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him; for they know His Voice. And a stranger will they not follow but will"—a la Donald's sheep—flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers." (John x: 2-5.)

And isn't it suggestive and instructive to notice that the Hebrew word roi—though translated both in the A. V. and in the R. V. it is true as "my Shepherd—is primarily in its exegetical meaning, "My Goer-before."

The Hebrew word, and the Arabic word, both make the thought of "feeding" or "pasturing" of the flock to follow its first meaning of "guarding" and "governing" and "leading to battle" like the Greek poimen laon, the military ruler leading the people in their armed troops. Instances of the primary military conception of the word poimen are in Homer and in Euripedes and in Aeschylus and in Sophocles, and indeed the word is the regular title of the warring Agamemnon, chosen by the Greek chiefs to be their Military Commander-in-chief at the siege of Troy for the rescue of Helen; in their title to Agamemnon, poimen laon, there is not a thought of sheep or pastures or the baa-as of the folds; everything is of the soldier and of the fight.

Indeed it is the study of the Sepuagint translation of the Old Testament Hebrew Psalter that confirms the Bible student that the connotation of poimanei for roi is precisely military and not pastoral at all, that the title for the 23rd Psalm as "The Shepherd Psalm" is a maximum mistake, and that all through it David, the warrior king of Israel as he is writing it, is hearing the echo of the tramp of his armed hosts before he became thus old only to reminiscence.

So with the Vulgate translation, regit; the "rule" in the Latin is the rule of the sword turned into a sceptre of the "can-ning" man, as Thomas Carlyle, tells us becomes ever the King.

Even the word "Shepherd" in its Anglo-Saxonese contains not the idea of "feeding" first, but of "leading" and "protecting"; why, in our Scots game of curling the stone that is called the "herd" is the stone that protects the principal stone from being moved from its vantage-ground.

So the Hebrew of our text, Yehovah Roi, is first not "The Lord is my Shepherd", but is "The LORD is the Goer before me; "The LORD is my Leader."

Donald Hankey tells of "The Beloved Captain" who just led his men;—"He came in the early days, when we were still at recruit drills under the hot September sun. Tall, erect, smiling; so we first saw him, and so he remained to the end. At the start he knew as little of soldiering as we did and he used to watch us being drilled by the sergeant; but his manner of watching was peculiarly his own. He never looked bored. He was learning just as much as we were, in fact more and he was learning his job, and from the first he saw that his job was more than to give the correct orders and his job was to LEAD US."

And how about them the Led, and him their Leader? The same old thing, at the last.

"There was not one of us but would gladly have died for him. We longed for the chance to show him that. We weren't heroes. We never dreamed about the V. C. But to save the Captain we would have earned it ten times over, and never have cared a button whether we got it or not. We never got the chance, worse luck. It was all the other way. We were holding some trenches which were about as unhealthy as trenches could be. The Bosches were only a few yards away, and were well supplied with trench mortars and we hadn't got any at that time. Bombs and air torpedoes were dropping round us all day. Of course the Captain was there. It seemed as if he could not keep away. A torpedo fell into the trench, and buried some of our chaps. The fellows next to them ran to dig them out. Of course he was one of the first. Then came another torpedo in the same place. That was the end."

"Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel; I am the LORD thy God which * * * LEADETH thee by the way that thou shouldest go." O that thou hadst harkened to MY COMMANDS! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." (Is. xlviii, 17, 18.)

"Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us therefore go forth unto Him without the Camp, bearing His reproach." (Heb. xiii:12,13).

"For it became Him, for Whom are all things, and by Whom are all things in LEADING many sons unto Glory, to make the Objectives of the Army Order, by means of the WOUNDS IN THE ENGAGEMENT. (Heb. li:10.)

So then in the very first word of the very first verse it is seen that the 23rd Psalm is etymologically a conception military and its similes are not of Peace but of shield-clashing War. The instances are so universal and unchanging that Exegesis commands the reader of it to reject the designation of it as "The Shepherd Psalm" and to take up by the force of logical induction the appellation of it as "THE SOLDIER PSALM."

After this introduction then, let me here divide my Sermon into the regulation-homiletical three heads: (1) The Goer before Me is the Provider for the follower-of-Him; (2) In the War the Orderer of Over-the-top is over-the-top himself first; (3) The soldier of Jesus Christ is on the March not Number 1 but Number 2.

(1) The Goer before Me is the Provider for the follower-of-Him.

I remember having this truth illustrated on my visit to Boston, Massachusetts, on that first visit of mine to America, when Mr. D. L.

Moody brought me over the Atlantic to preach with his other brought preachers at the World's Fair in 1893.

I was guest of a gentleman that lived away up on Beacon Street above the Boston Common, with all its "Frog Pond and Revolution" memories.

Then the whole speech of the Bostonians seemed to be "The Subway, The Subway". True, it was the pioneer of all subways since, diving as it did beneath the crowded streets at Scollay Square, and emerging far out in the quiet at Commonwealth Avenue.

Though then the Boston Subway seemed everything, it is nothing now to that wonderful subway of ours in New York. Why, when I arrived from over seas at the War I had an engagement in the city up town somewhere. The hour of my appointment was 6:30 p. m. and I entered the New York Subway at 5:30 p. m. from down town somewhere, and after being battle-dored and shuttle-cocked to and fro in the intricacies of rails and tunnels beneath the maze of streets, I got out at last somewhere where I did get out, and climbed some stair to some surface somewhere, saying at every step in expressive Amerincanese, "Well, you are SOME subway."

But in Boston at the time I speak of, the pioneer subway there held the field of popular thought, and "The Subway, The Subway," was like the chiming of conscious bells continually.

To me at breakfast my first day there, did mine host say, "Have you seen our Subway yet?"

"No, sir, not yet," I replied.

"Well," said he, "we'll go after breakfast and see our Boston Subway; it is truly wonderful."

"All right," said I.

Whereupon after breakfast my host and I put our hats on, and went out of the house on Beacon Street to see the Subway away down at Park Street on Tremont Street.

The Subway is at the foot of a street-stairway there, and when we two came to step Number 1, my host stepped ahead of me and put his feet on Number 2, while I had mine still on Number 1. I let him.

At the foot of the stairway, there is a revolving turnstile that needs for its turning a nickel fare handed to that clerk at the open window before anyone can get through to the platform, where the subway trains will come whizzing up to let you see them and take you where you want to be.

Now when I was on step 1 my host was on step 2, and when I was on step 2 my host was on step 3; when I was on step 3 my host was on step 4, and so all the way down to the wicket gate, sedulously keeping one step ahead of me, his guest. I let him.

When he, thus keeping ahead of me, landed at the foot of the stair, he put his hand into his pocket. I let him.

Thence he drew out a dollar bill. I let him.

Then he did some transacting with the man at the window, for as I followed my host that clerk I heard say, "1, 2," and the wicket gate clicked and let me through, and I never paid a cent, but see I did the Boston Subway, and got my first ride in it for nothing. You see it? My host was Number 1, and took a host's privilege and duty, paid for Number 2, his Guest, and I, taking a guest's luck, which is always good "pot-luck," let him.

Oh, how often, brethren, comes the time when I have on the march between the First and Second Advents of the 22nd and 24th Psalms, found a wicket-gate barring my path, and I have tried to swing it open by wrench of hand, but by wrench of hand it would not be swung; how often I have had before me a fast-closed door, and I have tried to pull it often by what I thought was its handle, but the handle came away in my hand; I have knocked and knocked and knocked again, but all I got was a still fast-closed door and some sore and skinned knuckles.

But now, now, I have, I trust, learned the holy secret of the believer's march, the two Advents between, and that is, to let the LORD, my Number 1, do all the openings for me, His number 2; I am His Guest, my Host is He. **"Yehovah Roi."** The Lord is the Goer-ahead-of-me all through this mortal barricaded Life on Earth. It is for Him to provide for me following after and the Christian experience of the ages proves that God's Holy Providence is in the Covenant of Grace all the way immediately Gracious to the believer; the Hand of the Leader is found to be with the led Good and Kind and All-doing where doing needs as a matter of life or death to be done.

Fellow-believer in Jesus Christ, thou Number 2 where He is Number 1, do not try at the foot of the stair where the wicket-gate is to put your hand into thine own pocket just to find it empty, but wait till He puts His Hand into His; the turnstile will wheel so easily like the temple door that had its hinges made of olive ,not fir, so that, as John Bunyan says, "any poor tun-bellied sinner might glide in."

What to do in the march, then, is to take Number 2 place, and give Number 1 place to Him, **Yehovah Roi,** "The Lord is the Goer before me." Wicket-gates closed with an unopenable clasp are all the way; let our LORD, our **Roi,** our Goer ahead of us take the Key of Providence from the Girdle whereon hang the Keys of Death and of Hell, and by His own all-dexterous Hand open before us behind Him each and every fast-closed door.

(2) **In the War the Orderer of Over-the-Top is over-the-top Himself First.**

Yea, the giver of the order does the thing ordered first himself. On those battle-fronts that never the half-like to them were on this warring earth before many were the new lessons that men had to learn as soldiers, and soldiers had to learn as men. There never was such a war as the Great and World War of the Apocalyptic Armageddon. One of the great tasks to be accomplished by our conscientious fighters for civilization against Prussian force and brutality was ENDURANCE.

"Do not let us forget that endurance," writes a writer of things worth reading in **The Glass of Fashion.** "Do not let us forget that endurance; it should underline the definition at which we are attempting to arrive. For the sake of England, let us never cease to remind ourselves, men endured greater horrors than ever before in the history of mankind visited and afflicted the human soul. We might almost say, indeed, that from the days of the Homeric contests down to those burlesque battles of armoured and mounted men in the Middle Ages, and on to the almost bloodless manoeuvres of 1871. War had never existed until 1914. With a higher sensibility than was known to ancient warriors, with a far more delicate nervous organism, and with the greater tenderness of heart which we hope is one of the fruits of British civilization, young Englishmen were called upon to take part in such a mangling of butchery, such an indiscriminate anarchy of slaughter and mutilation, such a filthiness of Bedlamite carnage, as no man had witnessed from the beginning of Time.

And this ordeal was endured in circumstances of the greatest disgust. Separated from their families, torn from their homes, and thrown into the constant and intimate companionship of entire strangers in a foreign land, these English boys lived a life so foreign and unnatural to civilized man that even the shattering sound of the shells came to be reckoned a less evil than the mud of their burrowings, and the loathsome affliction of the lice that preyed upon their bodies.

In the circumstances of horror and disgust the clean youth of England endured the most searching and terrible ordeal to which the human mind has ever been subjected in the whole history of the world, not for a month, but for years.

What was it that held them to their posts? Men who never reasoned before are turning their minds to consider the cause for which their continued ENDURANCE is demanded. (Alfred Zimmern, **The Round Table.**)

For this act by millions of our young men of bearing pain and distress without sinking or thought of giving up, till the Pierced Hand of Him Who hung on the Cross was released from the Mailed Fist

of revived Paganism and Prussianism, this endurance of martyrdom for the Faith was endured because the men knew among other things that their officers were enduring the same. Nay, they knew their officers suffered more, the knowledge of when by the wrist-watch the over-the-top would take place added but the pain of the certainty that over-the-top was certain to come this very killing day.

The noise in the trenches of that 25-mile roar of big guns, was—said the brave that were in the trenches to us but so-so only far back at the rear—was so deafening that the order for over-the-top, had it been given by shout of mouth, would have been all unheard and therefore all unheeded, but as the War went on, and the warring got wiser, there was added the British officers' equipment, a "Bos'n's Whistle," and when the second-hand by light of radium in the dark told the commander of the platoon that the all-front movement had come and the barrage was to start at the next rat-a-tat of the machine guns behind, he took from the left pocket of his khaki tunic, and his blown shrill birr-r-r of the whistle signalled the over-the-top for the whole platoon, but this was what gave the men endurance and strong sense of justice, namely, their knowledge that that whistler for over-the-top would be over-the-top himself first—ay, and he would fall first.

For weeks on weeks in our **Glasgow Herald** you would see the first thing of the morning three columns of an obituary list of our lads, "Killed in Action," and this was the pathetic thing about that three column dead list; at the beginning of the first column there was the italicised heading in parenthesis: "Second Lieutenant unless otherwise specified." My God, the officers ever first. The men got endurance by knowing full well that the giver of the order to him would do it himself first, and fall first in doing it. Salute our Royal Dead. "Who won the War?" Good God, they did. The first dead won the War.

Now, my beloved hearers, do you catch the comfort of having the LORD as your Leader in life, **Yehovah Roi?** You are and I am under Orders from our Commander in our battle from the dawn to the dark; and this our soul's endurance, that our battle is His battle, and **Yehovah Roi,** the LORD is the Goer before me. He is ever ahead of us and He carried out Himself first His own Command, and does for us what He wants us to do for Him. The Lord is the Orderer of the life of the believer, and because He, the All-Wise and the All-Mighty orders over-the-top He Himself is over-the-top first, ever first.

Ay, and the battle of life on earth is mystic; it is not all visible. No, no. "The Sacraments were not ordained of Christ to be **gazed upon,** or to be carried about, but that we should duly use them," says, and says rightly, the 25th Article. You cannot see all that are in

your daily battle, neither those that are helping you, nor those that are opposing you. You never take the Holy Sacrament unwitnessed. I have seen our Presbyterian soldiers on the Somme but a few steps from their fall never to get up again, but to lie still beneath the poppies in Flanders Fields, drop to their knees as the Bread and Cup —yes, cup singular, not "Individual Cups," plural—was pressed to their lips, as if the Angels themselves were hovering around maybe with a wish that they were human and could partake too. Pardon the remark, brethren, for there is a profound truth in the same. God has in your day's conflict and in mine His Commissioned Second Lieutenants; and His first lesson is the Holy War, as we file in before Him and fall in for drill, is to get in behind the Angels. Angels? Ay, Angels. Several of the lads that had seen them at Mons told me about it with a hush in their tones and a strange look in their eyes. Oh, it is easy to say, they were "shell-shocked." It would be good for us in our "wrestling not with flesh and blood" in our daily day, that we would get shell-shocked enough to see, as Martin Luther saw the Devil, and to see what Patrick Simpson saw, the Angels. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." (Heb. 1:14.)

Oh, I wonder if the Angels have lost their starry way,
And are wandering in the outer dark of space,
That we never get a glimpse of their shining robes today,
Nor ever get a glint of shining Face.

The beings all about us are as earth-born as are we;
They eat and walk and talk the mortal same;
While the skies about our Lord were a-flutter as we see
With the Angels on their way to Bethlehem.

Was our air they breathed too thick for the Singers there to stay?
Was the reek of sin a-choking in their throat?
Did they hurry from the scene that they come no more today?
Nor hear can we beyond our mortal note?

It is true that here and there Christian saints have got a sight
Of an Angel from the days of Mary down,
But no staying and no stepping, only hurrying in their flight,
And instead of smile they used to wear—a frown.

Oh, have pity, our Redeemer, send Thine Angels back to earth,
Then yonder by Orion flying turn.

For Thy Church's march is only since they sang Thy mortal
Birth;
Oh, restore the Angel Ministry and bid our dull skies burn.

Oh, they're coming, as He's coming, the Lord Himself now due;
They will find their way by splendour of His Second
Advent nigh,
For the ARMAGEDDON'S over, and soon Gog and Magog too,
And tonight maybe they're shining in our sky.

But at Mons, as our British soldiers wheeled, and began their retreat, our brave men began that British retreat that is ever as brave as the British advance.

It was in that terribly sudden and terrific attack on neutral Belgium and on France in 1914, whose story the American writer, Francis A. March in his **History of the World War** well tells:

"The British army was assigned to a position between two French armies. By some miscalculation, the French army that was to have taken its position on the British left, never appeared. The German army of the Moselle co-operating with the army of the Meuse then attacked the British and French, and a great flanking movement by the German joint commands developed.

This was directed mainly at the British under command of Sir John French. There followed a retreat that for sheer heroism and dogged determination has become one of the great battles of all time. The British, outflanked and outnumbered three to one, fought and marched without cessation for six days and nights. Time after time envelopment and disaster threatened them, but with a determination that would not be beaten they fought off the best that Germany could send against them, maintained contact with the French army on their right, and delayed the German advance so effectively that a complete disarrangement of all the German plans ensued. This was the second great disappointment to Germany. It made possible the victory of the Marne and the victorious peace of 1918."

Is it any wonder that those men that were there say to us that are here that they saw the Angels wheel in between the so-prepared Huns and the so-unprepared British, those "contemptibles" of ours, but that retreat in the Angels retreated first, keeping their faces to us, as the Lord Himself did in the crossing by His own of the old Red Sea in 1491 B. C., "light by night" and their backs to the astonished foe, "A cloud and darkness to them."

The Angels turned their backs where the British kept their faces; it is always so, and see that ye see it in an Angelic retreat.

It is Clemenceau himself that tells of coming across a British

regiment, on one of his Presidential trips to his French poilus at the front during the War. He found the English Tommies all sitting by the roadside, after their dinner, smoking their cigarettes, and laughing and joking with one another.

"Why," cried the astonished President of the French Republic, "what are those British troops doing?"

"Oh," said our Englishman in khaki in command, "they are FLYING, sir."

That is always the Divine leisure of following God's Angels, those helping Messengers from Heaven that do first what God orders His human earth-dwellers to do. The Angels at Mons kept their shining faces to the men in the right on that advancing retreat, and the Shining Ones more than one man that saw them has told me since kept their backs to the Germans, and their backs away down on some strange horizon were thunderstorm-black."

But at Mons again shall come the Angels, only they were felt, not seen now. Why, I myself have felt with my soul, while the guns were going over the poplar's sky-line of Picardy, the down on an Angel's wing exceeding soft—well, at Mons again the Angels. But their black has become white and the white is the whiteness of **Yehovah Roi**: The LORD is the Goer before me. For the very day the too-soon armistice was, by some malign some one or some ones, brought on to sign, the gallant Canadians in their loyal and loved British khaki, re-entered it. In a few minutes after their entry into Mons, the Angels vanished from the consciousness, and all was over, but behind those Angels God had asked more than fifty thousand men from the Great Dominion to lay down their lives, and lay down their lives they did.

Oh, the Soldier Dead in the great and World War must never, never be forgotten. Aren't you glad that one old minister of 413 Scottish lads from his City Temple of Glasgow that will never come back is feeling called by God to devote the rest of his life to the Last War Mission of Visitation of the Homes of the Soldier Dead in the lands of the great bereaving? Perhaps he'll see the Angels there.

(3) And lastly, **"The Soldier of Jesus Christ is on the March not Number 1 but Number 2."**

This truth, already mentioned, now in my third head emphasized, this mystic fact revealed by the exegesis of this not Shepherd so much as THE SOLDIER PSALM: The 23rd, **Yehovah Roi**, "The LORD is the Goer before Me," was the very first lesson the New Testament tells of that the Apostolic Church had in their first fall-in behind God and His Angels and behind the Angels and their Lord, theirs and ours too. See that ye be at the drill before ye find yourselves in the fight, dear brethren listening to me so patiently now.

It was in A. D. 39 that the Roman Emperor, Caligula, had ordered his statue to be placed in the Old Temple at Jerusalem, and said bit of sculptured stone to be worshipped by all on pain of immediate death, but in a few months before the idolatrous order could be executed by his Roman minions, an assassin's sudden sword drank swift the imperial tyrant's life-blood.

The Jews believed that a **Bath Kol** from the Holy of Holies itself had announced to the then High Priest, Simon the Just, the Death of this Jehovah-hater and self-as-Jupiter exalter, and to this day the anniversary is forbidden to be observed as a Jewish sacred day of fast.

But thereafter the infant Church of the Crucified in Jerusalem had five welcomed years of peace.

In a moment the sky grew again Roman red. Caligula's successor, who had been put on the throne largely by the influences of the grandson of Herod the Great, shows he cares for little else than plenty of wine and women.

So History finds Herod Agrippa I in full imperial favour and imperial gratitude, restored in Jewish splendour as "the monarch of all he surveys" in Palestine, from the sandy deserts of the South up to the snowy heights of Hermon of the North. He is an intense Home Ruler and Jewish Sinn Feiner for "Themselves first," for the Jews by this time regarded the new Christians not as fanatics alone but as cursed apostates from the old Abrahamic and Mosaic Faith, and into this proud mind of Herod there is pitchforked by the devil the dark design to extirpate the new sect of the Nazarenes, and thus to win in the eyes of the Jews a glory in their history that would dim the shining of the Gentiles' noonday sun.

"And he killed James, the brother of John with the sword. And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also." (Acts xii:2, 3.)

Only two words in the **Acts of the Aostles** about James' death, while Stephen gets hundreds! But the two **aneile** machaire, "annihilated-by-the sword," tell of that divine truth that is embedded in the ever-old human lie, for the sword did not annihilate James, nor is he the least like dead yet. It is Clement of Alexandria that tells us how James' accuser shared his fate, for "the Apostle looked at him for a little time, and then kissed him with the words, 'Peace be with you,' just before they both lay down to the swift glitter of steel."

Peter taken, "And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him, intending to **pascha**, the Passover, to bring him forth to the people."

"The word **anagein**, "to bring forth" pictures King Herod's intent

to make Peter's execution a great occasion for display and parade, but for the royal show the Jews, keeping the seven sacred days of their Easter Feast, must wait till the vast throngs then in Jerusalem have seen the sun-down of the last of the sacred Darks.

"Peter therefore was kept in prison, but prayer was made **ektenes,** instantly and earnestly and burdenedly "of the Church unto God for Him."

So there is existing another decree beside King Herod's about that same prisoner Peter, even his Risen Lord's. Which of the two shall be done? The Church's prayer certainly tells which, for a prayer **ektenes,** burdenedly, is ever the pledge and the promise of its own answer. If you can pray "for," then mix praise and thanksgiving with your closing word, for the answer is signalled to you by the Holy Ghost, Who is ever the Prompter of such a Burdened Prayer, and its Response-to-by-God is already on the way. Prayer is Prophecy, and the Church, I think, got to know at that prayer-meeting of intensive believers that Peter was not to die like James, nor was he to die at all. The Imprisoned Apostle is to be given back by a gracious Providence to them that are so praying now—but how? The How is ever God's, not theirs, nor yours, nor mine.

Oh, I think that before Peter lay down to sleep between the two Roman soldiers to whom he was bound, with some special mark of King Herod's upon the prisoner to make his keeping more secure, the Twenty-third that rose to his Jews lips in the Hebrew as it rises to mine and to every other Scotsman in Rouse's Metre Version, but the Jew feels that **roi** is not "my Shepherd," but "The Goer ahead of Me," and the ahead of is to bring him out, out, out. No, what had keeping of sheep to do with Peter here, the prison walls around him, the doors shut, the chains tight, and the Roman soldiers sleeping but lightly with their man but a step to the scaffold on the great Jew Holiday Herod is going to make the occasion to be. **Yehovah Roi,** says Peter within himself, **Yehovah Roi,** and I cannot but believe he believed in other than the covenanted and martial meaning of the words, "The LORD is the Goer before Me." I am not Number 1 on this march out of the pit, I am Number 2, and Number 1 is the Lord of Glory.

"And the keepers before the door kept the prison"; the guards have had their sleep, and their shift is now the sentry-go in the corridor the whole night through.

"And behold the Angel of the Lord came upon him **epeste,** stood at attention, and a light flashed in the cell, but the aorist tense, **clampsen,** the once-a-shine to need to second; it is light as never shone on sea nor on shore.

"And—" the language goes off to the military trot—"having given

a dig in Peter's ribs the Angel awakes the sleeper with a start, and there is a voice that knows the army imperatives from the massings of the Hosts of Heaven, and it says, **Anasta en tache,** "Get up right quick"—short, sharp soldier command.

"Right quick" is right quick. I noticed that once when I was having a Church Mission in Virginia in the olden days. The minister, the minister's family, and the minister's guest were all at the breakfast table, except one little son that had a bit of his name, "John Brown."

Now this John Brown, his father seems to think should not be upstairs there but downstairs here, and after waiting for some minutes in the etiquette of a Manse's meal-time of a morning, and the seat at the breakfast-table still unfilling, the Minister cried with a certain noticeable tone in his voice, I thought, "John Brown, come down **right quick.**"

John Brown right-quick came down, buttoning up as he came, and his uncombed hair all as if a tornado had passed through it during the night. He knew what the words "right quick" meant, for he knew his father, and he knew that the words from his father's lips now "right quick" meant just "right quick."

And Peter at the word of command from this Angel of the Lord "right quick rise," right quick rose!

Peter is up, the chains are down, and the soldiers still kept snoring.

When God tells you or me to get up, mind this, not all the men on the earth nor all the devils in hell can keep down me, or you. So the chains cannot be forged that can keep this Peter the Apostle down when his Master's messenger, the Risen Lord's **aide-de-camp,** commands, "Rise, en tachei, right quick." The Vulgate has it, **Surge ve leciter,** and Peter just—as our Jock Park in my old Ellen school used to translate his Latin more than fifty years ago, **surged velocitorly.**

Oh, that Angel must have travelled far, for the drops of ether are dripping from his wings like pearl drops of mystic shining. But what a mercy he there among the stars knew how to speak Greek.

The dawn will in a few hours bring the Guard's March to the scaffold according to King Herod's scraped Decree, but this prisoner Peter is enlisted in another and higher army than the Roman one, even in the Army of the Lord Jehovah, Jesus, and the superior officer's command always comes first.

"And his chains fell off from his hands." Peter is now sword-free, but he has no sword, for he is to be drilled for the sake of you and me in sweet passivity in the sublime trust in **Yehovah Roi,** "The Lord is the Goer before Me."

"And say to him in a word did the Angel"—War records, be they of the battle earthly or of the battle heavenly, always all leap into the word in the imperative, **zosai**, "Gird."

Peter girds.

Hupodesai ta sandalia sou, "Bind on thy sandals."

Peter's sandals his guards had taken off, for he would not need them till that Grand March to the Scaffold on Paschal Morning, and he would sleep better without them.

In a moment the freeman Peter's deft hands have him sandalled, the sandals strapped under timeously—**hupo**—and he is now ready for the open and the out. But oh, there are the fast doors and the sentries between the ordered and the out. Peter is to be taught that that, or that these, is and are none of the ordered under-man's business—it is **Yehovah Roi**, "The Lord is my Leader," "The Lord is the Goer before Me."

Again comes the command: **peribalou to himation sou kai—kai**—"Cast thy garment about thee AND—AND?"

The garment is the **himation**, the long loose robe worn by the Jews in full dress instead of the embroidered cloth or velvet jacket. It was this the Lord put aside when He washed those feet of His Peter's that loved Him, and surely this escaping decreed-dead prisoner's feet tingle with the remembrance as the picture of the robe now about him. But the order is now the reverse of that, "on" not off and the sandalled ready steppers-for them can it be now the Open and the Out? But? It is not "But" but "AND."

In the old days after Mr. D. L. Moody took me, then a young minister in Gorbals Tabernacle in Glasgow, to preach for a month at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, it was with me the crossing of the Atlantic Ocean, to and fro, to and fro, preaching, preaching, on both Continents, for about fifteen years. In those first crossings of the sea, I had a wee baby girlie in her mother's arms, I remember when the Great American Evangelist called me to come over into the Macedonia of Chicago and help him. At that time then had I of coats more than I have now for I have been in the War and have been in France like the Irishman that had just one shirt and had to go to bed when it was washed. Poor Pat, but many of our old soldiers are thus poor Pats, and so am I. But that time of course I had of coats galore, coats long-tailed, coats short-tailed, just as the fashion prompted. Any one of that multitudinous wardrobe of coats I could put on in the eyes of my little babe, save one coat, and when it she saw on, the little thing commenced to cry and sob in her mother's arms, who would with difficulty keep from uniting her own tears with our wee greetin' bit lassockie.

There's a baby's wail and broken speech: "Papa goin' 'way 'gain. Papa goin' 'way 'gain."

Little one, who told thee this tale?

It was the coat.

That coat was a great big travelling ulster of Irish frieze, the flapping heavy thing I took for the voyage over seas to America. When I put that coat on it said to my child, "Papa going over the sea to America again, away from his little baby, away, away," and the tears fell like rain after a drought.

Oh, so is it with Peter and us looking on, as he wraps himself in his outing himation. The coat cries, out, out, out." Peter the prisoner inside is to be Peter, the freeman outside, in a few minutes in spite of Herod's decree, and iron bars and closed doors and sentries there on their go.

"AND"—comes the command—akolouthei moi, "fall in behind—ME."

That is what the shepherd on the Greek hills says to his dog, when he orders it to heel. And shall Peter the First among the Disciples because he was first with their Master: "Thou art Peter, and on this Rock of thy Confession that I am the Christ, the Son of the Living God, I will build My Church." Thou prime Confessor on the March of the Church Militant the two Advents between, should not thy place be ever Number 1. If it be, Peter will never get out of this Roman convict hole; if it be Peter is dead at the dawn 'mid the blowing of the bugles like that Danny Deever Kipling tells us about.

"For they're hangin' Simon Peter, you can hear the Dead March play.
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him today;
They've taken of his buttons off and cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Simon Peter in the mornin'."

Something like that will be the ribald song of Herod's soldiers as they march him, shackled and manacled, to the scaffold tomorrow.

But kai-akeleuthei-moi, "Fall in behind Me," commands the Angel, and Peter in behind, his Number not 1 but 2. Number 1 is the Angel of the Lord.

Left, left, left, quick march. The Angel 1, Peter 2.

"And he went out and ekeleuth'd behind," his Captain of the Strange Light; "and wist not that it was true which was done by the Angel; but thought he saw a vision."

Left, left, left, Number 1, left, left, left, Number 2.

—"which opened to them of its own accord; and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the Angel departed from him"—spread his wings and speeding by the ultimate stars.

"And when Peter" out, out, out, "was come to himself, he said, "Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent forth His Angel and delivered me out of the hand of Herod," and of Hell.

Didn't now the freed Peter, realizing the holy secret of the Christian life; for the believer to be on the march not Number 1 but Number 2, sob low and sing high in solemn wonder and gratitude to God, the first Hebrew words of this THE SOLDIER PSALM: THE TWENTY-THIRD, **Yehovah Roi**, "The LORD is the Goer before and ahead of Me?"

I think he did.

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."
Yehovah Roi.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Would'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.
Yehovah Roi.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Shall lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night be gone,
And with the morn those Angel Faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and—lost awhile.
Yehovah Roi. THE LORD IS THE GOER BEFORE ME.

Inspiration

By REV. J. J. ROSS, D. D.

All scripture is given by inspiration of God.—II. Tim. 3:16.

The word "scripture" or "scriptures" is used fifty-two times in the Bible. Once alone is it used in the Old Testament, and that in the Book of Daniel. There it is employed to describe that eternal book in which is recorded the plans and purposes of God for the race. It is used fifty-one times in the New Testament. In a number of cases it describes the five books of Moses, while in other places it is used to describe the five books of the Psalms. Sometimes it is employed to describe the books of the prophets. In the second Epistle of Peter, we find the word used to set forth the Epistles of Paul. In the passage before us and in a number of other passages, it is employed by the Holy Spirit to describe all the books of both Old and New Testaments that were extant at the time of writing. The word itself signifies holy or divine writing. So then we may say that all the books of the New Testament as we have them are scriptures or sacred records.

That is what the apostle means when he says, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God." Clearly he claims that God the Spirit is the real inspiring and responsible Author of what we know as the Word of God. In several passages, throughout the sacred scriptures, we have the Holy Spirit mentioned as their Author. In one passage, we are told that the men who wrote the scriptures spake from God, being carried forward by the Holy Spirit. (II Peter 1: 21). In another passage we are told that it was the Holy Spirit within the minds and hearts of the writers of the Bible who bore witness of the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow (I Peter 1: 10, 11). And still in another passage, we are informed that it was the Holy Spirit Who spoke when the Psalms were written. (Heb. 3: 7, 4: 3.) It was the Holy Spirit also Who spoke when Moses wrote the books of Genesis and Leviticus. (Heb. 4: 4, 9: 6-8.) Further, it was the Holy Spirit Who manifested Himself in inspiration when Jeremiah wrote his prophecy (Heb. 10: 15.) Over and over again the New Testament claims it was the Holy Spirit Who uttered His voice when David wrote his Psalms. (Matt. 22: 43, Acts 1: 16, 4: 25.)

Now what was true of the men who wrote the Old Testament in their relation to the Holy Spirit was also true of the men who wrote

the New Testament. There are many passages that make this clear. (Ephes. 3: 15, I. Peter 1: 12, I. John 2: 20, 5: 7, Rev. 1: 10.) It is to this that the apostle refers in the passage under consideration. He affirms all scripture is given by inspiration of God. In considering this subject, we will divide it into two parts; First, the Nature of the Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures; and, Second, the Proof of the Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures.

1. In the first place then, let us notice somewhat carefully the Nature of the Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures. The apostle says, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God." What does he mean by this? In order to show what he does mean, it is imperative that we should notice what he does not mean. The divine inspiration of scripture is frequently confounded with other things, which, in themselves, to a greater or less degree, may be true.

As, for instance, the inspiration of the sacred scriptures is frequently taken to be human genius of a high order. There are a number of people at the present time who claim no more than this for the authorship of the Word of God. This theory denies that there is anything supernatural, unique, or mysterious in the manner of the working of the Holy Spirit on the minds of the men who wrote the books of the Bible. If it will be remembered that, generally speaking, the men who wrote the books of the Bible were not an educated class, and that the Bible stands today pre-eminent above every other book extant at the present, we will discover that such a theory of inspiration is an impossibility. This theory does not explain why it is that we have not a better book produced today than the Bible as we have it. If the Bible be the product of natural human genius developed or undeveloped, then surely human genius has suffered an evolution downward, since the writing of the Bible, instead of an evolution upward. Man is not on as high a plane intellectually as he was at the period when the Bible was written. No, human genius is not divine inspiration.

2. Furthermore, divine inspiration is not the mere illumination of the common Christian mind. We know that there is an illumination of the Christian mind for every one who believes on Christ and lives in fellowship with Him. There is a perception of the Spiritual man that is not in the enjoyment of the natural man. It is impossible for the natural man to understand the things of the Spirit of God, for these things are spiritually discerned. Some tell us that the writers of the Bible were simply men like ourselves, having the same weaknesses and the same limitations, and all that they enjoyed from the Holy Spirit is what Christians now enjoy to a degree.

This idea of inspiration does not explain several things. It will

not explain why it is that we have not had a better book than the Bible produced within the last few years, for the illumination of the Christian mind is brighter today than it has ever been in the history of the Christian church. There is a breadth of historic, scientific, philosophic, and experimental knowledge today that was never enjoyed by the human race. Why have we not a better Bible produced today than they produced thousands of years ago? Then this idea of inspiration does not explain how some of the men who wrote certain things in the Bible did not understand themselves what they were writing. Some of them were mere babes as far as the knowledge was concerned of some of the subjects about which they spoke. They therefore wrote away beyond the common illumination of the Christian mind. No, the common illumination of the Christian mind will not explain the divine inspiration of the scriptures.

3. We go a step further and affirm that the divine inspiration of the sacred scriptures is not mechanical dictation, or verbatim reporting. There are those who think that all the words, phrases, sentences, commas, and periods, as we have them in the Bible, were mechanically dictated by the Holy Spirit to the men who wrote the books. I think that there are samples of pure dictation in the scriptures. God said to Moses, "Write these words." And he wrote the "words" exactly as God told him. The Saviour said to the disciples, "The words that I speak unto you are not mine but the Father's Who sent Me." This is at least the exact words that were given them by the Divine Author in each case. There are samples in other writers of the books of the Bible where the words and phrases were chosen for them by God the Spirit. But when we admit that there is verbatim reporting in the sacred scriptures, that does not explain the manifest human element in the Word of God, and neither does it explain the preservation of the individuality of the different authors of the books of the Bible. Moses, Paul, and Luke write as scholars. They were educated men. John, Peter and James were humble fishermen, and they write as men who occupied that position in life. Some of the writers of the Bible were shepherds, others farmers, and still others vine-dressers, and in writing they preserved their individuality.

A very fine sample of this is given in the Gospel by Mark and the Gospel by Luke, where we have the account of the healing of the woman. It will be remembered that Luke was a physician and when he tells the story of the healing of that woman, he says that she had spent all her living upon physicians, and neither could she be healed by any. He just wanted to show that her case was incurable as far as medical, human effort was concerned. When Mark tells the story, he says that she had suffered many things of many physicians, had

spent all that she possessed and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. Now, a doctor would never tell such things concerning himself and his own profession. Thus we see the individuality of the two men who wrote that account is preserved. No, mechanical dictation does not explain the method of the production of the books of the Bible.

4. Furthermore, I wish to say that the divine inspiration of the sacred scriptures is not mere intellectual quickening. Some speak of it as "concept revival." It is claimed by those that the human mind was merely reinforced by either some natural power from within, or perhaps from some supernatural power from without. It is claimed that the men who wrote the books were 'stirred up" intellectually, emotionally, and volitionally, so that it was practically impossible for them to do other than they did. Sometimes even today men and women are stirred up and they will do, say, or write things that are impossible for them to accomplish in their normal state. Many a letter and article is written under emotion, intellectual, and volitional revival that would not be written were the man or woman "at rest."

Doubtless the Holy Spirit used these powers in the various human authors in the sublime book, but no mere quickening of the human powers, however great and intense, can explain two things that we have in the books of the Bible. It does not explain the manifest revelation to the human soul of new truth. Many of the authors of the Bible wrote things that they did not know anything about prior to the time that they wrote them. In fact, they did not understand some of the things that they did write. Then this theory of inspiraion does not explain the unmistakable supervision of tabulating and communicating old truths. Where did Luke, for instance, get his items of information concerning the human life of Christ on earth? He did not witness them himself. He got his information, as he declared himself (Luke 1: 2), from "eye witnesses." He arranged the material, and tabulated it and then set it forth as an authentic revelation from God. But someone will ask, how has the Gospel by Luke divine authority? His arrangement of the material and communication of that material, he claimed was confirmed by divine revelation. What is true in the writing of the Gospel by Luke was also true in the writing of Paul's account of the Lord's Supper. (I. Cor. 11: 23.) Paul received the story of the Supper, doubtless from the eleven, and what he said about it afterward and the application he made of it was confirmed by divine revelation. The mere quickening of human powers will not provide new truth and neither will it supervise and tabulate old truth. We have both of these in the sacred scriptures, and hence, such a theory of inspiration does not satisfy all that we have here.

5. What, then, is the divine inspiration of the sacred scriptures? The word "inspiration" as used here is nowhere else found in the Bible, and signifies "God-breathed." The apostle Peter says that the men who wrote the books of the Bible were irresistibly carried forward in thought, will and heart by the Holy Spirit. What this divine inbreathing is we find at the very beginning of the Old Testament. On the physical side of His nature, God moulded man out of the clay of the earth, and when He accomplished that act, man physically was a perfect specimen of the human body. All the bones, flesh, nerve, hair, and internal organs were there in a perfect form and relation. But the body was dead, being inactive and insensible. There was no moral, spiritual and volitional life in that body. How long it was between the time that God completed the making of that body and the time that that body became alive, active, and sensible, we have no means of ascertaining. But there came a time when God by His own wonderful power and grace breathed into that body the breath of lives, and that Adam became a living soul. When God did this, Adam became alive intellectually, emotionally, volitionally and physically. He was alive with Life from God. It is something like this that we have in the Bible. God breathed into men, dead men if you like, made them alive, then carried them forward to speak and to write, and what they spoke and wrote was alive with the Life of God even as they were. The Bible is a Living Book even as the tree is alive and as man is alive. You cut the Bible anywhere, and it bleeds. Being a Living Book, it communicates the Divine Life to the human heart, fosters that Divine Life there. Then, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, gives power to express that life. We may therefore safely say that in a real sense, the words of scripture, in the originals, as well as the thoughts, were given under the direct influence of the Holy Spirit. We claim that the Bible is in deed and in truth, the very Word of the Living God expressed in the language of men. It is truly divine, at the same time truly human. It is the revelation of God to His creatures through the human personalities who wrote the book. To them, there was given infallible divine guidance, so that they were preserved from error in what they wrote, spoke, and recorded. The human instrumentalities were the moulds; the thoughts of God was the gold that filled the moulds. The gold was His; the moulds were theirs. And hence, there are distinctly two elements in the Bible, the human and the divine.

II. We have seen what Inspiration is, and now let us look at the proofs that such an inspiration is a fact. There are so many proofs that the Bible is the result of the inspiration of God, that we can only mention a few of them, and that very briefly.

1. In the first place, we observe that the scriptures are inspired thus, because they themselves claim to be. There are many passages that make reference to this fact, but we will refer only to two of them. (II. Peter 1: 20, 21, and II. Tim. 3: 16.) The first of these passages declares that no prediction of scriptures ever came by the will of man. The word "will" in this verse carries the significance of choice, inclination, purpose, decree, plan, volition, and determination. But the passage also says that it did not come by Holy men being moved or carried forward, or borne along forcibly by the Holy Spirit. The word "carried" in this verse is significant, and conveys the idea of being driven as a ship at sea under the mercy of the winds and waves.

The second passage referred to declares that the scriptures themselves are inspired of God. It distinctly says that all scripture is inspired of God, the word inspired literally meaning God-breathed. This would imply that the book is a Living Book, being possessed of the very Life of God. Thus we see that the Bible claims for itself the Divine Inspiration.

2. In the second place, we conclude that the Bible is divinely inspired because of its unique character. What kind of a book is the Bible? It is not a book of history, nor a text-book on philosophy, nor a text-book on science, though it is not unphilosophical, nor unscientific. There is history in the Book, and good philosophy in the Book, and there are facts, many of them in the Book that are confirmed by science. But the Book itself is religious in kind. It is religious in that it deals with God and man, and the interrelationships between them. There is God, high and lifted up, and there is man humiliated, and lost on account of sin, and God in the Book is making known His Truth to man. How does He seek to make that truth known? He does so in a variety of ways; through dream, ceremony, object lesson, oral transmission, uninspired manuscripts, angel messengers, through direct word, and then by the Holy Spirit. There is no book like this one in its sublime character, as a revelation of God to man.

3. In the third place, we affirm the conclusion that the Bible is inspired of God because of its honest and perfect adaptibility to the individual, as well as to the human race in general. No book has been written by man, concerning man, that has been thoroughly honest in its account and description of man. A famous Chinese scholar who was not a Christian was invited to translate the Bible into the language of his mother tongue. He went to his task, and after some months of work, he returned to the committee and asked who the author of this book was. He had not been told that God was the Author of the Book. He said, "Whoever is the author of this Book, He knows me, and is honest with me." "In fact," he said, "whoever wrote this Book

had something to do in making me, for the Book finds me at every point." Now that is exactly what the Book declares, for it says, "It being inspired of God, it is of profit or of value to man, in that it shows man that he is wrong, in sin, tells him how to get right, and then shows him clearly how to remain right." "There is no condition of human life, and no need of the human soul, but what is provided for in this wonderful Book."

4. Furthermore, we conclude that the Bible is the result of the inspiration of God because of its manifest and recognized pre-eminence over all the other books of the ages. This is a most significant fact. According to the greatest philosophers, the greatest scientists, the greatest scholars generally, the Bible is still the Book of Books. Just think for a moment of the men who wrote the Bible. They practically all lived in one little land. They had no colleges, and with the exception of three or four of them, they never attended the higher schools of learning. They had no libraries to consult, and neither did they, that is, the great majority of them, consult with one another. The majority of these men used in the writing of this Book were uncultured, uneducated, and uncouth. They were farmers, fruit-growers, shepherds, fishermen, and tax-collectors, and yet, here they write a book which up to the present is pre-eminent in its position and influence over all the other books. You take man along every other line except this one, and he has made progress. If the Bible is the product of the mind of man merely, then surely man has degenerated. We conclude on account of the pre-eminence of the Book that man is not its author, but God alone produced it.

5. Let us advance a little further, and say that we conclude that the Bible is thus inspired of God because of the absolute correctness of its statements of facts. There are many of these that we should call attention to, but a few of them will suffice for our purpose. There are, for instance, geographical facts. We read about a certain lake, river, valley, mountain, or city being located at certain places in a certain land on the face of the globe. We go there, and we discover that what the Bible tells us about these things are all true. Then, there are historical events, or facts, and we find that they are also true. There are facts of prophecy also, and we go to the places, and find that the facts of prophecy became history even as they were foretold. Take the prophecies concerning the cities of Tyre, Sidon, Babylon, Nineveh, and many others, and we find them to be literally fulfilled exactly as they were spoken. Take the prophecies concerning the detailed events in our Lord's life. It was predicted that He would be born of a Virgin, and that in Bethlehem. It was predicted that He would be exiled into Egypt, and would return from that land

and make His home in Nazareth, and these prophecies were literally fulfilled. It was predicted that He would have a forerunner, and that He would heal all manner of diseases, and these prophecies were fulfilled. It was predicted also that He would preach the Gospel to the poor, and that He would speak in parables. These prophecies were literally fulfilled in Him. It was predicted also that He would ride into Jerusalem on the colt of an ass, which He did near the close of His earthly life. It was predicted that He would be silent in His trial, and that His death would be according to a certain method, and these prophecies were fulfilled. It was predicted, also, that He would be numbered with the transgressors, and that His clothing would be disposed of in a certain definite way. It was predicted that He would make intercession for transgressors, which He did on the Cross. It was also predicted that He would say while on the Cross, "I thirst," and that prophecy was literally fulfilled. It was predicted also that not a bone of Him would be broken, that He would be pierced, that He would be with the rich in His death, and that He would rise again on the third day. These prophecies were all literally fulfilled.

Now if you take the facts of scripture, and measure the Bible by them, we will find that there is perfect agreement. What we need to do is to put the Bible on the tenter-hooks, and we will come to the conclusion that on account of its correctness of statement, it is indeed inspired of God.

6. There is still one reason more why we believe the Bible to be the Inspired Word of God, and that is its indestructibility. Many have tried to destroy the Bible, but without success. It is madness on the part of man to think that he could destroy this Book. There are sixteen hundred millions of people in the earth today, and there is a copy of the Bible extant in the earth for every man, woman and child living. The Bible is in the jungles of Africa, the rice-fields of China and of India, and among the mountains of North America. How difficult it would be to destroy it. All that logic can do, all that human genius can invent, and all that human hate can inspire, has been concentrated on the destruction of the Word of God, but all to no avail. The Bible has gone on conquering and to conquer.

7. I wish to say in conclusion that the Bible is thus inspired of God because of its manifest unity. Just think of it for a moment. About forty different human authors wrote the Book. The period of time covered in the writings of the Book was about sixteen hundred years. Among the men who wrote there was a variety in nationality, education, position, and advantage. These men, many of them, never saw each other, and did not know each other, and they wrote a book, and the book is marked for its unity throughout. There is unity of

subject. All these books agree perfectly on the subject of God, of man, of sin, of redemption, and of eternity. Their unity is gathered around about one Person. In the first part of the Bible there is an earnest, eager search for a perfect priest, but he is not found. In the second part of the Bible, there is search for a perfect king on the part of the people, but he is not found. In the third part of the Bible, there is search for a perfect prophet, and he is not found. And we come into the past part of the Bible, the New Testament, and we find that the perfect Priest, the perfect Prophet, and the perfect King are all found in one Person, the Lord Jesus Christ. The Bible throughout is unified in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

How can we account for this perfect unity in this wondrous library of sixty-six books? The answer to this question is not difficult. Suppose that forty different men, at different times, of different nationalities, and of different positions, not knowing each other, would accomplish the following. Suppose one of them would take five stones of different shape, size, and colors, and place them in a pile in a field. Suppose another one sometime afterward would bring a second stone and put it on the pile, then another and another would bring an average of one stone to fourteen stones, and place them on that pile, and when all were placed, there would be a perfect statue. What would be our conclusion? Some would say, "This is a miracle."We certainly could conclude three things regarding the statue: First, one mind planned it; second, one plan was carried through it; and, third, many worked according to that one plan. Or, let us visit a clock or watch factory, which I have done. Here we see the case, dial, hands, springs, many wheels, and jewels and screws. The expert puts them all together. They all fit; there are none missing, there are none too many; when the work is done, the little instrument is living and tells correctly the time of day. What would be our conclusions regarding this matter? Surely we can safely conclude three things: First, here is the intelligence of one mind, the carrying out of one plan, and, third, the work of many persons.

A few years ago, we travelled from Switzerland down into Italy, passing through the San Gothard Tunnel. The story of that tunnel is wonderful in many respects. Two gangs of men were set at work at the same time on the two sides of the mountain. They began cutting into the mountain, each gang not knowing exactly where the other was. They cut and pushed the bore for months and months, and when their work was finished, after cutting about twenty-three miles, they met, and they were not an inch out of line. What may be our safe conclusions regarding this? One mind, one plan, and many men working according to that one mind and one plan.

Some forty writers composed sixty-six books. They wrote their books during a period of about sixteen hundred years. Three hundred years later, they brought their books together and arranged them. Into this library, the scholarship of the centuries has delved. They all say, "Here is unity." What is the conclusion? It is manifestly three-fold. A single mind or intelligence, and that Divine, is manifest throughout. No one human mind spanned the centuries of the sixteen hundred years covered in the writing of the Bible. Further, a single plan underlies all of these books, and that plan is for the redemption of the race. Then surely we may conclude that many men according to the single mind and the single plan, wrote the Bible. The Bible is, therefore, divinely inspired, and hence, the very Word of the Living God.

> "Whence but from Heaven could men unskilled in arts
> In several ages born, in several parts,
> Weave such agreeing truths? or how or why
> Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
> Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
> Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price."

"The Condition of Discipleship"

By REV. JOHN ROACH STRATON, D. D., Pastor, Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

Text: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."
—Matt. 16: 24.

It is a great joy, my dear friends, to be privileged to be with you on this happy and inspiring occasion and to bring the closing message for the Winona Bible Conference of 1922.

As a text for tonight, I have selected those words of the Master as found in the 16th chapter of Matthew and the 24th verse: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

This text sets forth the condition of discipleship but not the way of salvation. The means of salvation are clearly given in scripture, as repentance for sin and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The text sets forth the proof of discipleship only, though its conditions constitute the test of salvation.

The meeting with the Pharisees and the Sadducees, recounted in the earlier verses of this chapter, was followed by the dialogue between Jesus and His disciples concerning His deity. With a flash of heavenly insight, Peter had confessed, "Thou art the Son of the Living God." But almost in the next breath this same Peter, who had had a revelation from heaven, fell under the influence of the spirit of evil and Jesus had to rebuke him, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

So Jesus saw the necessity of teaching them the true conception of discipleship. He here entered into this new teaching, using Himself by way of illustration. "From that time forth began Jesus to shew unto His disciples how that He must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day." (Matt. 16: 21.) They could not understand this teaching—the divine Messiah, just fully revealed, crucified! And it was because of Peter's demurring to this teaching that Jesus rebuked him, and then He said unto them, in practical effect, "Not only must I bear the cross and die, but you also—all of my human followers—must pass through a like experience. If any

man will come after Me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

Denying Self

The first condition then, of discipleship as laid down here, is denying self. What does this mean? It does not mean what we call "self-denial." Self-denial may really minister to self. If we are to practice self-denial for a period of time, or during a whole season, to the end that we may with better conscience enjoy the pleasures of this world for the remainder of the year, then such self-denial is positively vicious.

No, denying self is infinitely deeper than that. It means literally the dethroning of self. What is self? Self is the essence of personality. Self is the true man of the inner nature. There are three elements in a human personality, the judgment, the affections, and the will. The judgment approves the things that we accept; the affections clamor for the things we desire; and the will is that royal power which says to the judgment, "you shall have the thing you can approve," and to the affections, "you shall be given the things you desire."

The sum total of these forces, then, is self, and Jesus says here to us that this self must be denied. That means that we must say "No" to self, in order that we may say "Yes" to Christ. It means that we must enlighten our human judgment by divine truth; that we must set our affections on things in heaven, not upon things upon the earth; and that we must bow our wills to God's will. It means, in a word, that our human natures must abdicate the throne, in order that the Divine Nature may come in and "dwell richly in us" both "to will and to do of His good pleasure."

It is apparent from this, therefore, that this utterance of Jesus cuts to the very quick. It goes down to the foundation. Now observe very carefully that Jesus did not say, "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me." We hear a great deal of that sort of talk today. We are told that we must "follow Jesus as our example," that we must ask ourselves "what would Jesus do?", etc. And all of this merely skims the surface of the Christian life. How can we follow Jesus unless we have first denied self? No man can take up the cross until he has first denied himself. The divine nature must supplant the old human nature, until we can say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ." Then the bearing of the cross will be a comparatively easy matter, and through the doing of duty, we will issue out into delight.

Two Elements of Denying Self

It becomes evident, from these considerations, that really to follow Jesus and to be His true disciple means two things, at the lowest pos-

sible estimate. First, it means that we must give up for God. But, much deeper than that, it means that we must give up to God. Here, for example, is Abraham. God said to him, "Come out of thy father's house to the land that I will shew thee. Leave all of this wonderful civilization here in the Mesopotamian Valley—these comforts of your father's house, these rare fellowships with your friends and loved ones —all of these soft luxuries and delights of living, leave them and follow Me."

And Abraham obeyed God. We can imagine the amazement of his worldly-minded neighbors and friends. We can imagine some boon companion saying to him, "What is this I hear? Are you really going to leave us? What is this wild-goose chase? They tell me that you are actually thinking of pulling out and leaving all of us and going out to the wilderness."

And we can see the far-away look of the mystic in the eye of Abraham, and we can hear the tremor in his voice, that the men of the world could not understand, as he answered simply: "Yes, I am going out to the wilderness to find God."

And thus Abraham gave up for God. Oh, but that was not all for Abraham! Yonder we see him again—an old man now—climbing the heights of Mt. Moriah. A bright, beautiful lad is by his side. The fagots for a sacrifice are under his arm, and a long knife is in his waistband. We can hear the little lad saying, wonderingly, "My father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?"

Ah, yes, where is the lamb? God was purging Abraham by fire. God had promised him that his seed should be like the stars of the heaven and like the sands of the seaside for multitude; and in his old age He had given him Isaac; and his heart had been flooded with the joy and the wonder of it all—the realization that God was fulfilling His promises.

But God had suddenly said unto him: "Take now thy son, thy only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering, upon one of the mounts which I will tell thee of." (Gen. 22: 2.)

And as Abraham climbed that height he was saying "Yes" to God. He denied himself. His judgment was that that lad should live, for he saw no other way for the fulfillment of God's promise. His affection, like a strong floodtide, surged about that boy, for the very life of the old man was in the boy; and his will clamored and demanded that the boy should live.

But God had said the opposite. And as Abraham climbed the height, he gave up to God. He had given up for God when he left his

father's house; but now he denied himself, and took up his cross, and followed God!

Ah, yes, dear friends, the great truths of religion cut to the very heart. There is no middle ground, and there is no easy way out. The demand of Jesus Christ upon us is inexorable. And yet, through it, we issue out into glory and real happiness.

We rejoice that God turned aside the stroke from Isaac, and restored him to Abraham, when He found that he was willing and that he had faith. But these two things He requires also of us—that we shall give up for God, which is easy, and that we shall give up to God, which is hard.

Giving Up an Only Daughter

I have a dear friend, the editor of one of the great religious journals of our country, and he has an only daughter—a most beautiful and billiant young woman. She has every grace of body and every charm of mind. I have noticed in recent times that I never meet this friend without finding, soon or late, a little pensive element coming into the conversation, and that always he mentions, in some connection, the fact that Margaret is soon to be married and that she is marrying a missionary—a splendid, stalwart youth who served his country with heroism in the Great War, and who is now going to China to serve Jesus as a soldier of the Cross, and that he is to take this dear girl from my friend's home with him across those distant seas.

The last time that I was with this friend, once more the conversation came around to this matter, which is much upon his heart, and he said to me: "I heard the other day an incident that greatly interested me. A rich man was down on the water-front watching the departure of a great ocean liner. He was walking up and down the dock with a rather complacent air. He was joined by an acquaintance, who said to him, "You seem to be much pleased about something.' "Yes,' said the rich man, 'I do feel unusually good today. Do you see that vessel just dropping out into the North River? Well, I have on that vessel $10,000 worth of equipment for a hospital in China. I made that gift at the instance of a missionary friend. I am greatly pleased that I had the privilege of doing that, and I just came down to see the vessel safely off.' And then the friend said to him, 'Well, that is interesting, and I am glad you made that gift! But,' he said, 'you know, I also have a gift on that ship. My only daughter is on the vessel, going to China as a foreign missionary.' And the rich man stopped and looked swiftly into his friend's eyes and then exclaimed, 'My God, man! I haven't given anything, have I?' "

Jesus Denying Self

All through His life, Jesus denied Himself. He said "No" to self

in every time of testing. Yonder upon the mount of temptation He refused to satisfy His physical hunger by the use of His divine power in turning the stones into bread. He said "No" when the devil appealed to His self. Yonder again, He stands before Pilate, and Pilate could not understand this strange man. Pilate was full of the selfishness of Rome and the self-seeking of the practical politician, and he looked down in amusement at Christ, as He stood before the throne. He saw that Christ understood that, as ruler, he had the power of life or death over Him, and that a word from him would save His life. We can imagine Pilate's mental attitude: "What does it mean, young man, that you make no defense, that you give no answer? Do you understand that I am the Roman ruler? I have the power of giving or taking your life. Come, now, what defense will you make?" And Jesus answered never a word, because He had denied self and knew that His duty pointed Him to the cross as the Saviour of the lost race!

For yonder, under the dark trees of the Garden, the final fight had been won. In His human weakness Jesus prayed, "If possible,"—no, stronger now than that!—"if possible, O Father, let this cup pass from me;" but very quickly and decisively He added then—even though His soul was in "travail" and drops of bloody sweat stood upon His brow—"nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done!" And there our Lord, in the final, supreme crisis, gave up for God and gave up to God.

> "Love took up the harp of life
> And smote on all its chords with might,
> Smote the chord of self that, trembling,
> Passed in music out of sight."

So Jesus went from the Garden to the Cross, and from the Cross to the rock-hewn tomb, and then out of the tomb to glory and His eternal crown!

For when we bear the cross in faithfulness, the crown always comes. And this is the joy of the Christian philosophy of life. We come up to the cross with our human vision, and we look at it. There it lies, forbidding, rough, and cold, and we shrink from it. Oh, the horror of having these hands pierced with the cruel nails, driven into the palpitating flesh and through to the tough fibre of the wood beneath! And, oh, the shame and misery! And, oh, the pain of the spear thrust through the quivering side! So we shrink from it in horror. And yet the wonder and the blessedness of it! When we pick up the Cross, it is transformed into a ladder, and upon it we climb, and climb, and climb, away from the world, with its false delusions and seductions—we climb, and climb the heights to glory!

Christ and the Keys

Yes, dear friends, this is the condition of discipleship; and, better than that, it is also the only way to human happiness; and, better still, it is the way to heavenly glory, for the disciple is finally to know the joy of his Lord!

That beautiful story of the keys, which one dear child of God has told us, very sweetly brings the truth home to our hearts. He had had a dream, and in his dream Jesus came and knocked at his door. When he opened it, there stood his Lord. In surprise and some confusion he exclaimed: "Why, good morning, dear Master!" And the Master smiled graciously upon him and said, "I have come to see you." "Why, certainly, Lord, come in." And the Lord came in, and his host, in some agitation, glanced hurriedly at this corner and the other of the room, and to the center table to see that everything that ought not to be there was out of sight. Then the Master said to him: "But, perhaps, you do not understand—I have come to stay all the time." "Why, certainly, dear Lord, I am delighted," replied the man. "Then," said Jesus, "since I have come to stay all the time, I will want to come and go freely, and so I will ask you for the keys to the house." "Certainly, Lord, I will have a duplicate set made at once and turn them over to you," said the man, and so he did.

But as Jesus took the keys and looked at them, He glanced swiftly at His host and said: "Well, I am sorry you cannot trust me—Goodbye!" and went walking swiftly away. But the man stopped Him and said, "Master, wait! What is it? Why do you leave, dear Master?"

And then Jesus flashed upon him one of those looks, such as Peter saw when he denied Him—a look, tender and yet terrible, as He said: "These are not all of the keys." "Why, no, Master," said the man, "they are all, except the one key, the little key to my own secret drawer, where I keep my private papers and my own personal affairs." "Yes," said Jesus, "that is true; and, as I said, I am sorry you cannot trust Me." And again He started walking away. But the man, running after Him once more, said, "Stop, Master! Stop!" and rushing up, he extended his hand and said, "Here, dear Lord, is the old bunch of keys!"

"Oh the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:
'All of self, and none of Thee.'

Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree;

Heard Him pray, 'forgive them, Father,'
And my wistful heart said faintly:
'Some of self and some of Thee.'

Day by day, His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and oh, so patient,
Brought me lower while I whispered:
'Less of self and more of Thee.'

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,
Grant me now my soul's desire,
'None of self and all of Thee.' "

The Connection Between Rationalism in the Pulpit and Worldliness in the Pew

By REV. JOHN ROACH STRATON, D. D.

As a foundation for our thought together, I wish to quote to you a very remarkable summary as given by the apostle John in his first epistle, the second chapter, the 15th to 17th verses. John says here:

> "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

"Love not the world!" What world? Surely not the beautiful world of nature around us! Christ was the creator of this world and the Lord of nature was also a lover of nature, as His sermon illustrations and His methods of life amply prove.

On a horse-back journey some years ago, through the Holy Land, I found myself longing constantly to find some spot of earth where I could realize that I was standing on the exact spot where the feet of Jesus had stood.

But I did not find it in any of the earlier part of my journey. Again and again, I came to localities where I knew that Jesus had been, but the gnawing tooth of Time had so altered material conditions that I could not feel that I was standing literally where He had stood.

But one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon that experience came to me. I stood alone on the highest hill just outside the quaint little city of Nazareth and I knew then that my feet were resting on the exact spot where the feet of Jesus had surely stood. No boy would have grown up in Nazareth without climbing to that commanding height, and my heart was moved with profound emotion as I stood there in the quiet of the evening hour. It is a wonderful panorama of nature

which one sees from that vantage point, and I think that often Jesus, as His ardent and mystical young soul expanded, must have gone to that height to look out upon the beauties and the glories there revealed. He must have looked upon the wide plain of Esdraelon which lay beneath Him, and even though His physical eye could not see the glories of His native land in their further reaches. I have loved to think that those wonderful pictures would come crowding in upon His memory and imagination. Yonder, to the South and West, would be the rugged crest of Carmel, and the foam-fringed blue Mediterranean; beyond to the North He would have glanced toward the highlands associated with many historical incidents in the life of His people, and over there outlined in the majesty against the soft blue of the sky would stand Mount Hermon, crowned with His eternal diadem of gleaming snow, and stretching away from the foot of that majestic peak, the long, mysterious gash of the Jordan Valley, dropping 1200 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, with its sparkling Sea of Galilee at one end, and the sullen Sea of Death at the other, and beyond, the hills and vales of Gilead and the blue mountains of Moab, and still beyond that, as His eager imagination stimulated His memory, would lie the dread and tawny sands of the Arabian desert.

Yes, Jesus was a lover of nature, as devout followers of God before Him and since have ever been. The Hebrew psalmist exclaimed: "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork," and we ought to love the wonderful world that the good God has given us for our home. As we look upon the soft sweetness of the springtime, the ardent glory of the summer, the pensive charms of autumn, marching in crimson and gold to the grave, and even as we see the white majesty and the austere grandeur of winter, the world's message of beauty finds its echo in our hearts.

The Corrupt World Order

But there is another "world" against which the word of God warns us in the most emphatic terms. It is the **present corrupt world order**, "lying in the evil one," as the Bible says. It is dominated by Satan. Its conditions and forces are hostile to the highest interests of the soul and destructive of man's moral and religious life. The world thus understood is the sum total of those forces which set the carnal over against the spiritual, which glorify the temporal at the expense of the eternal, and which exalt the earthly above the heavenly.

So John follows the example of Jesus in warning us strongly against this evil world. He tells us that worldliness has a three-fold manifestation: "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life." This, my friends, is a marvelously comprehensive

summary, an illustration of how accurate and exhaustive the Word of God is. All of the forces of worldliness that war against the soul are comprehended under these three classifications. Let us study them together tonight: It is very interesting to observe that these three things were present in the great historic temptations: the temptation of our first parents in the Garden of Eden, and the temptation of the "Second Adam" upon the heights.

The Lust of the Flesh

I ask you to think, first of all, of what John calls "the lust of the flesh." This includes all the corrupt bodily desires and fleshly appetites. There are legitimate bodily desires, and appetites that are wholesome and true, but these natural forces are often perverted into that which is sensuous and devilish.

When the devil tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden it is said that, "The woman saw that the tree was good for food." (Gen. 3: 6.) The tempter took a normal bodily desire that was legitimate, but touched it with his diabolical power and turned it, for her, into an unholy desire, because it meant disobedience to God for her to indulge it. The same tempter came to Jesus after His long fast, and upon the Mount of Temptation he said to Him: "Command that these stones become bread." (Matt. 4: 3.) As with Eve, he appealed to the normal, the natural and the legitimate, but in such a way that it was evil. He tried to persuade Christ, on the advice of evil, to use His divine powers for selfish ends.

So today the lust of the flesh, through the activities of the devil, seeks to overmaster the soul. The Bible says that: "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh," and one or the other must come into final mastery and dominate the life. In other words, the individual will become either a worldlian, seeking gratification in the things of this world and serving the kingdom of Satan, or he will become a child of God and seek his satisfactions in the higher realm of spiritual things—a true subject of the kingdom of Heaven.

Ah, how these lusts of the flesh, through the wiles of the devil, are today seeking to tear down and destroy the souls of men! There has never been a day, my friends, in our modern age when the impulses of animalism have so swept the world as they are doing at the present time. The wave of immorality which is menacing the integrity, even of our boys and girls in their tender years, has had an origin that is easily traced. It dates from that time when the dark and sinister shadow of Darwinism first fell across the fair fields of human life. If man is a descendant of the beast, instead of a child of God, then we need not be surprised if we find him inclined to live like a beast. Monkey men make monkey morals, and a false and godless material-

istic philosophy, that glorifies the flesh at the expense of the spirit, is the one colossal menace of today.

Take, for example, the field of literature. The moral sewage of the world through the columns of the yellow press, is being sent into millions of American homes every twenty-four hours, and magazines that even ten years ago were wholesome and sweet and maintained a high standard of literary excellence, are now so loathsome and so saturated with sensualism—both in their pictures and their reading matter—that they ought not to be allowed in any decent home, particularly where boys and girls are growing up.

Take, again, the modern dances. They have come, not from above, but from below. They have come up from the underworld, and say what we will about them, and desire, as we may, to be charitable and fair, nevertheless it is manifestly true that their seductive fascinations center around the lust of the flesh. If not, then why is it that every effort to have the sexes separated in the dance and to have men dance with men and women with women utterly and laughably fails?

Take, again, the question of woman's dress in this modern age. I haven't the time to discuss this question in any detail. I will have to be brief. But it is a brief subject! When it comes to woman's dress, particularly in the upper circles of our American society, there is scarcely enough to talk about! Two men were attending the theatre in New York. They had come up from one of the country towns. The men looked across the gleaming expanse of necks and shoulders and arms and backs and fronts. Then one of them turned to the other and said: "Jim, doesn't the Bible say that after Adam and Eve ate the apple they knew they were naked?" "Yes," replied his friend, "I think it does say something like that." "Well, Jim," said the other, "judging from the situation here tonight, don't you think it is about time to pass the apples again?"

I only say, in passing from this painful subject, that the true purpose of dress is utility and beauty, and not sex appeal. It would be just as logical and just as legitimate for men to begin to dress with a view to sex appeal as it is for women so to do. God's word has given us the true standard in this matter, as in all other matters, and Christian women today have a supreme call to make determined warfare upon this unholy manifestation of the lust of the flesh. For myself I delight in the conviction that American women are prevailingly sound at heart, and I look forward with high hopes to that hour when our women will draw up a new declaration of independence and refuse to be dominated longer by foreign fashion masters, or to wear the dresses that are sent over from the demi mondes of degenerate Paris!

The Lust of the Eyes

The second form of worldliness is "the lust of the eyes." This is concerned with what we call taste, as distinguished from appetite. The things that we see with the eyes, that we are led by the devil to admire and desire and long for, become destructive forms of worldliness. It has been so from the beginning of the devil's temptations in this world. It is written in Genesis that: "The woman **saw** that the tree was a **delight to the eyes.**" The devil appealed to Eve's esthetic sensibilities, as well as to her appetite for good. And again, when Jesus was tempted, it is said: "The devil taketh Him up into an exceeding high mountain and **showed Him** all the **kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.**" In both of these temptations the appeal was to the sense of beauty and splendor and glory—a sense which in its God-directed state is normal and harmless, but which perverted by the devil is ruinous to the soul.

I pass by any consideration of the great sin of covetousness which falls naturally under the lust of the eye: the greed for gold, and the desire for jewels, and other treasures upon which the eye so fondly lingers.

I wish, rather, at this point, to sound a note of warning in regard to the art of today. True art has a legitimate place in the scheme of human life, but it is possible for art to be debased, and when it is controlled by the devil, it may completely blind itself to the beauty of holiness, which is the greatest beauty of all. The art of today seems, more and more, to be forgetting its spiritual ideals, and giving rein to license, so that its loveliness allies itself to foulness. When art repudiates ethical motives and erects the standard of "art for art's sake," without any responsibility to God, it becomes a nightmare and a horror that debases the individual soul and debauches the race. Much of that which parades itself today in painting and, particularly, upon the stage, as "art," is really abomination and should be banished from the walks of decent society.

That was an interesting sidelight on the dangerous drift toward the acceptance of low moral ideals in our modern life which occurred recently in Chicago. A famous Russian baritone had been announced to sing as a member of the Chicago Opera Company. This man had become notorious because of a scandal in which he was involved with a young woman. He had been put out of a leading hotel in Chicago, and arrested on the charge of violating the Mann Act. He and his female companion were deported, but he later returned to America and, though detained at Ellis Island for a while, pressure was brought to bear upon the State Department, and he was finally allowed to enter the country. The President of the Chicago Church Federation

sent a letter to the directors of the opera company, in which he made the point that this man should not be allowed to sing because of his notorious immorality. When told by a newspaper man of the objection to his appearance, the singer said: "One does not expect an artist to be moral, does one?" and then he added: "It is foolish to expect what cannot happen." Then we are told that other members of the opera company rushed to the singer's defense, among them being the leading lady—a world famous "star." The executive director of the opera company said: "The character of an artist is not a matter of importance to the audience. An audience buys tickets for the performance with no thought as to what the artists' off-stage life may be."

Here, then, we have it boldly and baldly stated that even notorious moral iniquity should be disregarded in the name of art, and this brings us to the disease from which the modern stage is suffering. Dramatic art has been strangled by commercialism in the very house of its friends, and no "art" which capitalizes the sacrifice of female modesty and makes public display of those womanly charms which God Almighty has designed for pure and holy purposes, ought to be tolerated for a moment in decent and civilized society. There is something far more valuable than "art," and that is female chastity and masculine honor, for these things are the foundations of marriage, home life, the proper rearing of a new generation, and everything else that makes society safe and sweet. The sensuous appeal to the lust of the eyes made today on stage and screen is undermining right ideals from one end of the continent to the other.

We need to remember that God is the Supreme Artist, God is the Creator of Harmony and Beauty. With flashing planets and silvering moons and golden suns as His pigments, with the hand of Omnipotence as His brush, and the blue of an infinite sky for His canvass, God has painted the supreme masterpiece; and this God of Beauty says unto us: "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Let the art and the artists of today obey God and follow righteousness and redeem art from that which is defiling it, lest it degenerate into utter paganism and heathensim through the glorification of those lusts of the eye which destroy the soul!

The Vainglory of Life.

The third form of worldliness against which the Word of God specifically warns us, is false pride or the "vainglory of life." We find this also in the great historic temptations. The devil said to Eve in the Garden: "Ye shall be as God." He appealed to her pride and created in her a false ambition, and this thirst of vainglory was one of the things that led to her fall. So, also, with the Master in His

temptation, the devil said: "Cast Thyself down from hence, and it is written: 'He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee.'" The devil thus sought to have Christ make a vain display of His powers. He tried to induce Him to win the applause of the multitude and to gain a ready credence on their part to His Messiahship by a vain and startling dramatic display.

And the devil still comes with his subtle seductions to create a wrong attitude towards life and our fellowmen, and thus to harm the soul and to lead us away from that modesty and humility of spirit which are the truest marks of real greatness and which bring us into fellowship with God.

All egotism, all false pride—whether of family, or clan, or country—everything that leads to ostentation, and, as we express it in the language of the street, makes one "show off"—all that leads to boasting about our possessions or our achievements, or our social connections, all of the things that make us swagger or that puff us up and give us the spirit of braggadocio and boasting—these belong to the vainglory of life, and they are not of the Father but are of the world.

And above all, conceit over learning, the arrogance of knowledge, which we often see paraded today, belongs to this sin. When the devil tempted our first parents he claimed to see behind the divine law. God had said: "Thou shalt not eat of the tree that is in the midst of the garden," and he warned that if they did eat they would die. The devil lied to Eve and told her that he knew better than God—that they would not surely die. He claimed a superior knowledge and deeper understanding of truth. He contradicted God's Word, and appealed to the vanity of Eve by promising if she would disobey God and eat of the forbidden fruit, she should have also a higher knowledge. He promised our first parents that, through rejection of God's Word, they would "be as gods, **knowing good and evil.**"

And this, my friends, is what the devil is still striving to do—to deny and overthrow God's Word. The supreme religious issue of this age of theological turmoil is: **Do we believe God?** Not, note you, do we believe **about God?** All men who are rationally balanced and have any capacity for thought, believe something about some sort of god. The great question is: Do we **believe God?** God claims to have spoken through his revelation, and I say that the one overshadowing religious issue of today is this: Do we believe God, or will we believe the devil's lie once more and repudiate the Word of God and fall into the devil's trap through intellectual pride and vainglory?

True Scholarship and False

We have no quarrel with true and devout scholarship. We are indebted forever to those godly men who have devoted their lives to

exploring and expounding for us the rich treasures of God's truth, and in whatever age or country we find such men, we see that spiritual modesty has always accompanied the highest intellectual and scholarly achievements. Newton, after his epoch-making discovery of the attraction of gravitation, when praised for his scientific achievements, said modestly that he had done but little. He said: "I feel like a little child who has only picked up a few pebbles beside the vast ocean of truth," and Keppler, following his monumental discoveries in the field of astronomy, exclaimed, with profound reverence—yea, with the true impulses of worship: "I have been thinking God's thoughts after Him."

Contrast this spirit with the vanity and the self-assertiveness of some of the half-baked professors of today. Thank God, the true culture is not in any sense antagonistic to true Biblical traditional Christianity, nor is true Christianity antagonistic in any sense to true culture. Indeed, such Christianity is the mother of the world's best culture. Old-time Christian truth has been through the ages the fountain-head of art, music and literature. From Biblical Christianity painters have gotten their greatest subjects and bards have drawn their highest themes. Dante's majestic genius was nurtured by her; Milton's muse was the child of her generous breast, and the most glowing pages which Shakespeare's genius produced are brightened by the principles for which she stands. In the spirit of such Christianity law has been rounded out to its highest perfection, government is being made free, and philosophy has drawn her best stores of truth.

Before the culture of true scholarship, with its modesty of manner and the beautiful humility of spirit which deep learning ever brings, we should bow in reverence and gratitude, and from this scholarship nothing is to be feared.

But there is a shallow scholarship, a bastard "learning," and a "science falsely so called," which are foes to Christianity. These were well illustrated by the haughty and vain philosophers of Athens, who, imagining in their egotism and pride of intellect that they had all the truth of the universe, said, in condescending manner of the Apostle Paul: "Let us turn aside now and see what this babbler will say." Those foolish rationalists have perished forever, but that "babbler," at whom they sneered, has overturned and transformed the world by the teaching of the practical truth and the simple faith which he held.

So to the destructive critic and the rationalist of today anyone who refuses to swallow their speculations is a "babbler." He is not a "modern man." He is antiquated! He belongs back with the stage coach, the flint-lock rifle, and the hoop-skirt. If he dares to think of a

supernatural world and a transcendent, miracle-working God, and if he accepts the Bible at its face value as a revelation from such a God, it is insinuated that he is either "unintelligent" or "intellectually dishonest," and that he cannot understand "modern philosophy."

For these "modern men," who are forever labeling themselves "scholars," who sneeze every time a German skeptic takes snuff, who are "ever learning, but never come to the knowledge of the truth," who are not themselves creators of thought, but who merely rehash, analyze and say "Me, too," to what others have written, I confess that I have scant regard. I have read their books, and I have seen some of them in their class-rooms, and instead of humility and modesty, it seems that this part of the "new learning" too often produces in its devotees a marked egotism, haughtiness and pride of intellect. I have seen some of these young professors come into their class-rooms, flushed with the exercise of the golf links, with their golf trousers tucked in at the knee and their shoes daintily tied with ribbons, and begin a lecture to a class of young preachers by opening the Bible, without even a word of prayer, after which they proceeded to cut it up into fragments, to the accompaniment of dogmatic assertions about "what the 'modern man' can believe and what the 'modern man' cannot believe."

Some of these men are so vain that they actually arrogate to themselves greater knowledge than was possessed by Jesus Christ Himself. They speak condescendingly of Jesus' lack of scientific knowledge and they set their opinions on authorship and predictive prophecy and all such questions in opposition to the judgments of the Son of God. They blasphemously assert that their finite minds have absorbed more knowledge in these matters than the Lord of Glory Himself possessed when in the flesh He walked this earth.

Rationalism and Worldliness.

This pride of intellect, this form of the "vainglory of life," is one of the curses of our age, and I wish now to point out the very significant fact that the main fountain-head from which the destructive forces of worldliness today are coming, is precisely this false knowledge and the pride of intellect that goes with it.

Let me make this matter concrete by a real illustration. A little while ago in New York I preached a sermon in which I warned Christians against the seductions of worldliness. I pointed out the destructive influence upon the spiritual life, of dancing, attendance upon the corrupt modern theatre, etc. The New York papers reported this sermon at length, and then an enterprising newspaper man decided that he would get still another "story" upon the situation. He went to a number of the leading preachers in New York and asked them if

they agreed with the views that I had expressed upon this subject of worldly amusements. Several pastors of influential churches in New York gave interviews in which they took issue with me and defended the dance and the theatre.

But the enterprising reporter did not stop simply by asking them their attitude toward worldly amusements. He evidently was alive to the situation in the religious world, and so he asked the same men another question as to their attitude upon the inspiration of the Bible, Darwinism, etc.

Now, to me, it was highly significant that these men, in replying to these questions, gave away the fact that they had really lost faith in the Bible as the Word of God and, therefore, as an authority on human life and conduct. One of these preachers, as quoted in the papers, said: "The purpose of religion is not to save a soul from hell but to redeem a world and make it beautiful and wholesome in every aspect of its life." But Jesus said: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," and He said that in connection with the redemption of an individual—Zacchaeus, the publican. Jesus not only declared His mission to be the saving of lost souls, but He also said to His followers: "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you;" but this modern New York preacher utterly repudiated this teaching of the Master.

Another one of the preachers, who gave those interviews, admitted that he had only what he called a "technical" belief in the inspiration of the Bible. He meant that he, and the preachers for whom he spoke, professed to believe in the inspiration of the Bible in order to get by with their churches, but in their hearts they really do not believe it at all. So, in his interview, this preacher went on to express his doubts about the Biblical account of the creation, and admitted his acceptance of Darwinism.

Now, the significant point is that these men who openly championed the dance, the theatre, etc., also, in the same interviews, admitted that they had departed from the Old Faith. **Here, then, we have it right out in the full light of day—worldliness and selfish social indulgences being justified and excused by preachers who really no longer believe the Bible and who reject its authority!**

The hearts of faithful and devout believers from one end of this continent to the other have been deeply grieved in recent years by the insidious growth of worldliness in the churches and the paralyzing of the spiritual lives of many church members—particularly the rising generation—by these things. I make bold here and now to assert that the fountain-head of this ruinous worldliness is rationalism and unbelief concerning the Word of God and the great truths of

religion. Yes, my friends, rationalism in the pulpit leads immediately and inevitably to worldliness in the press. Departure from the Word of God always carries with it departure from the Way of God. The Way of God is holiness, and faith is the only force that can overcome the world.

I charge it home deliberately upon these brethren that they and their false teaching are causing the spiritual wreck and ruin today. They are not only drugging the minds of their hearers with unbelief, but they are likewise wrecking their spiritual lives. I do not know, for example, a single church where dancing and other such worldly things are indulged in that is not presided over by a radical preacher.

For example, Dr. Fosdick, a Baptist preacher, who preaches regularly at a Presbyterian church in New York, preached, a short time ago, against the Fundamentalists. In this sermon he rejected the Virgin birth, the true inspiration of the scriptures, the vicarious atonement, and the second coming of our Lord. This sermon was then printed in pamphlet form and has been sent all over the country. I happened by chance to get hold of a copy of the church calendar for the Sunday in which distribution of that printed sermon was announced. That calendar contained two notices that were to me interesting and significant. One notice announced that any who desired a copy of Dr. Fosdick's sermon on the Fundamentalists could get it in the vestibule of the church; and right with it, there was another notice announcing a dance in the church Friday night of that week. Thus scepticism in the pulpit and worldliness in the pew stood linked arm in arm.

A prominent Philadelphia pastor took me severely to task some time ago because I had dared to rebuke some of these worldly indulgences from my own pulpit in New York. He was quoted in the papers as calling me a "sensational pulpiteer." I was not surprised at his attitude as reflected in the newspaper reports because before that I had learned that he was having dances for his young people in his church, and that he was also antagonistic to the Lord's Day Alliance of his city.

Illustrations of Worldliness Within the Church

Beyond any question, my friends, there has, in recent years, been a marked and tragic decline in spirituality among American church members. This is proved by an ever-increasing worldliness and self indulgence on their part. Now, this tendency has been exactly contemporaneous with the growth of rationalism within the ranks of religious leaders. Bear with me while I give you some concrete illustrations showing just how far many churches and church people have gone on this downward road.

Take, for example, the case of the now famous 'Bal Bleu" ball against which I protested when it was held in the Ritz Carlton Hotel in New York. That ball was announced through full page display advertisements in the New York papers. I have copies, and the advertisement was a curiosity. Some of these times I think I will start a museum for religious freaks and monstrosities, and I will certainly have a copy of that advertisement as one of the exhibits in the museum. The first line of the advertisement, in big letters that extended across the entire top of the page, announced "the 'Bal Bleu' ball." Now, that far, it is all right. If people in this free country cannot find anything better to do than to get together for a hugging match set to music, they have a right in this free country to do it, and if they wish to spend $1,500.00 a page for an advertisement announcing the affair, they can do that! But the second line of this advertisement was remarkable. It read as follows: "For the Protestants, Mrs. ——— ———, Chairman," giving the name of one of the richest and most famous church women; then, "For the Catholics, Mrs. ——— ———," giving the name of another famous church and society belle; then "For the Jewish, Mrs. ——— ———," giving the name of a well known Jewish leader. Here, then, were representatives of the entire religious community in New York advertising a ball; and the advertisement went on to say that it was a charity ball, that seats at the tables following the ball would be $50.00 each, and a list of patronesses was given—many of the church and social leaders of the city and nation being named. Then a picture of a sort of Greek ballet was displayed at the center of the advertisement. Below that picture, in addition to other details about the church end of the entertainment, the announcement was made that the entertainment would "include the initial appearance of the English and French stage beauties." Then the advertisement tells us that these stage beauties were "recently selected abroad" . . . just in the same way that the announcement would have been made if some cattle had been brought from abroad for display purposes! It was announced in the advertisement that these girls belonged to the "Midnight Frolic."

Here, then, was a complete blending together of the dance with the usual amount of feminine undress and the silliest and most sensuous side of the theatre of today, sponsored and advertised by the church people. Think of what an appalling failure of Christian testimony such an event as that is, and think of the further fact that many church people thought that I was "peculiar" and "extreme" because I dared to denounce such shameful treason to our Lord and His ideals.

The dance craze has gone so far in New York that many of our great historic churches are now trying to dance their young people

into the Kingdom of God. There are Baptist and Methodist and Presbyterian churches in our city which, in a former day, were famous the world over for their spirituality and their power as soul-saving centers, that are now conducting dances in the houses of God every week in the year.

But when these things are mentioned in the way of rebuke some people ask: "Well, haven't we got to fight the devil with fire?" No, we have not got to fight the devil with fire! The trouble with that is that the devil has more fire than we have. The devil is a specialist in fire, and whenever the Christian Church lowers herself to his level and tries to fight him with fire, the only result is that she Herself gets scorched and burned. It is written that the children of God overcome the devil "by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony," and the church of God needs to come back to that high and holy standard.

Some preachers today seek to excuse themselves for conducting dances in their churches on the ground that it is necessary to do these things, as they express it, "to win and hold the young people." This is an illustration, first of the short-sighted folly of these worldly-minded preachers, and it constitutes also a slander upon our youth. As the father of five children and a friend of youth, I resent with all the energy of my being the implication that our boys and girls can be won and held only by appealing to their selfishness. It is false and it is more foolish than it is false. **Ah, no, not to catch something upon the low levels of the flesh, but to give something upon the superior heights of the spirit, is what Christianity really means!** Self sacrifice has in it far more power than self indulgence. The path of holiness is the path of happiness, and it is a tragic and shameful fact that some of the preachers of today seem to have forgotten that the Cross and not timbrel is the symbol of our holy faith.

Shuttlecocking Divine Services

Take another illustration of the downward trend in our city because of rationalism and worldliness: A little while after the "Bal Bleu" ball, the rector of one of our great historic churches announced that they had changed their hour of morning worship from eleven to ten-thirty o'clock, and gave as the reason for that change, that they wanted to fix it so those who desired to automobile and play golf, or otherwise indulge themselves on Sunday afternoon, would have more time. Here was a shuttle-cocking of the services of the sanctuary and alterations in the worship of Almighty God Himself, to make it more convenient for people to violate one of the Ten Commandments, to desecrate God's holy day, and to turn it into a mere holiday for self-

indulgent pleasure, after there had been a little perfunctory observance of religious ceremonies for an hour during the forenoon!

Let me emphasize, also, the fact that this Sabbath desecration by church people is proving ruinous through its example. We had in New York last year a great Anti-Sabbath street parade. It was gotten up ostensibly by "THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB," a prize-fighting organization, but we understood that the moving picture interests, the liquor forces, and the other enemies of God and righteousness, in this country, were backing it heavily from the financial standpoint. In this parade there were quite a number of floats caricaturing the Christian Sabbath. For example, they had one float built on a large truck. They had a man dressed up in Puritan costume with his head and his hands in the stocks and the sign on the side of this float read: "For kissing his wife on Sunday!" This showed a palpable misunderstanding of the motives of those of us who are trying to safeguard the American Sabbath, and to save this country from the blight and the ruin of the continental Sabbath. We do not object to a man who kisses his own wife on Sunday, but we are trying to save the country from the conditions in which men will be kissing other men's wives every other day in the week! Now, a little while after this disgraceful parade, which was also repeated in Philadelphia and other American cities, a banquet was given by this same organization—The International Sporting Club—in honor of the author of that law which had brought back bloody prize-fighting under the subterfuge of "boxing matches" in New York. In the advertising announcing this banquet a long list of the names of prominent citizens was given as "patrons" and I was pained to note that a very heavy proportion of the men there named were members of the churches.

Missionaries at the Theatre

Let me give you another illustration of these tendencies: I was handed by a friend a copy of a most extraordinary letter that had been sent out by the ladies of the missionary society in one of the great Fifth Avenue churches. In some respects it was the most remarkable epistle that I have ever read. It was a circular letter, sent to all the members of the church. It set forth the fact that that particular denomination was expecting in the city about forty foreign missionaries who were home on furlough. The Woman's Missionary Society was planning to entertain them while they were in New York, and in this letter they wrote asking the members to indicate how many theatre tickets each of them would be willing to furnish in order that these missionaries might be taken to the shows.

Think of it! Men and women who had given their lives to the service of Christ, and who had been making heroic sacrifices on the

foreign field—good soldiers of Christ—being carried around to the sordid Sabbath breaking New York playhouses as part of their entertainment at the hands of the Woman's Missionary Society! What a striking illustration of decline in spirituality in the church! Think of Peter and Paul, when they went to Ephesus or Rome, being met by the church people and carried around to the gladitorial shows and the pagan dances as a part of their entertainment!

I wish to cry out most earnestly in this connection against any countenancing or encouragement to the modern theatre and moving picture interests by preachers and church people. The divorce record and the sensuality of the modern theatre has become so appalling that today the theatre is the only institution where a spot on a woman's character seems to be an asset rather than a liability. The modern theatre, dominated by the dollar mark, has not only debauched dramatic art before the altars of commercialism, but the theatrical and moving picture forces are at the present time deliberately seeking to overthrow the American Sabbath, to wipe from the statute books every law that protects the Lord's Day from the encroachments of worldliness and money-making in order that they may open their playhouses in every city, town, and hamlet in the land and entice our boys and girls even from the churches and Sunday Schools to these places of sordid resort.

It is idle for the preachers to try to excuse their own attendance at the theatre by saying that they are seeking to reform it. It cannot be reformed under its present leadership and its present methods. For example, the same men who promised and produced the disgustingly sensuous performance, "Aphrodite," in New York, ran, at the same time, in one of their other playhouses, a so-called moral and religious drama which gave a representation of a sort of passion play, including the portrayal of the character of Jesus. Think of it: Aphrodite at one end of the city, and Jesus Christ at the other! And these suave and oily showmen conducting both performances at the same time, standing diplomatically between the two and blandly pointing the people in both directions at once! Now the sad part about it is that the opening night of the religious play they had especially invited the preachers, and the next day the papers announced that the theatre was filled with preachers and their families; and some of these very theatrical people that were with the Aphrodite show were also used by the church people in the abortive "WAYFARER PAGEANT" which was given in Madison Square Garden by the religious forces during the drive of the Interchurch World Movement. Ah, no, what the theatre of today needs is not a censor but a surgeon! And Christ's followers have no part or parcel with it.

Women at Prize Fights

I do not wish, my friends, to weary you with this unhappy recital, but the truth ought to be told, and facts as they are ought to be frankly faced. I have not yet told you the worst about the decline of spirituality and vision within the modern churches. I saw an admission a little while ago from a very popular Bishop who was arguing against the prohibition laws. He took occasion to announce that he had been recently at a half dozen dinner parties where, as he put it, "red liquor flowed freely." Well, one is moved to inquire what a Bishop was doing in such company. Evidently they were church people who were thus entertaining their Bishop, and one is also moved to remark that there is no record of any rebuke from the Bishop either for their drinking or for this violation of law. All that he did was to use his attendance upon such occasions as an opportunity to try to bring public discredit upon righteous law.

Nor is this the worst that must be said concerning modern conditions. Even blase New York experienced a mild shock some months ago when one of our social leaders, assisted by a group of society belles, worked up a charity prize fight which was held in Madison Square Garden. The young woman who promoted this affair is the daughter of a man who, at the time of his death, was perhaps the leading financial figure in America. He was a noted churchman and she also is active in the church. I do not mean, by what I say, to cast any reflection upon her moral character. She is a very philanthropic woman who, I have no doubt, is a good woman at heart, but she is a striking example of the sad level to which modern church members have fallen in their lack of grace and true spirituality. I have in my scrap-book a picture of this young woman clipped from one of the papers. She is standing on a truck with her bevy of young society girls around her. The picture was taken when they were down on Wall Street selling tickets to the prize fight during the lunch hour. A great crowd of men and boys were packed around the truck and the girls were handing them the tickets and taking the money. These young church women not only promoted that prize fight but they themselves attended it, and the young woman who led in it all not only occupied a ring side seat, but she came out in the New York papers the next day and endorsed it all. She said it was the most magnificent spectacle she had ever witnessed.

And once more, recently, in Madison Square Garden we had a bloody prize fight, which was gotten up for "charity." This charity feature gave to our "high society" a good excuse for attending. And they did attend. We had in the papers lists of the ladies—the social leaders—who occupied ring-side boxes. We had vivid descriptions of

how they were dressed, and even how they held their lorgnettes in watching the fight.

Now the sad feature about it all is that these social leaders are, almost all of them, prominent also in church activities.

The attendance at prize fights is the culmination of that spirit of worldliness which started in card-playing, dancing, theatre-going, and other selfish indulgences, and these things have sapped the spirituality of many followers of the Nazarene.

Women Watching a Struggle of Naked Men

Think of women, whose influence is world-wide because of their wealth and position—women who belong to the Church of Christ, who have put Him on in baptism in renunciation of the world, and who come to His holy communion table—think of such women, I say, sitting at a ringside watching and applauding two practically naked men, pounding and bruising each other and struggling in sweat and blood until one is beaten down by cruel cunning and the sheer weight of superior brute force!

Try to imagine the old-fashioned Christian women—yes, try to imagine your mother, my friend, attending a prize fight! Why, our minds balk at the very thought. And this shows how far womanhood has degenerated today, and how pitiful these selfish, cynical social leaders are in comparison with the modest, gentle, unselfish women of the past.

A Rebuke to the Church Women

These church women should be rebuked for their presence at such disgraceful orgies of blood and beastiality. They had no business there, and by going they brought reproach upon their Master and worked great injury to His cause. Have they forgotten their heroic heredity in the glorious past, as well as their Christian ideals in the living present? The early Christians were often in the arenas of paganism and heathenism, but always as victims and never as witnesses of the brutality and butchery that made such a popular holiday. Because the Christian world today is one, and because these things harm the entire cause and bring reproach upon us all, I have the right as one preacher to cry out against them, and I do utter my protest, humbly but most earnestly!

The Church a Holy Brotherhood.

I will not prolong further these illustrations of the sad apostasy into which the modern churches have fallen. I repeat, once more, that this appalling worldliness is the direct outgrowth of the loss of a vital faith. If men and women had not lost their faith in the Word of God through the shallow preaching of today, they would not violate its

precepts by indulging in such folly. The Bible says: "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." It says again that we are to come out and be separate from these things. It says, again, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them; for it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret." The supreme need of the church today is precisely at this point. The Christian Church started as a holy brotherhood. The members of the Apostolic Church found their supreme satisfaction in serving Christ and not in seeking self-indulgent pleasures. They were men and women who walked the heights of true altruism. They literally gave themselves as well as their money. Historians have told us what an impression the self-sacrifice and the holiness of the early Christian brotherhood made even upon the pagan communities in which they labored. That is the reason they multiplied so rapidly. These historians have told us, for example, how when a plague would come to those ancient cities, all of the people would run away, except the Christians. They would stay behind to nurse the sick and comfort the sorrowing and bury the dead.

No wonder that such a church "had favor with all of the people," as the Bible puts it. Cyprian, who was a bishop at Carthage, in the third century A. D., used the following words, which give us a suggestive glimpse into the holiness and beauty of the church as it existed in his age. He says, in writing to his friend Donatus:

"This is a cheerful world as I see it from my garden, under the shadow of my vines. But if I could ascend some high mountain, and look out over the wide lands, you know very well what I should see; brigands on the highways, pirates on the seas, armies fighting, cities burning; in the amphitheatres, men murdered to please applauding crowds, selfishness and cruelty and misery and despair under all roofs. It is a bad world, Donatus, an incredibly bad world. But I have discovered in the midst of it a quiet and holy people who have learned a great secret. They have found a joy which is a thousand times better than any of the pleasures of our sinful life. They are despised and persecuted, but they care not. They are masters of their souls. They have overcome the world. These people, Donatus, are the Christians —and I am one of them."

What a beautiful picture of a true and holy church in the midst of an evil world! Such churches were indeed cities of refuge to which the sinful and the sorrowing could flee for salvation and peace.

But the forces of worldliness, through the wiles of the devil early assailed the church. These forces finally culminated in the reign of Constantine. With the intuition of an astute politician, he saw that

the Christians had become so influential that it was a better policy to be friendly than to persecute them, as Nero, Diocletian, and other emperors had done, and so he joined forces with the Christians and brought the court of Rome into the church of Jesus. This act marks sharply the turning in the history of the church. Through the coming of the state party within their ranks, pagan ceremonies and sensuous indulgences and worldly methods were grafted on to the simple Christian stem. From being the "Bride of Christ," the church became merely the concubine of Caesar! And then she fell lower still and has become simply a silly little flirt, smirking and following after the world!

And the real tragedy is that many preachers and theological professors today do not seem even to know what a true church is. Some of them complain on the setting up of "rules," but we are not trying to set up rules. It is not a question at all of rules. It is a question of faith and of life.

Because it comes through regeneration, a true church is an organism and not an organization. It is a growth and not a manufacture. An organization is mechanical; an organism is vital. A box is an organization; a tree is an organism. The church is primarily an organism and not an organization. It is the spiritual body of Christ, of which He is the Head and each member is a spiritual life cell, created and united to the head by the power of regeneration.

When the church ceases to be an organism and becomes a mere organization, dead ecclesiasticism takes the place of live evangelism; "reform" replaces regeneration; "social service" is substituted for salvation; humanitarianism supplants the worship of God; a priest takes the place of the prophet, and the occupants of the pews are changed from realists and possessors to mere formalists and professors.

There is now too much churchanity and too little Christianity; too much "style" and too little spirit; too much pomp and too little power; too much earthly vainglory and too little heavenly vision; too much profession and too little performance; too much reliance on man-made plans and too little dependence on the Holy Ghost; too much promenading and too little prayer; in a word, too much hollowness and too little holiness.

The true Christian loes not need or want the things of the world. He finds his supreme satisfaction in serving Christ and in winning souls to God. No joy that this world can offer and no pleasure that sense can give is comparable to the joy that the soul-winner and the consecrated worker for Jesus knows.

The Victory of Righteousness

This marvelous passage from John gives us the full truth concerning it all. After warning us to "love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," it tells us: "if any one love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." We cannot have two loves. Our allegiance must be given whole-heartedly and unreservedly to the Father, or else we will drift inevitably toward surrender to the world. And the text encourages us by the knowledge that worldliness is at last not natural and necessary to us, but that it is a thing alien to the wise and righteous life. "For all that is in the world—the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the vainglory of life—is not of the Father, but it is of the world." These things, then were not created by God. They do not, therefore, belong originally and essentially to humanity. God created the world good and made man good, and that is His plan. The devil entered and led man into sin. Sin, therefore, is a dark blot in the history of the moral universe. It was not in the beginning; it does not belong in God's order for the world, and therefore, it must and will be finally destroyed. Sin and worldliness are not native to man in his God ordained and God created state. The Bible makes clear the fact, therefore, that the devil is finally to be defeated, cast out and destroyed.

And this fact brings us to the other great inspiring truth of this scripture; namely, that while the present world order, which is under the domination of the devil, is passing away, and the lust thereof, nevertheless: "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever;" "Godliness hath promise of the life which now is and that which is to come." The child of God, therefore, is not distressed that he does not have the things of this world. We do not need Jesus and the world. Jesus, thank God, is enough. The blessings of His presence, the inspirations of His fellowship, the joy of His service—these things are satisfying and sufficient unto the soul.

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Yes, because we believe God and accept the teaching of His Word, we are contented to walk as Pilgrims through this world knowing that we shall inherit an everlasting Kingdom. Listen: "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." We need to feast our minds and hearts once more in this materialistic age upon the glorious truth of Heaven.

A little while ago I enoyed a journey through the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park. I started in at the Mammoth Hot Springs with their brilliantly colored terraces, and passed through the glass golden glaze across the beautiful meadows, surrounded by their snow-capped mountains, through the dark fir forest under the shadow of the

mountain, by the great geyser basins where Old Faithful and the other natural fountains were tossing up their tons of water, gleaming like jewels in the sunlight, and on by the placid beauties of the Lake, until we came, at last, to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River. This great gorge, as you know, has been chiselled out by the rushing river and the rains of many centuries. The soil is full of sulphur and other chemicals, and these brilliant colors have been laid bare as the gorge was cut down deeper and deeper. I stood one morning upon a mountain height overlooking all of that marvelous land. I remembered the beauties of the Mammoth Hot Springs; I remembered the gushing, glorious geysers; I remembered the broad expanse of the Lake, flashing in the sunlight with millions of diamonds; and then I looked down into the crowning glory of all that wonderful land—the Falls and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Yonder, to my right, the mighty River was leading over its granite cliff, and in its foamy whiteness it looked from my vantage point like an enormous inverted ostrich plume slowly waving in the summer air. From its base the river, looking like a ribbon of green flecked with white, went rushing through the bottom of the gorge; and there was the Grand Canyon itself a mile beneath me with pinnacles and domes of rock lifting up their heads at this point and the other, and with the sides of the main gorge and the ravines that ran from it all ablaze with glorious colors. It looked as though a giant artist had spilled his pallet of paints within those depths; it looked as though a sunset had gone to shipwreck upon these peaks and the rugged sides of the mighty gorge and the golden sunlight was flooding, flowing down upon it all.

I stood there that morning lost in awe and wonder, and I thought: "Oh! If earth is like this, then what will Heaven be! If God has made His footstool so beautiful, then how glorious must be His high eternal home." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered the heart of man to understand, the things that God is preparing for them that love Him." But because God is preparing them with omnipotent power and perfect love and preparing them for the children of His love, we know that heaven will surpass our highest hope and our fondest and most glorious dream.

The world is passing away and the lust thereof, but "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." We do not envy the tawdry trappings and the idle pleasures of this poor passing world. We look with pity upon the worldlian who is poor even though he may possess unbounded material wealth. With great serenity of soul, we pass by the thing that he clamors for, and in which he finds his satisfaction, and we say to him that we have 'those riches of the spirit," that "treasure in heaven" that abideth forever, "where neither moth nor rust

corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal." When all of this pageantry and pomp, this vain display of wealth and power, when all this gilt and glitter have fallen into dust forever, the child of God will just be beginning the enjoyment of those heavenly beauties and those transcendant delights which shall be his while the years of eternity roll!

The Holy Spirit in the Fourth Gospel

By the REV. W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS, D. D.

During the last twenty years a great deal has been heard about the comparative study of religion, and many scholars have presented the points of likeness between Christianity and other faiths. When I was in China, two years ago, I heard much of the points in which Buddhism and Confucianism were essentially in agreement with Christianity, and there is no doubt that not a little in those and other religions is virtually identical with or at least analogous to similar positions in our religion. But all this likeness makes it the more essential to inquire as to the uniqueness of Christianity. It may be said that as other religions have their founders, their sacred books, their philosophers and their morality, so Christianity has Christ, the Bible, truth, and ethics, though even in these respects there is a good deal of dissimilarity as well as agreement. But the supreme question is as to the unlikeness of Christianity. In what respect does it differ from all other faiths? Probably the best answer is that this difference is in its revelation of the Holy Spirit, for while Christianity, as we have seen, agrees with other faiths in several respects, it is entirely unlike them in regard to its teaching about the Spirit of God. The Holy Spirit is the unique and ultimate fact and factor of the Christian religion.

This subject can be studied in various ways. It is possible to take the revelation of the New Testament, stage by stage, and notice at each point what is said about the Spirit. Another way is to concentrate attention on particular books of the New Testament, and see what each book reveals concerning the Spirit. This latter method is the one we are now to take, and first of all we will try to discover what the Gospel of St. John has to say about the Holy Spirit.

I. The Holy Spirit as Associated with Christ.

In John 1: 32, 33, the Baptist showed that the Holy Spirit was intimately connected with the coming Messiah. He was to descend on Him and to abide on Him, and then the Messiah was to pass on that Spirit to others. The Baptist declared Jesus Christ in a two-fold

capacity as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1: 29), and "He that baptizeth in the Holy Spirit" (v. 33). This two-fold revelation must always be kept in view, because each part is inseparable from the other. Christ never is "the Lamb of God" without being also the One who "baptizes with the Holy Spirit," and contrariwise, He never "baptizes with the Holy Spirit" unless, first of all, He is accepted as "the Lamb of God." This intimate association of the Holy Spirit with Christ is, in some respects, the key to the New Testament revelation of the Spirit. In the Old Testament the Spirit of God is found in various connections but in the New Testament He is pre-eminently the Spirit of Christ.

II. The Holy Spirit as the Source of Life.

In ch. 3: 5, 6, 8, our Lord teaches the necessity of being "born of the Spirit" in order to see and enter into the Kingdom of God. Whatever may be our view of the phrase, "born of water" (v. 5), there is no doubt of the fundamental truth of the birth of the Spirit, especially in contrast with the natural birth (v. 6). This birth of the Spirit is shown to be marked at once by mystery, freedom and power, as illustrated by the wind (v. 8). Thus, the Spirit of God is shown to be the source of that eternal life which is ours through the acceptance of Christ as our Saviour (vs. 14-16).

III. The Holy Spirit as the Source of Blessing.

In ch. 7: 37-39, we find the third of three uses of the idea of water, and it is scarcely possible to avoid associating all three with the Holy Spirit. In 3: 5 we may think of the incoming Spirit; in 4: 14 the indwelling Spirit, and in 7: 38, 39, the out-flowing Spirit. The believer is first to come to Christ and drink (v. 37), and then through believing on Christ he will receive the Holy Spirit and be made a channel of blessing to others. This thought of the "receiving" of the Holy Spirit is very important because it will be found elsewhere more fully developed in the teaching of the Apostle Paul.

IV. The Holy Spirit as the Comforter.

In chs. 14-16 the Lord gave some new and special teaching about the Holy Spirit. This was both necessary and appropriate in view of His approaching death followed by His departure from earth. A new name is given to the Holy Spirit, who is called "the Comforter" (14: 16, 26; 15: 26; 16: 7). This word is exactly the same as that rendered "Advocate" in 1 John 2: 1, and it is particularly noteworthy to consider the two "Advocates" or "Comforters" the believer possesses. Christ is our Advocate or Comforter above, linking us to the Father, while the Holy Spirit is our Advocate or Comforter within, linking us to Christ. The word 'Comforter" cannot properly be rendered in

English by any one term, but the fundamental meaning is "one called to stand by our side as our Helper." This is no doubt the reason why the word "Advocate" is used, meaning one who has been "called" to our assistance. In these chapters, the personality of the Holy Spirit is clearly indicated, for it is impossible to interpret our Lord's teaching of anything impersonal or any mere influence. Thus, the Holy Spirit is said to be known by the believer (14: 17), and is spoken of as a Teacher (14: 26), and as one who is bearing witness to Christ (15: 26). Most important of all, He is said to do the work of conviction (16: 7), and personal, masculine terms are given to Him (16: 8).

The work of the Holy Spirit as recorded in these chapters calls for special study. He is to abide with believers forever (14: 16, 17); He is to teach and bring Christ's words to remembrance (14: 26); He is to bear witness of Christ (15: 26), and He is to convict the world in respect to sin, righteousness, and judgment (16: 8). In these chapters Christ uses the phrase, "in that day" (14: 20; 16: 23, 26), and the reference is to the coming dispensation of the Holy Spirit which was inaugurated at Pentecost.

V. The Holy Spirit as the Resurrection Gift.

In ch. 20: 22, the Lord bestowed the Holy Spirit on His disciples on the evening of His resurrection. The relation between this and the gift at Pentecost is not easy to explain. Dr. Andrew Murray suggests that this Easter gift was bestowed for the purpose of enabling the disciples to wait until the fuller bestowal of Pentecost should come. But whether this is so or not, it is clear that the Easter gift was closely associated with our Lord's commission to His disciples to go everywhere and preach the Gospel. It is striking that we have the phrase, "when He had said this" twice in this passage. After the first (v. 20), the Lord revealed to His disciples the proofs of His death, and Christ is always first revealed to us as our Saviour, whose death brings peace. But when the Lord spoke to them again and said, "Peace," He gave them the Holy Spirit for the work to which He was calling them. Thus, in connection with the Spirit would come the second aspect of "peace," the consciousness of God's presence in their service as the gift of the risen Christ.

As we review the teaching of this Gospel concerning the Holy Spirit, it seems clear that the new revelation was of special value to the disciples, and this is equally true of us today.

1. The Holy Spirit is intended to take the place of Christ's bodily presence. While the Lord is spiritually present (14: 23), He is bodily absent, and the coming of the Comforter was conditional on His departure (16: 7), and so, while there is an intimate connection between

the presence of Christ and the presence of the Spirit, they are never identified in Scripture, for Christ dwells in us by the Spirit, the Spirit being, as it has often been said, "the executive of the Godhead."

2. The Holy Spirit is set forth as the gift of the new covenant. Beyond all else the redemptive work of Christ was for the purpose of providing the Spirit as the new and blessed reality for the spiritual life.

3. The outcome of the presence of the Holy Spirit is that He accomplishes three things for every believer and for the entire Christian community. (a) He reveals truth. We need, first of all, the truth of God for our information, guidance and protection, and the Holy Spirit as "the Spirit of truth" leads us into all the truth (16: 13). (b) He bestows life. As "the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 8: 2), He gives life at its commencement (ch. 3: 5), and then continues to bestow this essential and vital gift all through the Christian life.

"Every virtue we possess
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone."

(c) He equips with power. He is not only the Spirit of truth and the Spirit of life, but the Spirit of power, and everything that the believer needs for strength, victory and service is due to the indwelling Spirit.

The Holy Spirit in the Book of Acts

By the REV. W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS, D. D.

There are many differences in God's methods of revealing His will to man when we study the Bible from the beginning to its close. Thus, in the Old Testament Christ is coming, and in the New He has come; in the former God is mainly supreme over everything in His transcendance, while in the latter He is also and, perhaps chiefly, dwelling in the believer and in the Church as immanent. But no difference is more striking than that which is associated with the revelation of the Holy Spirit. In the Old Testament, there are singularly few references to Him, while in the New Testament it is not too much to say that the revelation of the Holy Spirit is the supreme characteristic of Christianity. Our Lord clearly indicated this in His teaching to His disciples, just before His death (John 14-16). While there was, of course, a true and genuine spiritual life before Pentecost, this was nothing in comparison to what life became after the gift of the Holy Spirit.

And yet it is strange that we find today many Christians whose lives are being lived on the levels of the Old Testament and the Gospels. Although these dispensations are historically past, they unfortunately can be experimentally present. We can see this in the story of the men (Acts 19) who had not heard about the gift of Pentecost although they were living many years after that event. Let us describe briefly, with special reference to the Holy Spirit, the three dispensations in order to see what our life is intended to be.

I. The Dispensation of the Father.

This covers the time from Adam to John the Baptist. It was marked by a very definite fear of God, fear predominating over love. Six hundred times in the Old Testament this idea of "fear" is found. God was regarded as far off in His greatness, holiness and majesty. With this there was a very real sense of sin, though men were, for the most part, powerless to overcome it. But in their hopelessness they did the best they could. Meanwhile, there was a constant expectation of the Messiah and not a little concern and hope about the future life.

There are people who are practically living on this plane of experience today. Their conception of God is little more than that which is found in the Old Testament, and it is, therefore, not surprising that they are weak in the face of sin and uncertain when occupied with the great problems of life.

II. The Dispensation of the Son.

This covered the time of Christ's ministry on earth and represented a definite advance on the former dispensation. We can see how prominent was the power of God's Word with Christ as Teacher. But the disciples of our Lord had a very changeful experience, sometimes on the mountain-top and sometimes in the valley. They were looking forward to the Holy Spirit but they were largely dominated by views of truth which had come down to them through tradition, and it was difficult, if not impossible, for them to snap the chains.

There are lives today of which these things are true, but they represent spiritual poverty and have practically no influence.

III. The Dispensation of the Spirit.

This covers the period from the Day of Pentecost to the coming of the Lord, and was referred to by Christ in the phrase "in that day" (John 14: 20; 16: 23, 26). For our present purpose it will be necessary to limit attention to the book of Acts in order to see how this new life was lived during the first thirty years of the existence of the Christian Church. Everything that was best in the two former dispensations was taken up into this, but in addition there came a wonderful influx of light, power and blessing. It should be carefully observed that Pentecost did not represent the conversion of the disciples, for they were believers already (John 13: 1). What, then, were the characteristics of this new dispensation as seen in the book of Acts?

1. The followers of Christ possessed a rich personal experience. By means of the Holy Spirit they were full of faith (6: 15; 11: 24); full of wisdom (6: 3; 5: 28); full of joy (13: 52); and full of hope (7: 55). These are only a part of what they possessed and enjoyed in union and communion with God in Christ by the Spirit.

2. They became men of great personal courage. There was boldness of speech (2: 14; 4: 31; 7: 51), and boldness of action (4: 31; 8: 29; 13: 9).

3. The result was that they rendered splendid personal service. This took the form of preaching (2: 4; 4: 31) and living (4: 31; 9: 31). Several times we read of disciples being "filled" with the Spirit (4: 8; 7: 55; 9: 13; 13: 52), and the tenses of this verb are particularly significant. There was a definite filling (2: 4), which was renewed on a special occasion (4: 8). Reference is made to a permanent fulness

(7: 55, Greek) and a continuous fullness, "kept on being filled"(13: 52). Notice should also be given to the adjective "full" (6: 15). There are also interesting combinations of the Holy Spirit with wisdom (6: 5); comfort (9: 31); power (10: 38); faith (11: 24); and joy (13: 52).

The question is often raised as to the meaning of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and it should be noted that this particular phrase is not found in Scripture. The proper expression is "baptized with the Holy Ghost," and the analogy of water baptism helps us to understand what this means. Just as water baptism is never repeated, so baptism with the Holy Ghost is the initial act of the Holy Spirit in uniting us to Christ and to the spiritual body of Christ (I. Cor. 12 13), and is never repeated. It is very significant that the word "baptism" is not found in connection with the Holy Spirit except when the Church made a beginning at a particular place or people were added to the Church for the first time. But the "filling of the Holy Spirit" is altogether different and represents, as we can see from Acts, an action which is repeated from time to time according to need. The truth, therefore, is best expressed in the familiar words, "one baptism, many fillings."

The gift of the fullness of the Holy Spirit is God's purpose for all His children. It was never intended as a luxury for the few, and the five representative bestowals clearly indicate this universal intention of God: Jews (ch. 2), Samaritans (ch. 8), a persecutor (ch. 9), Gentiles (ch. 10), and half-ignorant men (ch. 19) were all recipients of this blessing.

It is also intended for all times and for everything in the Christian life. It is not limited to special occasions nor is it applicable only to what may be called spiritual work, because this requirement of the fullness of the Spirit was made for the purpose of "serving tables" (6: 2, 3). And so we read of the Holy Spirit in connection with boldness, obedience, wisdom, faith, comfort, and joy.

God's plan for the possession of the Spirit by His children is threefold. (1) They obtain the Spirit by faith. This involves an entire surrender to God, and the message in this connection is "resist not the Spirit." Barnabas is significantly described as "a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and faith" (11: 24). (2) They maintain the Spirit by faithfulness. Through loyal obedience to God the Holy Spirit abides in the believer, and herein lies the point of the words, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God" (Eph. 4: 30). (3) They retain the Spirit by fellowship. It is vital to realize that the Word and the Spirit are closely connected, and this is natural because, as we listen to what God says, we are enabled to trust and obey His Word. Here comes the solemn message, "Quench not the Spirit" (I. Thess. 5: 19).

When this Divine purpose and plan is realized, we are enabled to see that the Spirit of God is the Divine power for our life. In the Acts, the three facts and factors are the Spirit of God, the Word of God, and the Man of God, and the union of these three is to be carefully noted. The Spirit of God provides the power, the Word of God is the message, and the man of God is the human instrument. The order and prominence of the three in the book of Acts is very significant. The Spirit comes first, with special emphasis in chapters 1-11; the Word comes next, with special emphasis in chapters 12-20; and the man comes last, with special emphasis in chapters 21-28. Thus, the early Church as recorded in this book illustrates the truth of the word of the prophet: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. 4: 6).*

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*Perhaps I may refer to my little book, "The Acts of the Apostles," for further and much fuller treatment of this subject. (Bible Institute Colportage Association, 826 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.)

The Holy Spirit in Galatians

By the REV. W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS, D. D.

As is well known, it was a long time before the Christian Church or any of the separate communities of Christians possessed a complete New Testament. On this account it is always interesting to try to put ourselves back into the position of those Christians who, for the time being, had only one book out of our present twenty-seven. It is also valuable to try to recover the impression that would be made on a first reading of a book, and also to find out what the book contains on any particular theme or topic of Christian truth. What, for instance, does an Epistle say about Christ, or about the Gospel, or about the future life? Let us for this purpose try to imagine ourselves in receipt of the Epistle to the Galatians for the first time, and let us endeavor to discover, as though we only possessed this book, what it teaches about the Holy Spirit. Perhaps we may regard it as indicating three main lines of teaching.

I. The Spirit Received.

1. The Commencement of the Christian life is associated with the Holy Spirit (3: 2, 3). The gift of the Spirit is a fact, whether we realize it or not, which invariably takes place at the time of conversion, and the means whereby this is received is faith. The word translated "begin" is associated with the thought of "initiation" and suggests that from the very start of our Christian career the Holy Spirit is a reality. This fact as distinct from the realization of it is a preservative against backsliding, for it means that when we accepted Christ we not only received the blessing of forgiveness but, at the same time, were made partakers of the Holy Spirit.

2. The Continuance of the Christian life is also associated with the Holy Spirit (v. 5). The present tense implies that God is continually supplying the Spirit and the word means a bountiful supply. This is another of those blessed realities which, almost more than anything else, enables the Christian to abide in Christ and go forward in everything connected with life and service. Here, again, the channel through which God supplies the Spirit is "faith," and it means that every moment, to the full measure of our consciousness and power, we are to receive and appropriate the Holy Spirit for the purpose of continuing our Christian life.

3. The Completion of the Christian life is also connected with the Holy Spirit (v. 14). When it is said "that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith," we may think of this gift as referring both to the present and the future. In Eph. 1: 13, 14, the Holy Spirit is spoken of as the Spirit "of promise" and "an earnest of our inheritance," and so we rejoice in the fact that the Holy Spirit who was received for conversion, and is being received for consecration day by day, will be ours right up to the end, when our Christian life will be crowned, and then, as we know, the Spirit will be the means of giving life to our mortal bodies in the resurrection (Rom. 8: 11).

II. The Spirit Realized.

From the thought of the reception of the Spirit comes the additional idea of His realization in our experience.

1. He is realized in regard to the Past (4: 6, 29). When we accepted Christ we received the Holy Spirit as "the Spirit of His Son." God not only "sent forth His Son" (v. 4), but "sent forth the Spirit of His Son" (v. 6), and this Spirit "cries" in our hearts, "Abba, Father," as the assurance of our sonship. The same truth in relation to the commencement of our Christian life is seen by the phrase, "born after the Spirit" (v. 29), the Holy Spirit thus being at once the proof and the pattern of our sonship.

2. Then there is the realization of the Holy Spirit in relation to the Future (5: 5). We are to look forward to the future "for the hope of righteousness." Righteousness is both a present gift and a future glory, and it is through the Holy Spirit that we are enabled to look forward with eager expectation to the crown of everything hereafter. The word "wait" means anticipation with eagerness, like someone on the tiptoe of expectation. This is the true attitude of the believer, and it is connected with the Coming of the Lord. Quite apart from all differences of opinion in regard to the Coming, no one can question that here and elsewhere in the New Testament we find the proper spiritual attitude as that of keen, eager expectation and anticipation. Whatever may be our theological views, this should be the spiritual experience of us all, and it is only possible, but it is possible "by faith."

3. But most important for us is the realization of the Spirit in regard to the Present in our life. Chapter 5 gives us several aspects of this truth. We "live by the Spirit" (v. 25). We have victory through the Spirit (vs. 16, 17), and we are "led by the Spirit" (v. 18). The second of these three experiences, victory, is of special importance. We are not to fulfill the lust of the flesh (v. 16) because there are two principles within, the flesh, the sinful element, which has its seat in the body, and the Spirit (v. 17). These two are antagonistic and are constantly at war, but the Spirit has the greater power. We must

not read this verse according to the King James Version, which seems to suggest that the conflict prevents us from doing the good we would like to do, because the truth is exactly the opposite of this, as the Greek and the Revised Version clearly teach. The Holy Spirit has a greater power than the flesh, and this greater force is exercised in order that "ye may not do the things that ye would," that is, to prevent us from doing the evil that overwise we should do. Many years ago, in London, there was a diving-bell which was a favorite form of amusement to many of us children. This bell had seats around the rim and people took the seats and the bell was lowered into the tank. Although we used to descend deeper and deeper into the water, it never came near us, because air was being pumped into the bell at the top, and this prevented the water from reaching us. It has been well said that "the water lusted against the air and the air against the water." The same thing is true in the spiritual life. If the Holy Spirit fills our souls the flesh life is kept underneath and prevented from exercising its power and authority. The "leading" of the Spirit (v. 18) is a clear indication of Christian experience such as is only possible to one who is no longer a child, but a grown-up son of God (Rom. 8: 14).

III. The Spirit Reproduced.

Everything connected with the Holy Spirit is intended to be expressed in practical life.

1. Our Character (v. 22). When mention is made of the "fruit of the Spirit" the reference is clearly to character—what we are, not what we do. Fruit is the expression of life and character and is the outcome of grace. It is important to notice that the word is "fruit," not, as is so often said, "fruits." The nine points mentioned here are like a cluster of grapes, each one of them being essential to the completeness of the whole. We are not to think that only one, or at least some, of these elements are to be experienced, for the entire nine should be shown as vital parts of our character. Notice the beautiful arrangement: (a) Fruit in relation to God; "love, joy, peace." (b) Fruit in relation to others; "longsuffering, gentleness, goodness." (c) Fruit in relation to ourselves; "faithfulness, meekness, self-control." When this three-fold relation is realized character becomes what it ought to be.

2. Our Conduct. Twice over we read of the word "walk" (5: 16, 25), and the idea of walking always means progress. Walking is a proof and an expression of life, and the Christian walk presupposes the Christian life, showing that the believer is making progress from the starting-point to the goal. But it is particularly interesting to observe that these two passages represent two different words translated "walk." In verse 25, it seems to mean "step by the Spirit,"

while verse 16 is the usual word for 'walk by the Spirit." Thus, every step, singly and separately, should be taken "by the Spirit," and our entire progress should also be marked in the same way. A careful study of chapter 5 in relation to the Spirit will show no fewer than seven aspects of truth (vs. 5, 16, 17, 18, 22, 25, 25).

3. Our Consecration. In 6: 8 we are reminded of the solemn contrast between sowing to the flesh and sowing to the Spirit. The context clearly shows that the reference is not to the unconverted sinner, but to the believer, who, unfortunately, is only too capable of sowing to the flesh. And it is particularly interesting to observe the literal wording of the phrase "sowing into the flesh" and "sowing into the Spirit." This is the only place where the Spirit is mentioned as the ground into which we are to sow, and it means that we are to put everything we are and have "into the Spirit," our thoughts, desires, ideals, words, actions. Then, as "like produces like," we shall "of the Spirit reap eternal life." Here is the encouragement for every believer. As the result of this attitude of entire consecration to the Spirit we obtain a glorious crop for our thinking, loving, speaking, working, soul-winning, and hoping are reproduced in wonderful obedience and blessing in the power of the Holy Spirit.

As we look through this Epistle once more to see what it has to say concerning the Holy Spirit in relation to our life, we cannot help noticing that, from first to last, emphasis is on Faith, because Faith receives, realizes and responds; it appropriates, it appreciates and it anticipates. As someone has well put it:

> "Faith carries our sins to Christ, that He may pardon them; our wants, that He may supply them; our souls, that He may save them; our graces, that He may revive them; our corruptions, that He may subdue them; our enemies, that He may conquer them; our prayers, that He may purify them; our sorrows, that He may sanctify them. True faith goes to Christ, with all, for all, and through all.

N. B. Two other Bible readings were given in this series, "The Holy Spirit in Romans" and "The Holy Spirit in Ephesians." The same method of study can be adopted in connection with the remaining books of the New Testament, and further material for this purpose can be derived from the author's book, "The Holy Spirit of God." (Bible Institute Colportage Association, 826 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.)

Consider Christ Jesus

By REV. JOSEPH A. VANCE, D. D.

The Kingship of Personality.

All great religious movements have grouped themselves about a personality. All of them have their sacred rites, by the observance of which their followers set great store. Many of them have developed high ethical systems, interesting philosophies, and some of them a noble sacred literature. But the backbone invariably has been, not the religious rites, not the ethical or philosophical system, not even the sacred writings, but some commanding and mediating personality, who, as his followers believed, could speak to them for God and speak well to God for them.

The Moslem enlists for Mahomet, and the Hindu for his Buddha. The agnostic Chinese follows Confucius as his moral teacher, though his counsel was for men to have as little to do with the gods and the next life as possible. The polygamous Mormon is cajoled with the mendacity of Joseph Smith; the Christian Scientist attempts to ward off the attacks of "mortal mind" with the fetish phrases of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy; and even the modern orthodox Hebrew punctiliously follows the laws of Moses.

Religious influences acquire, it seems, a commanding power among men only as the ideas for which they stand incarnate themselves in some personality; and the weakness or power of these teachings, their bane or blessing among men, is usually determined, not by their main idea, but by the ultimate moral and religious trend of that personality.

Consider Our Christ.

So Christianity has its Christ. Let us "consider this apostle and high priest of our profession." This word **consider** is a compound Greek word seldom used by the New Testament writers. It means to think a thing out thoroughly. The writer of this Epistle to the Hebrews evidently believes that the claims of Christ will bear the most searching investigation. Our Lord let doubting Thomas get a strong faith by actually feeling him. It looks as if God laid himself out, not merely to show His love for men in what Christ went through for our redemption, but in the patience with which the Spirit meets our darkening prejudice and our dull perceptions. The Church may have

often blocked the progress of intelligence, and tried to force irrationalities on men in the name of religion; but that was human stupidity. The divine method has always said, "Come, let us reason together;" and all God ever asks of man is our "reasonable service."

In this thorough-going way, let us consider the claims of Christ Jesus. There are things about this story of His life hard for the intelligent man of today to believe. They are abnormal, as we read the lives of men, unique, peculiar to this life. His miraculous birth of a virgin, the miracles associated with His public ministry, the story of His rising from the dead, and, after a series of appearances to His disciples, ascending in a cloud to heaven from a hill near Bethany,—the presence of such things in the New Testament narrative is today to many minds incredible. Stories of this class associated with other religions have long since been discarded by intelligent people. Why should a man be asked to put such a strain on his reason as to accept such things when associated with Jesus Christ?

That is just what I now ask you to consider.

Outgrown Authority.

We were once asked to believe these things because the Church taught them. But the Church has always been hindering intelligent interpretation of God and nature with her antiquated views of Scripture, it is objected, until today, when her voice grows loudly insistent, men have come to suspect that she is shouting to keep up her courage and bolster a failing faith, whether it is the Roman Catholic clamoring for papal infallibility and the immaculate conception, or Presbyterians making a fetish of the Westminster Confession.

Again men were asked to believe these things because they "are in the Bible." Well, there is no book on earth like the Bible. It is from God. Holy men have written it as they were moved to do so by the Holy Ghost. It is the great interpreter of life, the great revealer of truth and duty. It is the Supreme Book for our race on the clinics of the spiritual life.

But everything in the Bible as we have it is not to be used to guide our lives today. Not one of us would want to teach our child to feel toward our bitterest enemies as David expressed himself in some of the imprecatory psalms. There are divine commands in the Bible to perpetrate cruelties in warfare that even the bloodiest Turk or most brutal soldier in the Balkans would blush to commit today.

Intelligent men everywhere today are demanding some stronger reasons for believing these things in the life of Jesus than their mere presence in the Bible or in the historic faith of the church.

Then suppose we put these reasons aside. As Johnson would say repeatedly to Boswell, "Clear your mind of cant."

But you will find that cant is not confined to the church and its interpretation of religion. One often has cause to think there is more cant parading itself today under the names of "broadminded" and "liberal" and "progressive," than under "orthodox" and "evangelical." Let us try to bring to the question an absolutely open mind and honest temper.

The Facts Stated.

Here is this story of Christ's earthly life, this New Testament portrait of Jesus. He advances claims of pre-existence, of divine origin, that he exercises divine power in healing both physical maladies and the hurt of sin in men's soul. These claims were accepted as valid by His followers, and with this began the propagation of the Christian religion.

Now what will you do with these claims? Put aside, if you wish, the claims of the Church, and treat this biblical account as if you had come on it in Herodotus or Green's History of the English People.

Only three views of the matter are possible.

The first is the historic view. You may accept this account of the life of Jesus as veracious, this New Testament portrait of Him as true and accurate, and Christ's claims as valid. This was the view of the apostles, and this has been the historic interpretation of the Christian Church.

Or, in the second place, you may deny its veracity. You may regard the New Testament account as the work of imposters, at best a pious fraud, and account for Christ as a self-deluded fanatic or an out-and-out cheat.

This was the view of the Deists of the eighteenth century. It is not popular today, it is too vulgar and crude. It is too great a strain on human intelligence, as it presumes that all the moral and scientific uplift that has come to the race with the Christian civilization has grown out of a lie.

Or, in the third place, you may repaint the Christ face. You may ignore the supernatural claims, you may paint out of the Christ's face the divine lines, and accept only what you can classify with the other data of human experience. This is the method popular today, especially with many who boast of their broad, advanced, liberal thinking. It seems to have been the view of our brilliant New England philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

> "I am the owner of the sphere,
> Of the seven stars, of the solar year,
> Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

It classes Jesus in noble company,—with Caesar and Plato and Shakes-

peare; and it seems to do Him great honor; but it classes Him; and if His divine claims are valid, it degrades Him. Charles Lamb's famous saying shows us how. "If Shakespeare should come into this room," said he, "we should rise to greet him; but if that Person (the Christ) should enter the room, we should fall on our knees and kiss the hem of His garment."

Some Implications.

The spirit of our age may incline you to take this lower view of Jesus; but before you do, bear the following in mind:

First, if you begin to paint out these supernatural lines from Christ's face, you will spoil the portrait. They have to stay there to reproduce the New Testament likeness. The supernatural makes up the red corpuscles in the New Testament blood, and you will have to drain its arteries to get rid of them. You may eliminate the divine from Christ's life-story and portrait and have something left, but that something will not be Christ nor New Testament Christianity.

In the second place, this cutting away of the supernatural is not warranted by any external evidence. The last one hundred years have brought us a new science, a new historical spirit, a new critical attitude. But it has brought us nothing to invalidate the historical veracity of this New Testament story of our Lord's life. Geology has gotten nothing from its study of earth's strata, archaeology has found nothing in the old monuments and libraries, astronomy has found nothing in its study of the heavens,—not a shred of evidence has come to us through telescope or microscope or spectroscope to throw suspicion on the historic integrity of a paragraph in the Revised Version of the New Testament.

Again, cherishing this lower view is no proof of a brilliant intellect. This lower view of Jesus has no right to call itself "advanced thinking" nor lay claim to special "broad-mindedness." It is unprogressive, for it is as old and narrow as the Sadducees of Christ's day. It calls for no peculiar intellectual genius for it is entirely destructive. A portrait, the fairest and most beautiful in history, looms out on us from this New Testament frame. Any heedless child can slit the canvas or daub its features. Any rough hand can tear the pictures of Christ from between the pages of this book; it takes an artist to put them there.

Four Reasons to Consider.

Four reasons I ask you to consider for receiving Jesus at His claims, that, as the apostles and those who succeeded them thought, He is the Christ, the sent of God, to bring men out of sin's bondage and death into the divine life of love and peace and spiritual power.

History Found Its Climax in Christ.

The first of these is the historical movement of which Jesus was the culmination. History can be written from many points of view, but two stand out pre-eminent. One of these views it, apart from divine influence, as a mere process of human culture. The other writes it as a drama of God's dealings with men. The Greek and the Hebrew are the incarnations of these two ideas. One of them is moral; the other is merely intellectual. One produced the prophet, who spoke to the conscience and captured the will; the other addressed only the intellect, and made its appeal to reason.

The two movements born of these interpretations of history advanced simultaneously, and yet grew apart from and largely ignorant of each other. The Hebrew's was an inspiration after God and holiness; while the Greek's uttered the other great hunger of the soul, thirst for knowledge. Though they grew up simultaneously in history, they were written in a speech strange to each other, and were shaped in different localities and each by its peculiar environment.

All students of Jewish prophecy recognize it as a preparation for an incarnation. "Jehovah thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee" (Deut. 8: 15), and "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace" (Isa. 9: 6) is the motif which thrills us throughout this Hebrew strain. The whole scheme of Jewish rites and the very history of the people show the great design to create a religious vocabulary and prepare a soul attitude for Christ's coming and redemptive work. The Hebrew mind became possessed with the over-ruling personality and power of the holy, self-existent Jehovah, the reality of sin and the bitterness of its merciless penalty, a vision of holiness and its necessity in man, the message of forgiveness through a vicarious sacrifice, and the suffering of the innocent for the guilty.

Yet nothing is more evident than the utter inadequacy of Hebrew prophecy and ritual to supply the spiritual needs thus revealed. "For it is impossible," as the writer of this Epistle to the Hebrews says, "that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins." (Heb. 10: 4.) The law thus became a schoolmaster to lead the Jews to Christ. It is no reproach on Christ's claims that when He did come some of them were blind to them. The pathetic thing is that the Jew who rejected Jesus is still waiting, still looking for a sunrise that is already climbing to its zenith.

Now let us turn to the secular realm and consider this parallel movement in human culture. It was widely different from the Hebrew's in both temper and place, but in it men reached out as pathetically as ever the Hebrew did for a divine incarnation. This was the

movement of the Greek mind in the realm of philosophy. It marks the most splendid intellectual chapter in the history of our race. From Thales to Aristotle, it grappled with the great intellectual problems that have perplexed the mind: the relation between mind and matter, the problem of human personality, the puzzle of the free will, the unity of natural law, the ultimate reality back of all changing phenomena, the being and nature of God and how, if at all it is possible, he speaks to man. Its most brilliant exponent was Plato, who twenty centuries before the most brilliant philosopher of modern times, Immanuel Kant, became conscious of the limitations of human knowledge and taught men to seek truth by some higher avenues than mere material sense; that the realm of realities is the realm of ideas; that man's highest idea was that of goodness, which is to be identified with God; and that the highest human duty was to break away from mere illusions of the senses and find the Ultimate Reality, which is God.

Yet Greek philosophy came to an hour of futility as pathetic and baffling as confronted Hebrew prophecy, a discovery that the soul could not climb up to God; and men must wait for God to descend to them. "We will wait for one," Plato put on the lips of old Socrates, "either God or a God-inspired man, to teach us our religious duties and to take away the darkness from our eyes."

Is there no religious significance here? Was it an accident that both the Hebrew in his prophecy and the Greek in his philosophy found a schoolmaster to lead him to Christ? Was it an accident that these two movements grew up together in time, though utterly apart in place and surroundings, and that they not only reached their culmination of incompleteness at the same time, but reached it exactly at the time when Jesus came and met alike and fully the incompleteness of both? If such a conjunction can be called an accident, then the most marvelous culmination in history was just chance, and the study of history should be relegated to the junk-room as a hopeless enigma.

The New Testament Face of Christ.

The second thing which I ask you to consider is this portrait of Christ which we find in the New Testament. Let us put aside for the time the questions of who wrote it or where or how. Here it is. It has been in existence nearly two thousand years. It is made up of twenty-seven books, written by nine or ten different men, all of them uniting in narrating a life, portraying a character, and tracing its influence. This life began in a miracle, the virgin-birth, and ended in one, the resurrection. Between these lie other events just as momentous,

and they seemed as strange to those who first saw them as they do to us who read them now.

It is the life-story of a man who put forth remarkable claims. He spoke to men with a dominating sense of proprietorship. "Come unto Me"; "Follow Me"; "Do this in remembrance of Me." His sole earthly quest seemed to be to secure disciples; and when He found them He claimed them absolutely as His own. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," and "whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple." (Luke 14: 38.) He assumed the place of Lord over His dearest friends. "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am." (John 13: 13.)

The people of His day reverenced the Scriptures with almost fetish worship, but He set Himself above the Scriptures. "It hath been said by them of old time" so and so; but "I say unto you" so and so. He exalted Himself above their most reverenced customs and institutions and distinguished great men. "The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath;" and "a greater than Solomon is here." He even claimed preexistence for Himself. "Before Abraham was I am;" and in a prayer of most exalted devotion offered the night before He was crucified, He prayed to God, "O Father, glorify thou Me with Thine own self, with glory which I had with Thee before the world was." (John 17: 5.)

More remarkable, perhaps, than any of these, He never showed the slightest consciousness of having done wrong. Other and the best of men have said with Paul, "I find a law in my members, bringing me into captivity to the law of sin;" (Rom. 7: 23) and with even John, the Beloved, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." (I. John 1: 8.) But Jesus says, "I do always the things that are pleasing to Him," the Father. (John 8: 29.)

In fact, Jesus placed Himself in a class alone. He taught His disciples to pray, "O Father," but He called God "My Father." He took a place just as unique after His resurrection, when He said, to Mary in the Garden, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God," (John 20: 17) and when He commissioned His disciples for a world conquest with "All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28: 19-20.)

Here is a remarkable portrait. It is not extravagant to say there is nothing like it in all the realms of biography. It is not only unique, but it incarnates our highest ideals of character and conduct. In fact, the better we become acquainted with it, the more does it exalt these

ideals. We always find it beyond us, calling us to things yet higher and finer. We never seem able to overtake Jesus, even with our ideals.

Now what shall we do with this portrait? Shall we simply ignore its supernatural features, smoot them over, as it were, with the coarse crayon of our naturalism? That can be done. Deny the virgin-birth, reduce His resurrection to a mere survival of influence, account for His assumption of power by the self-delusion of His own enthusiasm, and you have done it. But mark you! this is not the impression which He made on His first disciples. This is not the estimate of Him which these early apostles formed, and with which they went out and conquered the world. Every man has a right to his own estimate of Christ, just as he has to form his own opinion of any other figure in history, but no man has a right to baptize this marred portrait with the name of Christ, nor to call this emasculated religion, whose very life-blood he has drained and whose procreative powers he has destroyed, by the name of Christianity. It may have some of Christianity's features, but so have Confucionism and Buddhism and Mohammedanism. They are not Christianity, however, any more than Mahomet is Christ; and no man has a right to parade them under that name.

Christ Making History.

The third thing which you are asked to consider is the historical movement which followed Christ's earthly career and of which He has been the fountain-head. The early disciples took Jesus at His word. They went forth and preached Him as the deliverer from sin and the power of God to give men the divine life. They found a world steeped in sensuality and cruelty, with Nero as its apotheosis, a world in which virtue was crucified and vice enthroned.

The lust-sated world stopped to listen, though the philosophers scoffed and the religious specialists declared such a religion impossible. Wearied souls found Christ's rest sweet; life's burdens on tired shoulders became wings; hunger for God was fed on real communion with the divine; virtue found a friend and vice a foe; the poor and the oppressed met pity and help; and dull despair fled from men's hearts at the dawn of hope.

The dignity and worth of the soul in the sight of God begat a sense of the sacredness of human life and reverence for childhood, and men began to toil for pure hearts and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness. The vision of a generation melted by love into a human brotherhood began to spellbind the race.

Today these ideas and influences of the Christ are mastering the

nations. Hebrew prophecy is changing to Christian history, with something which the best of the Hebrews never tasted added to it. The old Greek philosopher's hunger for God finds appeasement in the prayer of the Christian. Men who but a little while ago scoffed at the missionary of Christ or tried to banish Him from India and China as a disturber of the peace, are coming to Him for counsel and leadership. Even the Christian world rubs its eyes in questioning wonder and calls back across the seas to find if it is really so, when Yuan Shi Kai, the President of the new Chinese Republic, issues an edict asking Christians throughout the world to pray to their Christ for China. Whose hand is this? Who is driving the demagogue and drunkard from the White House and halls of Congress? Who is running down the exploiter of vice? Who is weeding out the grafter from both government and business, and bringing in an administration conducted in the fear of God, in honesty and justice, for the public good? Who has taught us to date our lives day by day from the hour when Christ began His on earth? Is this a mere religious fanatic, a myth-enshrined Oriental enthusiast, who is thus mastering the centuries and the nations with His rule of love?

The Christ Who Says, "Try Me."

We now come to the fourth reason. To all who accept Jesus at His claims and give Him full swing in their lives, He justifies Himself by what He actually does. Christ submits Himself to the most searching scientific tests. He goes into the soul's laboratory with you, and lets you try Him out in the retort and under the microscope of actual personal experience.

Christ's religion is not dependent on a book. The fate of Christianity is not tied up even with the Bible. Destroy every vestige of the New Testament, and Christ will produce another testament, recording a spiritual experience just as wonderful. The New Testament story tells us of spiritual experiences which He produced in a ministry in Galilee and about the Sea of Gennesaret. It is a wonderful story, not only full of charm but vibrant with spiritual power. Banish that story, and you will meet Him in a wider circle, working miracles just as wonderful in the lives of another generation of disciples, about the shores of the Mediterranean. The names of the disciples have changed, but the work of His grace is the same. Instead of Peter and James and John and the rest, we have Augustine, Tertullian, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Anself, Aquinas, Francis of Assissi, Savonorola, Thos. a Kempis, Luther, Melanchthon, Calvin.

If the experience of these seem too far away in time and place, banish them, and you will find Christ producing another generation, bearing witness to the same redeeming grace, and furnishing a spirit-

ual testimony just as compelling—John Knox and the Wesleys and Whitefield, Spurgeon, Jonathan Edwards and Joseph Parker, Horace Bushnell, Beecher, Phillips Brooks, Dwight L. Moody, Jere McAuley and Lucky Baldwin. Their witness is the same whether Christ found them in the library or drawing room, between the plow-handles or in the gutter, in legislative halls shaping governments, or prowling in dark alleys armed with brass knucks and a burglar's kit.

Ask any of them, "Do you know Jesus of Nazareth?" and every one of them will stake his life on the answer, "Yes, He is the Christ, the son of the living God!" It is the same witness that Peter bore centuries ago by the rushing waters of Banias. Indeed, many of them have put their witness into words, and we often sing them in our worship. Turn over the pages of any Christian hymn book, and you may read their testimony. It comes from all sorts of creeds and nationalities, but it all unites to pour a steady stream of radiance on the Christ as the Son of God and the Lord of Life.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.
* * * *
* * * *
Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."

was written by Charles Wesley, an Arminian.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the waters and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save me Lord, and make me pure."

came from Toplady, a Calvinist.

A woman whose heart had found peace in Christ wrote:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

And after years as a godless sailor, Newton learned to write:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear.
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

It is the witness of an American Congregationalist that speaks in

"My faith looks up to Thee,

Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine";

and a monk of the eighth century speaks to us in

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'"

It was a Roman Catholic also who wrote,

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest";

but it was one of the sweetest of all the singers of Scotch Presbyterians, Horatius Bonar, who wrote,

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He hath made me glad."

Do we give due consideration to this significant fact? It is easy to brush aside the witness of the apostles and early disciples, to call the Virgin birth a myth, and the shepherds' story of the angels' song a fiction of ignorant superstition. These things seemed idle tales to men of that day. But you face the wonder-workings of this Christ in men and women of your own day. Every Florence Crittendon home in our land can duplicate the story of what He did for Mary Magdalene, and not even raising Lazarus from the dead was more wonderful than what Christ has done in our day for Harry Monroe and Lucky Baldwin.

Understanding and Believing.

Now come back to the word of this writer to the Hebrews. "Consider Christ Jesus." Account for the place and power of this personality. It is natural for us to want to understand him, but what he demands is that we believe in Him. Men who have insisted on bringing Him within the compass of their understanding have lost a Divine Figure, re-creating even the lowest men and women with divine life, and gotten just one more great religious leader.

It is a great strain on human understanding to comprehend the person and works of Christ. That is why Emerson said he did not

write another chapter on Jesus Christ for his group of essays on representative men. Suppose you try believing in Him, taking Him at His word instead of attempting to analyze Him. He is beyond our understanding, but you can compass Him with belief. "As many as received Him, to them He gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

The Divine Christ No Mere Dogma.

Why has the Church been so insistent for this divine conception of the Christ? Just to establish a dogma, to perpetuate a creed? By no means. No other conception of Jesus Christ has divine power. If you reduce Him in your thoughts to a man, though you rank Him with Plato and Shakespeare, you let into your life in His name only a man's power. It is only the divine conception of the Christ that has had this triumphant progress through the centuries. Gospel miracles of the first centuries and modern miracles of grace in the twentieth century have come only to those who received Jesus at the New Testament estimate.

Men, from the very first, were trying to classify Jesus with men, but it was not until Socinus set his views going in the sixteenth century that the attempt made much headway. This lower view got a foothold in England, then put the blight of deism on the eighteenth century, and afflicted even English Presbyterianism with a paralysis from which it still suffers. It crossed to America and fascinated the New England mind, ever a prolific source of error from its very intense activity. The governing board and faculty of Harvard went over to it in a body, and the intellectual aristocracy of New England Congregationalism. It seemed for a time as if Unitarianism would sweep the whole Christian world, and the entire Church would go over to this lower interpretation of Christ. But a real revival of religion stopped it. The man born blind got his eyes opened by somebody, and he himself pointed to the Christ as the one who did it. Somebody was healing the hurt of sin in men's souls, and thrilling them with the sense of divine love and the dear nearness of God's presence. The people afflicted and healed declared it was the Divine Christ preached by Whitefield and the Wesleys, by Jonathan Edwards and the Tennants.

This lower conception of Christ has never been able to show "the trophies of grace." Harold Begbie could never get his samples of Twice-Born Men under the ministry of a man who cut out the Virgin birth, evaporated the atonement, ignored the cleansing blood and the new birth of the Spirit, and evaporated the resurrection into the ether of "surviving influence." Even the most gifted of their preachers

could never get the results with preaching a Christ like that. Their own confession of it, too, is pathetic, but even more pathetic is their inability to see the cause of their impotence. Even the prince of them all, William Ellery Channing, said, "I would that I could turn to Unitarianism with more hope." It was only a little while ago that their grand old man, Edward Everett Hale, declared: "I do not see why so simple and so democratic a religion as Unitarianism has not swept the country long ago."

Christ himself gave the reason. He told his disciples that He would be in all who received Him, not merely the life-giving water to quench their soul's thirst, but a "well of water, springing up into everlasting life." Unitarianism, like Christian Science, New Thought, and all purely intellectual attitudes that go masquerading through the world as religion, has always drawn its adherents from other faiths. It has no spiritual power to beget children of its own, and can get them only by adopting those born into Christ under other ministries. To revert to Christ's figure, the higher conception of Him has ever been a life-giving fountain, while the lower has been at best but a pool, feeding itself often from the fountain, but having no springs of its own. It has nothing with which to save a soul, but a good example and an ethical system. Confucious and the Buddha worked with them, but they could not bring men the divine life, nor satisfy the soul's hunger for God.

Two distinguished men of our English-speaking world are striking examples of this. One of them was the brilliant Frederick Denison Maurice, son of a Unitarian minister of England. Out of the barrenness of the intellectualism in which he grew up, he found his way into the richer experience of the grace of a Divine Saviour, and he wrote this about it: "I did not receive this of man, neither was I taught it. Every glimpse I have caught has come to me through great confusion and darkness."

The other man was Horace Bushnell, brought up in an evangelical home, but lost in the mazes of skepticism when he tried to find the way to thinking out his religion for himself at college. But he discovered the impotence of a Christ reduced to man's understanding, and, returning to the faith of the New Testament, said: "God is what we want, not a man. God revealed through man, that we may see his heart and hide our guilty nature in the bosom of his love."

These two conceptions of Christ seem much alike. So may the water in the reservoir and that which is pouring from the never-failing spring. But the reservoir must be fed from the spring or it will soon drain out, and grow foul and disease-breeding if stagnant; while the

water flowing from the fountain is ever cleansing its own channel, as well as giving life to those who drink it.

That branch of Congregationalism which went over to Unitarianism now numbers only about seventy thousand, and is slowly dwindling; while the other branch, which has clung to the high conception of a Divine Christ who is a Saviour from sin, is a great militant host of nearly three-quarters of a million, and one of the most virile forces in our nation for Christ's conquest of the world.

Will You Try Him?

Will you try Jesus out? Not as a mere example or a matchless ethical teacher, but as the Divine Christ, who can heal your soul of sin's hurt, impart to you the divine life, put you in communion with a personal God, and give you power to become like Him?

All He asks is a trial; but He wants a trial of Him in what He claims He can do, not merely in what you think a man is able to do.

If there is anything at all in His claims, there is everything. Nothing else in life is of such concern for a man as this, if there is anything at all in it.

Years of dull procrastination, of company with befogging doubts, helped on by a selfish or at best self-centered attitude toward life, make it hard for a man of mature mind to try it out anew. Your mind may be all be-tracked and criss-crossed. The very sensory organs of your soul may be calloused, and your whole intellectual attitude may be astigmatized with prejudice and self-assurance, but this is no common personality that meets you here with these preposterous claims. It is not only the Christ that Mary Magdalene adored, but the Saviour of "Lucky Baldwin" and "Old Born Drunk" of Harold Begbie's witness, of Moody and Bushnell and Maurice.

Turn over to a new day. Forsake this weary intellectual wilderness in which you have wandered; and, just as if you had never heard of Him before, get acquainted with the Word made flesh as you meet Him in John's Gospel. Consider the Christ Jesus who will find you there. As Philip said to Nathaniel, "Come and see." Just give John's Christ and Paul's a chance.

The Twentieth Century Christian

By REV. JOSEPH A. VANCE, D. D.

My subject with some of you may arouse a feeling of suspicion, even of antagonism, like the flashing of wealth of the newly made rich in the eyes of the old aristocrat. Is not Jesus Christ "the same yesterday, today and forever," and is He not the same thing to us men of the Twentieth century that He was to the Apostles of the first? That depends on your idea of religion.

The best definition I ever heard given of religion is, that it is the life of God in the soul of a man. The Christian religion is the life of Jesus Christ in the soul of a man.

There are some things about religion that never change. God never changes; but man's conception of God does. Human nature may be the same today that it was in Abraham's day; but it is in a changing environment now, and so faces new problems, and, as a consequence, develops a new material sense. We have the same Bible that Origen had, but I thank God we have a very different conception of it from what he had. We may have less reverence for its mere letter, but I think we have a better understanding of its message, a deeper reverence for its spirit, and that its message has a deeper grasp on our life.

So, just as we have a twentieth century type of surgery, a twentieth century hygiene, a twentieth century system of banking, a twentieth century transportation; so we have or we ought to have a twentieth century type of Christianity; and it ought to be just as different from the sixteenth and fourteenth century type as a Baldwin locomotive is from a Japanese jinriksha.

Impressed with the number of people who do not attend church, many people are tempted to call the age in which we live irreligion. In one sense it is, and yet if you go deep down into the hearts of men, I think you will find there never has been a more religious generation or age than that in which we belong.

George Gissing, that English fiction writer who made himself famous with his striking studies of the life of the London masses and died all too soon in 1903, said, "If I could write a book that recognized the spiritual side of man's life, where I now appeal to one reader I could speak to thousands."

A young minister out in Kansas got hold of his idea, and wrote a little book in which he attempted to do this very thing; and almost immediately it leaped into a fame rivalling that of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," all because he tried to picture how Jesus would live if He lived in our day.

My subject, in other words, is one in which every man ought to have a deep interest. Whether you are a Christian or not, you are a religious animal; and you can no more do without religion and find your fullest self expression than you can do without a pair of lungs.

Now to help us in our analysis of the subject, I am asking you to study an old Hebrew Psalm. This may excite the disgust of those who are pleased with the subject. You may say, I believe in progressive religion, but if you are going to discuss a twentieth century Christian, why go back to an old Hebrew Psalm as a guide post. Why not, at least, stop with the Sermon on the Mount?

Well, my only reason for going to it is because I have found in it these types of a twentieth century Christian. How they came there is another matter. Whatever be your theory of inspiration, you must confess that this old Hebrew Psalmist voices a vision of God and an expression of His grace centuries ahead of the days in which they were uttered, centuries ahead of our day.

The enthusiastic student of Plato may be extravagant when he claims that all philosophies are latent in the wisdom of this old Greek; but it is not extravagant to say that the twentieth century Christian, as truly as the old Hebrew saint, is pictured in some of these old Hebrew Psalms.

Five qualities stand out strikingly, and to these I ask your attention.

1. The heart essence of his religion is a personal relation between himself and God. "I have set the Lord always before me." He takes up this personal note and rings the changes on it, line after line. This element characterizes all of this great devotional Psalm and has, more than any other human element, secured to the Psalms their immortality as devotional literature. It runs with a tender and yet all pervasive thrill through every sentence of the Shepherd Psalm. It creates the passion of the 116th, "I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplications." It is an essential element in the old Hebrew's religion. Many generations have mistaken the fringes of religion for the real thing. The twentieth century Christian has grown tired of merely thumbing creeds and mumbling rituals, and piling up mountains of controversy over man-made philosophies.

Brushing aside the noisy vendors of these things with a "We would see Jesus," he has found the upper room and learned to sit at

the feet of Jesus as Mary did. He has climbed the Mount of Transfiguration with Peter and James and John. In that majestic Presence, other forms and faces have faded away, even those of Moses, the law-giver, and Elijah, the prophet, and he has been left standing there with no man save Jesus only; and out of the sky he has heard that same voice speaking to him, "This is My beloved Son; hear ye Him."

This has made the Christian religion a thing of growth. It has lifted it out of set forms and ceremonies, out of the realm of mere religious symbols into the realm of spiritual ideals and realities, where Christ becomes not a mere historic personality, even looming up on the cross, but a living, loving Lord, walking the streets of life at our side, sharing with us our daily tasks; not merely commanding our loving obedience, but enthroning Himself in our daily thought and growing love, till we learn to say, "I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

In the second place it is a religion of intelligent faith. "I have set the Lord always before me." Not merely over me, to reverence and worship and obey; not merely beside me as a yoke fellow and helper; not merely behind me as my rear guard; but before me, face to face, to know, to talk with, to understand. "No man hath seen God at any time," but the "only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory unto glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Christianity has always been a religion of faith, but too many people have been obsessed with the idea that faith and reason must be at strife. It has been left to modern science and historical criticism to show that they are not; that we can not only be Christian without stultifying reason, but can not be the right kind of Christians without using our reason. A gifted editor of our day says that when he was a theological student a classmate was one day called on to give a definition of faith. After some confusion the young theologue said, "Faith, sir—faith is the power by which we are enabled to believe something that we know is not true." The young man is not alone in this conception. With too many people faith has been a sort of cyclone cellar, into which we can escape when reason gets cornered in an argument with an unbeliever, until the storm is over.

But men are learning that God reveals Himself through reason as truly as through faith, and the twentieth century Christian has come to recognize that while he must still trust God about some things which he cannot understand, still God has invited him with "Come, let

us reason together," and that the only vital faith is one which reason makes intelligent.

3. His religion finds expression in doing good to people. It still has its song, and its creed, and its mountain tops of mystic meditation; but it says with the old Hebrew, "My goodness extendeth not to thee, but to the saints that are in the earth, in whom is all my delight." It has learned from the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

And with James, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, as well as to keep himself unspotted from the world."

He tests out the reality and worth of religion by what it does for others. He has far more concern about saving others than about saving himself. What does your religion do for you? How noble, how honest, how upright, generous, kindly, helpful does it make the man? How effective does it make him in promoting truth, justice and right dealings between men. The worth of his creedal Christianity, in short, is measured by what it can deliver in the realm of practical Christian living.

4. Its interpretation of life's daily experiences. There are a few people in the world today who attempt to make themselves think pain is joy, but the average Christian of today faces the world as he finds it. In the first place he recognizes that reality of sorrow and pain; but he traces them to their root; and he does not stop with surface treatment, neither does he blame their presence here on the Almighty. With the old Psalmist he says, "Their sorrow shall be multiplied that hasten after another God." Sorrow and pain to him are the fruits of sin." God delighteth not in the death of any." The chastenings of life are divine surgeries, to relieve us of sin's infection and pain. They may not seem joyous to us now, but with sin's passing, they pass; and for them who are thus intelligently exercised thereby and try to get good from them, they grow the peaceable fruits of righteousness and a stronger hold on the abiding values of the unseen and eternal.

But he also recognizes that despite life's sorrow and pain, this is a wonderfully good old earth on which to live, and he is going to rejoice in what comes to him day by day as the loving gift of his Heavenly Father, and have a good time living out his allotted years. Listen to the old Psalmist: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." Life may bring him many perplexing problems, tasks that will sorely try his strength, but again hear what he says: "I will bless the Lord who hath given us counsel, my reins also instruct me in the night season." "Preserve me, Oh God," whatever life may bring, is his prayer

So he faces life with a cheery face and a song in his heart. "Therefore my heart is glad and my glory rejoiceth."

5. This brings me to the last—his faith in the future life. Some may say this old Testament Hebrew has no faith in the future. The Sadducees of Christ's day did not, but Joshua, Moses, Isaiah, the man that wrote this Psalm had. "Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave," he cried, "neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption."

Some people call this a material age. Maybe it is on the surface, but there is one test by which we can always try ourselves. Suppose some one able to do so were to lay at your feet all the wealth of Henry Ford, and John D. Rockefeller and every other multi-millionaire in America combined, and say, "I will give you all this if you will sell me your hope of immortality." Is there one here that would barter it away, however little he may cherish it? I venture not.

At the deepest, your faith is that of this old Hebrew again. You may shrink from growing feeble in body, but you are determined to keep young in spirit. The old monks met each other with "We who are going to die, salute you;" but for the twentieth century Christian the gloom of death's shadow is driven away with the radiance from the face of the Risen Christ.

Suppose we rest it here. It is not a bad religion, is it? Now if man is incurably religious, why not have the best? And where in the universe can you find one better than this? And it becomes yours simply by accepting Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Lord, and striving faithfully and intelligently, day by day, to let Him show you how you ought to live.

The story is told that Abraham Lincoln was once chided by a group of ministers for not being a church member. "When you find me a church," he replied, "that is willing to engrave over its portals, 'Love to God and love to man,' I will join it."

The church of today does this. Find your place in its worship and your part in its work, and join hands with the rest of God's people in making this religion of the twentieth century Christian the religion of the world.

The Substance of Faith

By REV. M. B. WILLIAMS, D. D.

Text—"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." —Hebrews 11:1.

While faith is the first thing and the last thing in the Christian life and the link that connects them, it is probably less understood and more misunderstood than any simple fact of scripture. It is so common to hear people say, if I could see it as you do I would probably believe as you do; confounding faith with sight, or, if I could feel as you do I would probably have faith like you have;" confounding it with feeling.

Now, it is a simple truth that faith never comes by sight, but sight comes by faith, nor does faith come by feeling for religious feeling is only faith in action. A dead faith cannot produce feeling. Don't get the cart before the horse, but let these things retain their proper relations.

We heard of a student who defined faith as that faculty of the soul which enables a man to believe that which he knows is not so. Let us have the true definition, that faculty of the soul which enables one to believe that which is not appreciable by any of the five senses. It is a power which God has placed in the soul; it is not the possession of any beast or any other creature. A dog has faith in his master whom he has seen, heard, tasted, felt or smelt, but you cannot explain to the most intelligent dog the existence of one whom he has not thus sensed. I have seen creatures from the great elephant to the canary bird wonderfully trained by men, but the three prime faculties which go to make up the soul of man, conscience, the moral sense and the faith faculty are not possessed by any of them. I have seen the chimpanzee so trained that his table manners were better than those of many humans; he used fork, knife and napkin, but all that he knew more than he knew in his first stages in the early ages where science first finds him, he has learned from man. He knows nothing today that he did not know at the beginning. All the millions of years given him by the evolutionists have failed to evolve one single thing so far as we can see. That is one thing among the many which has made me doubt the evolutionary theory. I have tried to dip at least a little

into almost everything that has been written for this hypothesis. The more I read, the older I grow, and the more I see all tend to make me believe that man is a special creation. An animal does not possess conscience though he can be trained to know that he should do and should not do certain things. An animal does not possess a moral sense which might be defined as that faculty of the soul of man which is susceptible to the higher education in morality; that is, it cannot be trained until it chooses the right, not for rewards, but because it is right, and to shun the wrong not simply for fear of punishment but because it is not right, much less does he possess that faith faculty which enables man not simply to believe in a God that he cannot see, nor hear, nor feel, nor taste, nor smell with his physical senses, but begets a love which makes him willing to gladly suffer or die for the object of his affection. This gift is man's alone.

The human body is a wonderful creation. It has an eye, delicate piece of mechanism with which I see you in your seats; I see your clothing; the light from your glasses shines back to mine; I see the seats on which you sit and the trees bending above you, but wonderful as that eye is it cannot see God nor walls of jasper, nor gates of pearl, nor the tree of life bearing its twelve manner of fruit, but God knew that I needed to see Him, that it was necessary for me to see heavenly things and He placed a spiritual eye in my soul. That eye is called the faith faculty with which I can see God my Father, the gates of pearl and the heavenly battlements. My body has an ear composed of outer, middle and inner ear; a sounding board known as the tympanum, wormian bones, and auditory nerves. I hear the sound of a child's laughter yonder to my right, the sound of a chugging motor down by the gate near my left, but with that ear I cannot hear the angel choirs nor heavenly harpers, much less the voice of God; but God knew that I needed to hear His voice, the sounds of heavenly music were necessary to my soul, so in that soul he placed an ear, and we call it the faith faculty, and with that ear I hear His father's voice and I hear the sounds of heavenly music. This hand which I hold up is a wonderful piece of mechanism, its five digits combine and I have what is called prehensive power and I can lay hold of objects within my reach; if hungry I am not like the swine who sticks his snout in the trough or bucket when he would eat or drink, but I lay hold upon the cup and bring it to my lips when I am thirsty and my thirst is satisfied, but no more with this hand can I lay hold of God in the flesh, yet God knew the needs of my soul and placed within my soul a hand and arm. He knew the hunger of it, and knew its thirst, and I can reach out and lay hold upon the Water of Life and bring it to the parched lips

of my soul and I am satisfied, lay hold upon the Bread of Life and I eat and want no more.

This body among its various systems has what is known as the muscular system. I opened one of my medical books to count the muscles and I found there were about five hundred though it was a difficult task. Some are very small, but have very long names, such as the orbicularis palpebrarum, a little muscle which serves to raise and lower the curtain of the eye; then there is the levator labii superioris aliae que nasi, a very long name, but a very small muscle of the lip and nose; while the biceps and triceps have short names but are among the largest muscles. Now the health of the body depends largely upon keeping this muscular system in a healthy condition. If I ask you what is required in order that muscles may retain their resiliency you might say food. We must eat in order to be strong, but that is not enough. A horse-back injury received while wolf-hunting twelve years ago caused me to lie with my back in splints for a month in a Chicago hospital. I had the very best of food three times a day, prepared by a skillful nurse during all that time, and when the day came that I was to sit up for a little while the nurse left me for a moment on the edge of the bed. I thought I would surprise her by stepping over to the chair, but no sooner did I rise from the bed when, presto, I was down on the floor. She rushed to me in fright, asking if I could not wait for a moment and "what would the doctor say if you injure yourself?" I was too surprised to answer. The thought that my limbs would not sustain my body for an instant had not so much as entered my mind, but that was exactly what had happened in spite of all the good food; I was weak as a baby. No, two things are necessary, food and exercise. Exercise by itself is no better than food alone for one would soon die of inanition. If you doubt it, go out and saw wood and see how long you can keep it up without nourishment. Now the faith faculty is the muscular system of the soul and it needs food and exercise for its healthy growth, just as much as the muscles of the body. We feed on the Bread of Life, but we only grow strong as we do what we are told. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Many people pray for faith and for an increase of faith, but I can not find any place where we are told to do this in scripture. It is true George Muller tells us that we are to pray for all good gifts and that faith is a good gift, but it seems to me the theology is bad; while it is true that many people do well and live good lives on poor theology, and the reverse is equally true, it is better if we understand clearly the teaching of scripture. God has two ways of bestowing gifts on men. One is by creation and the other by impartation. Now God is

resting so far as His creative work is concerned, and how can He impart to me from His own divine nature that which He does not possess?

Faith is a human attribute for partial knowledge like hope, but where knowledge is perfect faith and hope are impossible. You never find the gospels stating that Jesus hoped anything or that He believed anything or that He supposed anything. As a man He might do all this, but as God with perfect knowledge it was impossible, and when the disciples prayed, "Lord, increase our faith," it is well to notice the circumstances. You remember it occurred from the matter which they were discussing, namely, how many times a Christian should forgive his erring brother. Was it seven times, the perfect number? But the Master said seventy times seven, and it was that which made them exclaim, "Lord, increase our faith!"

Did you ever study the prayers of men, the prayers of women, the prayers of angels and of devils in scriptures, and then look to see what the answer was and how it came? I want to recommend it to you as a very fruitful method of Bible study. This was one instance and Jesus answered their prayer immediately in words by asking which one of them having a servant in the field plowing corn or feeding cattle would ask him when he came in to dinner to sit down and be first served by his master, or would he not according to custom as old as organized society, eat first, his servant waiting on him the meanwhile as that service was merely a matter of duty and thanks were not obligatory. What did He mean by this strange answer? Only this, you call yourselves my servants and you call me Lord and Master, yet when I ask you to serve me you insolently reply, serve me first. The plain teaching of this lesson being, in service you will receive added preparation through obedience.

Now, faith cometh by hearing; the power to believe is in the soul; we hear the word of God and day by day as we obey, as we hear His word and follow His teaching, faith grows stronger and the soul waxes more robust.

Some people have faith, but it is always weak; it never moves mountains nor produces results; while the faith of others continues to grow. It becomes stronger by constant use; that is a faith which is coupled with works. When the spies which Moses sent out into the promised land returned they had great tales to tell of the things which they had seen in the land of the Anakims. Everything was big; two men brought back a bunch of grapes so large that they hung it on a stick and carried it on their shoulders. I am sure that is so for I saw the picture in a picture book when I was a little boy; but their tales of giants brought consternation in the camp. When Moses asked

if it was all so, two men dared to say yes, but by God's help they would be able to possess the land in spite of all these things, and the command of Moses was, "Let us go forward and possess the land," and the only men, the soles of whose feet ever pressed the soil of the promised land, were the two whose faith impelled them to go forward, Caleb and Joshua. Every church has men and women after this type, but more often the majority is made up of those who fear to travel.

We are told that without faith it is impossible to please Him. This does not seem strange when we remember that lack of faith implies doubt and to doubt God's word is to make Him a liar, so those who come to Him must not only believe that He is, but that He will also reward those who diligently seek Him.

Many people want to wait for feeling before they obey. If I say to my boy, "bring in some wood and kindle the fire," and he does not move, I ask him why, didn't he hear? He says, when he feels like it he will go. Well there is no doubt but what he will get the feeling if I have to supply it, and in short order, too. With you and me it is not a question of how our children feel about it, at least it should not be, for as parents we should first be careful as to the commands, not to give too many, nor unnecessary ones, but when we give them we should demand immediate, implicit, unquestioning obedience. Many a child of God is not obeying today. He doesn't feel like it; he is waiting for some feeling, and when God's chastening hand brings sorrow and suffering even then he hasn't sense enough to see that he is getting what he waited for.

What a mistake it is for a Christian to tell a sinner to wait for feeling or even to pray for feeling. I remember hearing a worker say that to an inquirer in an after-meeting one night. He had told her that the reason he was not a Christian was because he did not have faith; she left him, telling him to pray for faith. I corrected the mistake with the illustration used above, re-inforced by other words, and it was an entire revelation to that man when he found out that God both commanded him to believe and act whether he had any faith or not. Repentence and faith go hand in hand. When a man wills to do and wills to have faith, the machinery of his soul is set in motion and he finds it possible both to believe and repent. Suppose he is told to pray for faith. Year after year he sits waiting for faith and living in sin until it comes. It never comes; and if the directions were correct and according to scripture and faith fails to come, God is responsible and not the sinner, but God never arranged His plan of salvation after any such foolish manner. "Repent and be converted." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I one time heard F. B. Meyer say that faith has two hands; with one, it gives believing that

God takes; with the other, it takes believing that God gives. Now this is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith. A general going forth to war is beaten only as he believes he is beaten, and, other things being equal, if he continues to fight on in faith he will always gain the victory even over superior numbers, if the opposing general doubts his own ultimate success. It is equally true in individual life. There are good things which we need and pray for; do we get the substance, the spiritual substance at least of that for which we ask? In an article written by my friend Dr. Camden Cobern, just before his death, about a number of Greek papyri recently found, he said in one of them this word translated substance is found in a legal document and was used for title deed. I asked Prof. Robertson this morning at breakfast concerning this and he said he knew it to be so, and that he was going to use it in one of his lectures on this epistle. Now having a title deed to unseen possessions may be as good as seeing them so far as evidence is concerned, and spiritually we are enabled by faith to receive these things.

I was preaching one night in a southern city. At the close of the service one of the pastors asked me to step over to the parsonage. His daughter came in telling us that she had a friend in the other room who wanted to meet me. "That girl is the daughter of a superannuated preacher and one of my dearest friends," said the pastor. She had been to church that evening with a young man. I think her father had sent her down to this town because he thought she needed these services, and incidentally to see this young man. He had gone to the service with her, and for some reason did not like it. They had a quarrel over it after he had brought her home and he had declared that he would not go again and if she wanted to see him she must remain at home from the services to see him in the evening. She had not only promised her father to attend the services, but she also resented the young man's demands, and she was very unhappy and knew not what to do. I looked at her beautiful face and great, pleading eyes and asked, "Do you like this young man?" She said, "Yes." "Do you love him?" and again she said "yes" in a very low voice. "Do you think some time you might marry him?" She nodded her head. "Is he a Christian?" "No, he makes no profession." "Does he believe in it?" "I hardly think so." "Are you a Christian?" "I belong to the church." "I suppose so, but are you a Christian?" "Not a very good one," she replied. "Do you think you would be saved if you should die tonight?" "No, sir, I'm afraid not." "Why don't you leave the church?" "What, me leave the church? No, indeed, I wouldn't think of such a thing." "Well, here you are, a member of the church, not a Christian, and preparing to yoke yourself up for life with an unbeliever, and your

dear old father a minister. It seems to me what you need most of all is conversion, a deep case of repentence for your sins, a deep change of heart. Don't you think I am right?" "I certainly need it," she replied. "Are you anxious enough to get down on your knees and tell God so?" She hesitated for a second, then in a low voice said "Yes, sir." We called in the pastor and his daughter and we certainly had a prayer meeting and when the young lady got up from her knees her eyes were full of tears and she said, "At last I have done what I know I ought to do to be right." "Now," said I, "you come to the service tomorrow night and bring the young man with you." "He says he won't go, what will I do?" "Just bring him and then he will be there." She smiled through her tears and said, "Well, you all pray for me." I watched for them the next evening; in fact, they were the only ones I thought of and just as I read my text they came in, finding a seat near the door. But the young sinner liked it better that night and came back the next night without urging, in time to get a seat next to the very front. He did not take his eyes off me all during the sermon, and when I closed, giving the invitation, I noticed that the big old-fashioned clock on the wall said 9:25. His girl friend spoke to him and he took my hand and then was on his knees. He soon arose, turned to me and said, "I have a couple of friends back in the audience; would it be all right to speak to them? I think I am converted." There is no better evidence of conversion than when the convert is ready to go out after his friends. This, however, is but the introduction to my story. The next night in a little testimony meeting the young man arose and told his experience. "When I reached home," said he, "it was quite late." You see he and the young lady had much to talk about that night after the meeting. "As some of you know, my mother is an invalid, who has not walked a step for many years. When I got in and took off my coat I heard her voice from the bedroom, saying, 'Come quickly, son, and tell me all about it.' 'All about what, Mother?' 'Why, your conversion of course, my boy, what else would mother want to hear about tonight?' 'I had a feeling of disappointment for I had wanted to be the first one to tell her. 'Who has been here, Mother?' 'Oh, my friend was here during the early part of the evening, then she went home; no one else.' 'Then what do you know about my conversion?' 'Why, my boy, I have been praying for your conversion ever since you were born and years ago God told me that my prayers were to be answered. When these union services began I asked Him if it could not be now and I have prayed continually. Tonight at half past nine He told me that it was done, and I have lain here thanking Him and praising His holy name ever since and waiting to hear it from your own lips when you should come.' I said,

'Mother, I don't understand anything like that.' 'No, my boy, you are only a babe in Christ just born tonight, but as you grow in grace and knowledge, if you are true to Him, you will know some time what faith is and that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him'." What was that? That mother's faith was her title deed, though she had not yet seen the coveted possession, but her spiritual evidence was just as clear as her sight, and it preceded it. This like my text is more than a definition; it is an illustration of faith.

Fifteen months later I was back in that city for another campaign, and almost the first night, if not the first, at the close of the sermon, a hand touched my shoulder and as I turned I saw the well remembered faces; the man and the beautiful girl. I remembered both names and faces, but I missed it on one of the names. I did not need two, for they both bore the same. "We saw by the papers that you were to be here and we came down to welcome you." "Not living here?" "No, living up in a little town with my father. We are going to remain with him so long as he is spared to us, but we have family prayer every day and never a day but that we remember you and your work in our prayers." Wasn't that beautiful? Oh, how wonderful faith in action really is. We are afraid of it, sometimes it almost seems fanatical to tell or to believe such things, but they are literally true as is this story and thousands of others like it. "For faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The Historical Data of the Old Testament

By ROBERT DICK WILSON, D. D.

The historic character of the Old Testament records in general shows there are no reasonable grounds for doubting them. For,

1. The language in which the different documents are written corresponds with the claim of the documents to the time and place in which they were written. The first chapters of Genesis are fullest of words derived from the Babylonian, as would be expected in records derived from Ur of the Chaldees. The records concerning the patriarchs who are said to have lived in Egypt are the ones containing the most words of Egyptian origin. The Assyrian and Babylonian words occurring in the documents from the eighth century downwards are mostly governmental terms and are such as would naturally be borrowed from the dominating races of the time. The Indo-European terms, whether Indian, Hittite, Medo-Persian, or Greek, appear in documents which were written in the times from Solomon onward, when the commercial and military relations of the Hebrews with the peoples speaking the languages from which the terms are borrowed would lead us to expect the influx of the new and foreign words to express new ideas which they connote.

As to Aramaic loan words, not one can be proven to be present in the Pentateuch, except in Gen. xxxi. 47, where the Hebrew **Gal'eed** (Gilead) is stated to have been called by Laban **Yegar-sa'dutha,** of which compound the second word is certainly Aramaic. The existence of tribes speaking Aramaic can be proven from the monuments as far back as the Tel-el-Amarna letters.

2. As we have seen above, the names, the order, and the time of reigning of the different kings of the countries mentioned in the Old Testament harmonizes with what we find in the documents of Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, and other countries. A harmony is found, also in the statements made as to the relative power of these kings and the extent of their dominions.

3. We have also shown in the last article and in the preceding part of this that the language, grammar and literary forms are suitable

to the respective ages in which the documents claim to have been written.

4. The civil, criminal and constitutional laws also, both in their general character and in their literary forms, are in agreement with the times and circumstances when they are said to have been enunciated, or in use. As to the ceremonial and ethical laws of the Old Testament, they are distinguished from those of all ancient peoples, especially by the fact that they are monotheistic and unicentral. That the ceremonial laws cannot have been derived from the other Semites is shown by the almost absolutely different vocabulary employed to express the acts and forms of religious service. The vocabulary corroborates the statements of the records by showing that the Hebrew religion was of unique origin and of internal development.

5. That the Hebrew records which the critics assign to the post-Nehemiah period were written long before (as they purport to have been) is shown by the fact that the meanings of many of these terms were unknown when the earliest translations were made. Even at the time when the Septuagint was made, many meanings of Hebrew roots seem to have been unknown to them. This is shown by the frequent transliterations found in that version. It seems inexplicable, also that the different translators of the Pentateuch should have varied so much as they do in the rendition of many of the terms to denote animals, articles of clothing, drugs, implements, etc., if these parts had been written in post-captivity times, when Aramaic was spoken by many of the Jews and understood by all the educated among them.

6. Many undesigned coincidences support the historicity of the Old Testament. One of the most remarkable of these is the mention of the horse first in the history of Joseph, coincident with the appearance of the animal in the history of Western Asia and Egypt. Another is the failure to mention the elephant. If a large part of the Old Testament was written in the Greek period, it is noteworthy that this animal, which constituted the main arm of the military service from the time of Alexander down to the time of the Romans should never be noticed even in the psalms which are alleged to be from Maccabean times. Especially is it noteworthy, when we find the elephant playing so prominent a part in the wars of the Maccabees.

7. As to the appropriateness of the proper names of persons with the times in which they are said to have lived, the following may be said:

(1) The names of persons in Genesis from Abraham to Joseph inclusive are in general such as the documents from the time of Hammurabi and from Egypt would lead us to expect. Some of them have

not as yet been found outside of the Scriptures, but in every case these exceptions have their parallels in form or sense in the documents of the pre-Mosaic age.

(2) The names of persons from David to Ezra are entirely in harmony with the names to be expected and such as are found in the documents from Samaria, Moab, Assyria, and elsewhere.

(3) For the times between Joseph and David too little is known from extra-biblical documents to enable anyone to make a successful attack on the appropriateness of the names of persons mentioned in the Old Testament records.

8. Attacks upon the genuineness and authority of the history because it contains accounts of miracles will be made by those who are unacquainted with ancient historic records. Whether what they thought to be miracles were really miracles, and wherein the miracles consisted, are proper subjects of investigation, but no one can successfully dispute that all ancient peoples believed in them and that all ancient records are full of accounts of them. In fact, so much is this the case that a historic record claiming to be ancient which contained no account of supposed miracles might justly be suspected of being a forgery of later times.

9. In like manner, he who rejects a document merely because it contains what purport to be apocalypses, or predictions, ignores the spirit, beliefs and practices of pre-Christian times. Whether a document is, or contains, a prediction and what the prediction means and whether and how it was fulfilled, are all proper subjects of investigation. But all ancient history reveals clearly that the nations believed sincerely in the possibility and in the fact of the revelation of the will of the God or gods whom them worshipped. None but a deist, or an atheist, will deny their possibility. Theists must admit that they may have occurred. Christians will believe that the probability of their occurrence is involved in the mission of Jesus, the Word made flesh, through whom God in these latter days hath spoken unto us as in old times He spake through the prophets. Attacks upon Isaiah, Daniel and other books, because they abound in wonderful predictions, will have weight only with those who deny the fundamentals of Christianity. To one who believes in the Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and in the preparation of the world for his coming, the predictions of the Old Testament are but the glimmerings of rosy-fingered dawn before the full-orbed sun bursts forth as the light of a darkened world.

10. The objection made to the genuineness of certain parts of the Old Testament upon the ground that they contain ideas found in

extra-biblical literature only in documents from an age later than the supposed date of the biblical document might be taken with seriousness if they were made by an atheist or deist, but when made by one who claims to be a theist and to believe in a revelation, and when they occur in what purports to be a revelation, they seem too puerile to be even considered with patience and equanimity. What! Must Jehovah have derived his ideas of the resurrection from the Persians? Whence then did they derive them? And what care I for their ideas more than for those of Plato, or Ingersoll, or Lodge, or Wells, or even my own? (May I be pardoned for the presumption of even assuming to know as much about such subjects as these aforesaid great men of the earth? I know nothing. They know nothing. Things that are equal to the same thing, etc.) And yet, the critics deny the authorship of Is. xxiv-xxvii by Isaiah, and assert that Daniel is later than the fifth century B. C., on the ground among others, that the future resurrection is predicted in these documents on the authority of God. Oh, mortal man, canst thou bind the cords of Orion, or set a bound to the wisdom and foreknowledge of the Almighty?

11. The most specious objection made to the Mosaic date and historical character of the Pentateuch is based upon the infrequent references to the laws, especially those of H and P, found in the books of Judges, Samuel and Kings; and further, upon the fact that the observances noted are often contrary to the requirements of the law. The force of this objection is broken by the following considerations, to-wit: that the purpose of the books of Judges, Samuel and Kings, the critics themselves being witnesses, was not to give us a history of the religious institutions of Israel. "The stories of the deliverance of Irael represent only certain glorious moments in the history of these centuries," "The subject of the book of Samuel is the creation of a united Israel by Samuel, Saul and David." With this purpose in mind the authors generally make allusions to the law and the religious institutions and observances only in so far as they affect the history of the kings and nations whose fortunes it is the aim of the author to describe and moralize upon. The rule of conduct for the people they rightly find in the codes of E and D and in the words of the prophets. On the other hand,the book of Chronicles was a history meant to confine itself "to matters still interesting to the theocracy of Zion, keeping Jerusalem and the temple in the foreground, and developing the divine pragmatism of the history, with reference, not so much to the prophetic word as to the fixed legislation of the Pentateuch (especially the Priests' Code), so that the whole narrative might be made to teach that Israel's glory lies in the observance of the divine law and ritual."

Keeping in mind the difference in purpose on the part of the writer of Chronicles it is easy to understand his frequent references to the laws of H and P as well as to those of E and D. Judges, Samuel, and Kings give an epitome of the history of Israel primarily from the political and moral side; Chronicles, primarily from the legal and religious side. The conquest, the wars, the erection of the temple as the symbol of the unity of Israel, the division of the kingdom and the history of the two parts of it, and the final destruction of both kingdoms with the causes and manner thereof, constituted the subject matter of the prophetic history; the priestly writer on the other hand, gives the history of the kings and of the nations only as a background to his picture of the ecclesiastical and liturgical development of Israel based upon the prescription of the law of Moses. The prophetical writers dwell more upon the breaches of the laws, the priestly writer more upon the observance of them. In order to maintain their assertion that the laws of H and P are not mentioned in the history, the critics must and do deny the reliability of the history recorded in Chronicles. The force of their objection, therefore, depends upon the ability of the critics to establish the unhistorical character of the material facts recorded in the works of Ezra, Nehemiah and Chronicles in so far as they give information additional to, or in apparent conflict with what we find in the older books.

12 As to the conclusion of the radical critics that the books of Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah are unreliable, the following may be said:

(1) It is based upon the assumption that the writers had as sources nothing but the present books of the Old Testament from Genesis to Kings inclusive, supplemented by certain post-exilic works which have long since perished. Since it is admitted by all that the earlier documents of the Old Testament, such J, E, D, Samuel, Hosea, Amos and the sources of Kings, passed unscathed through the fire and destruction accompanying the fall of Samaria and Jerusalem, it cannot be assumed that other records may not have been preserved. The Chronicler himself asserts that he had access to such sources, or at least to works derived from such sources. No other writer of the Old Testament cites his authorities so frequently and so explicity. That he recasts his material in his own style and language and with remarks and comments of his own, no more invalidates the reliability of his facts than do similar methods in the case of Gibbon, Prescott, and Mommsen. That he inserts his own notes and comments no more throws doubt on his citation of facts than is true in the case of the books of Kings.

Against the express statements of authorities given by the Chronicler, what evidence have the critics to produce? Nothing but conjectures. Nothing but surmises and opinions based on their own ignorance and the silence of other records. Are the critics going to maintain that many works of pre-captivity times did not survive the destruction of Jerusalem and afterwards perish How then about the sources of Kings? Are they going to maintain that all the works ever written have been cited in the books older than Chronicles, that the Book of Jasher and the Book of the Wars of Jehovah are the only ones that have disappeared? How about the three thousand proverbs of Solomon and his songs a thousand and five? How about the records of the kings of Israel and Judah as to which it is said so often in Kings that the rest of the deeds of the kings were written in them? If, as Dr. Driver says, "it was not the Chronicler's intention to pervert the history," why should he have invented or perverted the sources from which he claims to get his information? The present-day critics, living just about 2,300 years after the Chronicler wrote his books, may dispute about his statements and deny his facts, and even the existence of the documents which he cites; but most sensible men without preconceived opinions will probably agree with me that the Chronicler is more likely to have been right and to have told the truth, especially about the records which he used, than any man today. The testimony of the Chronicler cannot be overthrown by the opinion of anyone now living.

(2) It is not fair to reject one or both of two apparently irreconcilable statements because we cannot explain them. Sometimes apparent difficulties can be removed by a change of the pointing or interpretation of the original Hebrew. Sometimes the objections are based on an interpretation of the original which creates a discrepancy where none really exists.

(3) One of the most serious charges made against the Chronicler is that he exaggerates in his numerical statements. Thus, he makes the army of Jeroboam I to be 800,000 and that of Abijah 400,000; Zera with 1,000,000 men meets Asa with 580,000; and Jehoshaphat has an army of 1,160,000. If, however, this is an argument against the historicity of Chronicles, it may be used also against Samuel and Kings; for the Philistines have 30,000 chariots (I Sam. xiii 5), David slew 40,000 horsemen of the Syrians in one battle (2 Sam. x. 18), Joab numbered 800,000 men of Israel and 500,000 of Judah (2 Sam. xxiv. 9), Solomon had 40,000 stalls of horses (I Kings v. 6, iv 24), Rehoboam had 180,000 chosen men which were warriors (I Kings xii. 21), and the chidren of Israel slew 100,000 Syrians in one day (I Kings xx. 29).

And it cannot be maintained that the Chronicler exaggerated regularly the numbers as given in Kings, since the seventeen cases where the numbers differ as between the two books, the text of Kings is greater in five and that of the Chronicler in twelve.

In view, then, of the fact that the prophetical history, as well as the priestly, contains these large enumerations, it seems best to maintain either that enumerations are correct, or that they have been corrupted in the course of transmission. We are not so sure as some seem to be that they are not correct. We are not to look upon the armies of those days as composed of drilled troops like the Macedonian phalanxes, or the Roman legions, but as levies en masse, embracing all the people from about fourteen to twenty years of age and upward, a whole nation in arms. Every man was interested in the wars, because defeat meant death or captivity to all alike. Besides, they were fighting at their own doorsteps and for their hearths and homes. When we think of the enormous disciplined armies which single cities such as Nineveh, Damascus, Tyre, Ekron, Gaza, Sparta, and Rome, used to put into the field, we may well pause before affirming with such assurance as some do that the figures of the books of Kings and Chronicles are incredible. But, if some think they are incredible, let them remember that numbers, especially when denoted by a system of notation, are the hardest of all facts to transmit correctly. There is usually nothing in the context to preserve them from corruption. They may have been misread in the original sources or changed in the course of copying; but only those who have never engaged in the study of manuscripts will indict a whole document simply because some of the numerical notations are beyond the possibility of being read with certainty or accepted as original.

(4) In order to prove the untrustworthiness of the Chronicler, an attempt is made to show that his work was not written till about 300 B. C. The first proof of this is said to be found in I Chron. iii. The text of this passage is admitted to vary so much that commentators are not sure whether six or thirteen generations are meant. According to Dr. Driver, the Hebrew text gives six generations from Zerubbabel onward. If we place him at 520 B. C. and count twenty years to a generation, this will bring us to 400 B. C., as the date of the book. Twenty years to a generation is a good Oriental average.

(5) Another proof of the lateness of the Chronicler is said to be the mention of Jaddua as High Priest in Neh. xii, 11, 22. It is assumed that this Jaddua is the same as the one mentioned in Josephus as the High Priest who went out to meet Alexander when he went up to Jerusalem. Inasmuch as this expedition of Alexander is recorded

by Josephus alone and said by the critics never to have occurred, and as this particular Jaddua who is said by Josephus to have met Alexander is mentioned nowhere else either by Josephus or by any other ancient writer, we fail to see the force of this argument. For, if Josephus invented the story about Alexander, he may have invented his Jaddua, too. But granting that there was a Jaddua at 336 B. C., or thereabout, we fail to see why he may not have been High Priest for seventy or even eighty years. Having had a great grandfather who lived to be hale and hearty at 105, and a great-grandmother to be 99, and three great-uncles to be 94, 96 and 101 respectively, with about a dozen other relatives, no farther away than a great uncle, who lived to be from 75 to 92, and all **compos mentis**, and most active in body till almost the end, the writer of this article can see nothing improbable in the Jaddua of Josephus having been the same as the Jaddua of Ezra.

(6) The newest weapon of proof, however, that has been forged against the historicity of the Chronicler is that which has been produced in the arsenal of Oxford by Drs. Driver and Gray. The great German critic Ewald asserted that it was both unnecessary and contrary to contemporary usage for the kings of Persia to be given the title, king of Persia, while as yet there were kings of Persia; and that consequently the Hebrew document employing this title must have been written after kings of Persia had ceased to exist. If this were absolutely true, it would bring down to Greek times the composition of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah and Daniel, since they all contain the title. It is a sufficient answer to this assertion to say that eighteen different Persian kings; that it is used of Cyrus seven years before the use this title altogether thirty-eight different times, and of at least six different Persian kings; that it used of Cyrus seven years before the conquest of Babylon in 539 B. C. and of Artaxerxes III about 365 B. C.; that it is used in Persian, Susian, Babylonian, Greek, Aramaic and Hebrew; that it was used in Media, Babylonia, Asia Minor, Greece, and Palestine, and according to Herodotus in Ethiopia; and that it is used in letters, dates and other like documents of the Scriptures just as it is used in the extra-biblical documents. Further, it has been shown that it was not common for authors of the Greek period to use the title.

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REUB WILLIAMS & SONS
Printers
Warsaw, Indiana